Back To You

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Back To You

by PastelNetwork

Summary

Yuuji has never felt so helpless in his entire life.

He knows the identities behind the serial killers running around Tokyo.

He knows who to look out for, who to report.

But how can any of this help anyone when no one believes a word he says?

(Or: five times Getou and Gojo tried to kidnap Itadori and the one time they didn't have to kidnap him at all.)

Notes

Sorry everyone this is my weird way of coping with ch 236, don't judge me pls :(

ANYWAYS, the idea came to me when i was mourning my babygirl gojo satoru (who will jump back, TRUST) and i was like "Huh...i haven't read a yandere gojo story in awhile...and i love satosugu...and i adore Yuuji with my entire heart...oh shit-" And then this abomination was born HIP HIP HORRAY!!!

Edit 1/2/24: Here's a link to a playlist a made for this fic! Please enjoy!

https://open.spotify.com/playlist/7z5uqc1mVHFPuCQsiZzzLg?si=mfGyZw5jSTmFLdOZYYL2ig&pi=u-dcCOnLHgQDiI

I hope you guys enjoy the first chapter!!! <333

See the end of the work for more notes

PART 1: Woah, You Stress me Out, You Kill Me

Playlist: Back to you

1

Yuuji may not be the most attentive student, but even *he* doesn't struggle this hard with concentrating in class.

His vision is blurring, light smashing together into something unimpressionable and fuzzy. The pencil hanging loosely from his fingers is swinging side to side, writing nonsense that Yuuji can't even fully understand at the moment. His eyes feel drained, heavy, and in need of a nap, but he keeps his head up and attempts to listen to his professor's lecture.

It definitely helps to Have someone like Professor Getou as his teacher, especially with how out of it Yuuji is this morning. The man's voice has always had an odd effect on Yuuji– low and silverent, able to reach through the blurry mess of Yuuji's mind and pry him awake, keeping him as drawn in as possible. The way the man interacts with his students and gets them involved in the topic also makes his experience in the man's class an enjoyable one.

(He's also a very attractive man who moves as gracefully as a ballerina, putting Yuuji in a hypnotized trance.)

But sadly, Yuuji is unable to properly appreciate the words spilling from Professors Getou's lips at the moment.

His shift last night as a bartender at his night time job, *Kinko-Shitsu,* was a tiring one.

His co-worker, who just so happens to be his boss's younger brother, won't get off his ass about being messy while preparing drinks. Hell, the guy doesn't seem to be much older than him with his young fragile features and boyish looks, yet he treats Yuuji like a rampaging toddler. Ui-Ui has always been a difficult coworker to work with so that wasn't much of a surprise to deal with; it was the news turned on the Television screen that almost caused a riot to break out amongst the nightclub.

For the past month or two, there's been a killer on the loose who's been dubbed the name *The Basher.* Yuuji finds the name gruesome and a *tad cool* , Nobara thinks it's a stupid name, Junpei made a whole slideshow full of names they could've chosen instead, and Megumi's opinion on the matter has yet to be heard. Apparently this killer has some weird fascination with toying with their victims before bashing their skulls in, leaving them nearly unrecognizable to the public.

And last night? Their latest victim was found in the alley right outside *Kinko-Shitsu* in the broad daylight–Yuuji was at school by the time the police found the body and, knowing that the victim could've been *him,* never fails to leave endless chills up at the young teenager's spine.

When Yuuji saw the information flash across the television, he resigned himself to cleaning the glasses and ignoring the buzzing static filling his head. He attempted to calm down any patrons at the bar who had questions about the matter such as their safety and the legitimization of the drinks spilling down their eager throats. He tried answering as his boss Mei-Mei instructed–by smiling and waving off their concerns so they'll come back.

The only good thing about last night was being able to visit with Professor Getou and his husband Gojo.

The married couple have recently been showing up at the nightclub, requesting Yuuji's services specifically, and the boy is more than happy to oblige. Like Yuuji has mentioned before, Getou is a wonderful teacher and fun person to talk to–he's snarky and playful, but

not overbearing in the slightest. But his beauty of a husband, Gojo? Oh boy, that man was a *monster* compared to how calm and collected Getou appears. The man, for some reason, is always excited to see and talk to Yuuji, sometimes even deliberately stealing him from his other tables so the two gentlemen were the only ones Yuuji would serve.

The young bartender doesn't mind of course. He likes the attention the married couple give him–sharp and interested, soft and gentle, all-consuming and curious, and a dirty part of Yuuji *loves* being able to talk to two very attractive men. However, pushing his personal feelings aside, Yuuji has brought the manner of *Gojo's clinginess* up to Mei-Mei and the lady had simply brushed him off, simply ordering him to apply to any of Gojo's whims to save himself a headache.

However, even with the married couple's presence there to comfort Yuuji, the bartender still had a very rough time attending to visitors.

And today he can barely keep his head up to thoroughly listen to Professor Getou's lecture.

An inkling of guilt crawls into Yuuji's gut as the bell rings, signaling the end of class. The young student looks down at his paper and has to hold back a sigh at the incoherent scribbles his tired mind had conjured up.

God damnit…now he's gonna be even more behind in class…

Yuuji fights the urge to sulk as he folds the paper and stuffs it into his bag, ready to walk back to his dorm to ask Junpei for help, but–before the pink haired student can leave his desk–he's approached by a grim looking professor.

Even wearing a look of obvious disappointment, Professor Getou still manages to appear inhumanely attractive…

"Ah–Professor Getou–is there–?" Yuuji doesn't get the chance to finish his sentence. The professor pulls out a chair and sits directly in front of Yuuji, his dark gentle eyes boring holes into Yuuji's skull.

"You don't seem to be holding up well in class, Yuuji-kun," Professor Getou states plainly, but Yuuji is able to pick out some concern in his deep gentle voice. "I've tried being as lenient as I can by letting you turn in your work a day or so late, but I can only be so generous."

Shame crawls up Yuuji's spine and settles neatly behind his ear, whispering to him how much he's been taking advantage of Professor Getou's kindness and–

Yuuji ducks his head with a frown, unable to hide his regret from the man before him.

"I-I'm sorry, Getou-san, I don't mean to take your kindness for granted, truly! I'm just having a hard time catching up is all…You don't have to keep taking my late work if it's a hassle sir–" The long-haired man immediately waves Yuuji's off, confusing the young college student.

"I accept your late work because you're an exceptional student with a genuine interest in sports medicine," Getou explains with an obvious crease in his brow, as if the very concept of *not* accepting Yuuji's work was a crime in and of itself. "And believe me, I understand how difficult it is to balance studying with a nighttime job, especially one as dangerous as *Kinko-Shitsu* …that's why I'm here to offer my services to you."

Yuuji tilts his head, undeniably curious as to what Getous *might* be implying. “S-Services? Like tutoring? But sir, you don’t have to do that!” Yuuji exclaims sheepishly with a bit of red dancing along the shells of his ears. Imagining being in a room with just Professor Getou, side by side, listening to his husky voice talk about the material, leaves Yuuji more than a little flushed. He’s not sure he could survive a one on one lesson with the man.

Getou doesn’t seem to pick up on his internal thoughts *thank god.* Instead, he chuckles at Yuuji’s response and curls his delicate lips up into a mischievous smirk. “I know i don’t, that’s why i’m making an exception for you, *yuuji-kun.”*

Even the way Yuuji’s name slips off his tongue is attractive… *fuck.*

The college student reigns his horny thoughts in by reminding himself that Professor Getou is more than a decade his senior, married to an equally gorgeous man, and would never be interested in the likes of Yuuji. The thought saddens him a bit, but he can live with it.

“Ah, but isn’t that favoritism?” Yuuji teases, hoping that by reminding the man of his status, *as his professor,* that he will take the offer back.

Only the heavens know what will happen if the older man doesn’t attempt to maintain *some kind* of boundary between him and Yuuji, otherwise the teenager will be more than tempted to take him up on his generosity like a greedy leech.

However, to Yuui’s dismay, the professor's smirk widens.

“Perhaps, but you don’t mind, do you? Being my favorite student does garner some special privileges… *or so I'm told,”* Getou responds snarkily, his voice low and so seductive that if Yuuji didn’t know any better, then he would’ve thought the man before him was *flirting with him.*

Yuuji gets rid of the thought as soon as it appears. “But isn’t that against the rules? I could always just pay for tutoring online or–”

A finger on Yuuji’s lips keeps him from finishing his sentence.

For a second, Yuuji thinks he’s still in the middle of Getou’s lecture, his mind drifting to places it shouldn’t, because there’s no way in hell the pad of Getou’s finger is *on* yuuji’s mouth, silencing him.

A blush quickly erupts across the college student’s cheek at his professor's boldness.

Doesn’t Professor Getou know what this might look like to outsiders?

Won’t the man get in trouble for being so touchy with his student?

Do boundaries not apply to Getou Suguru in the slightest?

“Now why would you want to do that when you could learn from someone with hands-on experience *for free?”* Getou asks, his voice knocking up a pitch with curiosity, and Yuuji can do nothing but let the man keep pressing his calloused finger against his wet lips. “Isn’t it tempting? To learn personally from your darling professor with a PhD in Kinesiology?” The man continues to prod, his face inching closer and closer to Yuuji.

And it *is tempting,* incredibly so. Yuuji has always admired his professor in more ways than one and being able to work with him by himself, without a whole class to teach, is almost enough to make Yuuji accept the offer.

…But isn't such a thing unethical between a teacher and a student? One-on-One sessions between student and teacher are against the rules, or so Yuuji's been told by Professor Nanami when the college student had asked to be tutored by the man himself.

"But isn't that…y'know…against the rules?" Yuuji repeats, wondering briefly if maybe Getou forgot about the importance of a professional relationship between teacher and student.

And, of course, that's promptly thrown out the window when Getou chuckles, his finger slipping sensually off of Yuuji's lips. The man before him crosses his arms in front of his chest and stares at Yuuji with a look the student has seen predators where in the documentaries Megumi likes to watch. Dark and focused, ready to pounce but holding back for the right time to strike.

Yuuji shouldn't be as aroused as he is right now, with Getou's dark eyes piercing through Yuuji's skin, traveling across every crevice of his face until they make contact with his big brown doe eyes.

"Do I really look like someone who cares about some silly rules?" Getou tsks noisily, judgment laced heavily in his voice as he continues to observe a nervous, sweaty, *aroused* Yuuji. "I don't have a stick up my ass like Nanami-san, y'know? If my precious student needs help then I'll gladly offer it! All you have to do is say yes, of course!"

"...And it's free?"

“A hundred percent free so long as you take my tutoring seriously!”

…well, Yuuji *does* need the extra help and a good distraction from the horrors that await at his job.

“...Ok…Yeah, I'll take you up on that offer,” Yuuji says with a hint of hesitance, but that quickly washes away at the soft look Professor Getous gives him upon hearing his words of acceptance.

“Wonderful~ Make sure to meet me here after five pm on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays!” The man says happily while pushing himself away from Yuuji’s desk. “I fully expect you to be on time Yuuji-kun, so don’t disappoint me, ok?”

And Yuuji is left dumbfounded at his desk as Getou walks away, his heart beating wildly in his chest.

Hell, even after Yuuji packs his stuff up and leaves the classroom Getou’s presence still hangs over him like a menacing shadow, caging the young student in with his muscular arms and keeping in place with a malicious smile.

…and the worst part? Yuuji can still feel Getou’s finger dancing along the edge of his lips…

The moment Yuuji makes it to his empty dorm, he’s slipping his belt off and throwing it in the far corner of his room.

All Yuuji can think about is Professor's boldness, his husky voice, the calloused thumb that pressed sensually against Yuuji’s gasping lips and, in seconds, his pants and boxers are off leaving his hard on to stand loud and proud for the college student to see.

He’s *so damn lucky* that Junpei is out on a date right now or else Yuuji would have to rub one off in the enclosed space of their shared shower, but now–all alone with his lotion and hands–Yuuji can actually *enjoy* his dirty little fantasies that’ll never come true.

Yuuji sheepishly grabs the lotion from his bedside drawer and pumps some over his palm before stroking himself lazily, a sigh leaving his bitten lips as he thinks back to how *bold* and *inappropriate* Getou was being in class today.

“Do I really look like someone who cares about some silly rules?”

Yuuji closes his eyes and imagines Getou saying that in his ear as his rough calloused hands travel up his body, over his collarbones and chest, before settling around his small waist. The college student moans softly at the thought of Getou’s mischievous smile brushing softly across his jaw before scraping his teeth along his throat, marking Yuuji as his *favorite.* God, how could Getou even say that with a straight face? Surely he must’ve been joking, teasing Yuuji until he blushed a dark red–

But he offered to tutor Yuuji, only Yuuji.

Yuuji's breath hitches and his hand picks up its pace, wrapping tightly around his length.

He only wants to tutor Yuuji, only Yuuji. He's the only student in the man's class that he looks at so intently, the only one who takes Yuuji's questions seriously, the only one who checks up on Yuuji when he's not feeling well, the only one who visits Yuuji at his workplace and makes his shift just a bit more bearable.

Yuuji's free hand slips underneath his shirt and travels up until it reaches his nipple. The young student throws his head back and moans as he rubs and tweaks the bud in his fingers, imagining them to be Getou's as the man teases and teases until Yuuji is a crying, sobbing mess. A beautiful pressure begins to build up in the pit of his stomach, his weeping dick twitching useless in his hand as he pinches and toys with himself, moaning uselessly into the open air.

"O-Oh–fuck, *Professor, Please–!"* Yuuji cries out as the feeling builds and builds, his pink bud turning sore from the abuse and he can see Getou laughing at him from above, his hands merciless and ravaged as he takes joy in taking Yuuji apart. Fuck, Yuuji *wants* to be taken apart by his hands, his talented fingers, his mouth, *his everything.*

"Such a pretty little boy, perfect for me and my husband~" Getou would whisper huskily as he switches buds, drawing another long moan from Yuuji. " *Such a pretty whore for me, my little favorite student~ Will you be nice for my husband the same way you are to me?"*

"YES!" Yuuji groans as he squeezes the base of his cock. "Want– *Ah–want you both so bad! No one else–"* He cuts himself off at the image of getou's husband looming over him as well, watching from a distance with a smirk gracing his beautifully glossed lips.

“ *Hmmm? Having fun with my dear husband? What a little slut you are, yuuji-kun~”* Gojo taunts in his mind as he happily joins in on the fun, gripping Yuuji’s dick tight, so tight and *fuck–!* “Please–Gojo-san–finish me off, please, i-i’ll do anything please, please, please–”

“ *Do it baby, come from my touch like the asskissing bitch you are~”*

And, with a silent cry, Yuuji comes all over his stomach, his eyes rolling to the back of his head as the warmth spreads over his body, over his legs, his hands and arms, and bruised chest.

He throws his back against his pillow and stares up at the ceiling, a vibrant blush overtaking his features at *what he just **did.***

He…Yuuji just masterbaited to his professor, who’s married, and also to Gojo-san, *who’s married to Professor Getou.*

Before wiping himself clean with the tissues next to his bed, Yuuji closes his eyes and heaves out a tired sigh.

Yuuji seriously needs to get his shit together–after all, what kind of sicko jerks off to their professor and spouse?

Riding the public bus has always been a menace, but tonight–of all nights–left Yuuji in need of a thorough shower.

The attire he's required to wear as a bartender is without a doubt flattering–tight black jeans hugging his curves in all the right places, a white button down shirt with the first two buttons undone with a tight collar around his neck–but wearing it on his way to his job makes him feel *too exposed.*

On the public bus, too many eyes observed Yuuji from afar, picking his appearance apart piece by piece. Many whistled, many threw out harmless compliments that warmed the man's heart, but–more often than not–he was cat-called rudely by those who watched him with nothing but ill intentions in their minds. Some even tried to touch Yuuji, but the young man is more than capable of defending himself, so he didn't pay the touchy hands any mind.

And, taking the long walk down to his workplace, *Kinko-shitsu,* never fails to leave shivers running up and down his spine.

Passing by the many blank faces of pedestrians looking for a fun time out on the streets, Yuuji quickly comes across the very same alley that..that *man* had been killed in.

It's blocked off by yellow tape, faint traces of blood still splattered on the walls of the alley, and Yuuji quickly turns away, an ugly feeling sinking deep inside his gut.

When Yuuji does manage to make it to work, he's a few minutes late.

The bright neon lights of red, blue and purple invade his vision, the sparkling decorations hanging over the establishment drawing the young bartender in, the smell of smoke and whiskey hitting Yuuji's nose causes a relieved sigh to escape past his lips. Whiskey is familiar. Smoke is warm. *This place is comforting in ways that confuses Yuuji, but he welcomes it silently, subtly.*

The young bartender pats down the wrinkles of his jeans before making a beeline to the back of the establishment, ready to check in, when his brown eyes land on two familiar figures making a commotion at the bar:

Getou Suguru and Gojo Satoru.

From afar, Yuuji can spot Getou's dark long hair hanging loosely out of its ponytail, a nice black button up gracing his beautiful build with the sleeves rolled up the elbows, showing off the muscles in his forearms. Gojo-san sits beside him, an arm hanging loosely over Getou's shoulder, with his eyeglasses sitting nicely on the bridge of his nose. The white haired man is also wearing a black button down, but this time the sleeves are down, accentuating his rippling muscles and slim figure. Gojo is leaning towards Getou, his back making a beautiful arch, as he goes to whisper something in his husband ears–

With a flushed face, Yuuji snaps his gaze away from the couple and makes his way to the back. This is wrong, *so so wrong* to be checking out both his professor *and* his husband… *but can anyone blame him?*

They're gorgeous in a way that should be illegal. *Criminal, even.* Staring at the two flirting and talking leaves Yuuji with a parched throat, a sense of yearning, to touch, to watch, to

experience the bond the two of them share… *but Yuuji knows better than to wish for something unattainable.*

When Yuuji makes it to the break room where the clock in sheet is, he's met with the familiar sight of his boss sitting on the sofa while scrolling through her phone, long white hair dangling over her face like an elegant curtain.

"Good evening Mei-Mei-san!" Yuuji greets happily, his eyes set on the check-in sheet pinned to the wall. Ui-Ui-san's name is already neatly signed at the top of the sheet along with Nishimaya-san's. In a signature that could easily be described as chicken scratch, Yuuji writes down his name and time.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Mei-Mei raising a hand in greeting, her brown eyes not leaving her phone. "Bonnie and Clyde are here to see you again," Mei-Mei mentions offhandedly, her manicured finger sliding up on her brightly lit screen. "They might destroy this place if you don't serve them something quick."

Yuuji blushes at the assumption, but he waves it off quickly with a smile. "They just enjoy the way I prepare their drinks, Mei-Mei-san!" Yuuji says weakly, but even to his own ears it sounds unbelievable.

Mei-Mei scoffs at his response, but doesn't bother to correct him. "Yeah? Well save my little brother from their harassment since you love making them drinks so much."

"R-Right…"

Before stepping back out into the club, Yuuji reaches into his pocket and grabs the charm all bartenders are required to wear. With careful fingers, Yuuji clips the glittery *KS* to his choker, checks himself in the mirror, and deems himself presentable.

His pink hair is slicked back nicely with a few strands falling along his forehead. Dark eyeliner and a light shade of blue eye-shadow can be seen decorating his eyelids, giving his facial appearance a beautiful pop. Before stepping outside his dorm, he also made sure to cover up the small scars on his cheeks, replacing it with concealer and some blush. His lips are glossed and shiny, not a single piece of skin appearing to be cracked, and he smiles.

"Stop checking yourself out and get out there, Yuuji. Ui-Ui's gonna get obliterated by those two bastards if you keep stalling," his boss groans, snapping him out of his thoughts.

"Ah–Sorry, Mei-Mei-san!"

Yuuji scurries out of the breakroom with his tail in between his legs, embarrassed at having been caught. He doesn't ponder on it for long though, not with Getou and Gojo sitting at the bar making a rambunctious scene at the bar.

As Yuuji approaches the bar, the young man catches wind of the conversation.

"--bitter drink! When I say I want something fruity I mean something sweet and drinkable, not this disgusting vomit!" Gojo complains noisily while pushing his full glass toward the current bartender who just so happens to be *ui-ui.*

Ui-Ui's eye twitches, but takes the glass away nonetheless. "What you're asking for isn't on the menu, Gojo-san," Ui-Ui reprimands his dark eyes switching from Gojo to his husband Getou.

“Eh? But Yuuji-kun always makes it for him. Why can’t *you* do the same?” Getou questions accusingly, his gaze heavy and menacing as he stares down at Ui-UI.

“Yeah,” Gojo joins in, his arms crossing over his chest as he leans forward, getting into UI-Ui’s personal space. “Is it really so hard to make yourself useful?”

A small part of Yuuji is enraptured by the sight before him–seeing how the two men can overpower a single bartender with a few snarky comments and overwhelming presence.

Briefly, Yuuji imagines himself in Ui-Ui’s shoes; being stared down heatedly by those two tall, built, handsome men who could easily manhandle Yuuji into whatever position they wanted, hands hard and rough as they grab his throat, prying his jaw open as they force the young man to take whatever they give and–

“Well since I keep getting your drink wrong sir, I’ll just have *yuuji-kun* make it for you.”

H-huh?

And just like that, all pairs of eyes are on the young bartender, his face flushed from his neck to the tips of his ears. Yuuji jolts, taken by surprise by the sudden attention, but he smiles at them all the same, hoping the bright lights flashing overhead are enough to disguise his perverted blush.

His smiles are easily returned by both Getou and Gojo, causing a warm spark to ignite inside his chest.

Before Yuuji can even take a step behind the bar, Ui-Ui is barging towards him at an inhumane speed, his face twisting up in annoyance. The shorter male bumps shoulders with him angrily on his way to the backroom, but Yuuji decides to brush it off–Ui-Ui's always in a bad mood when it comes to dealing with Yuuji and the boy has found that its easier on his mind if he just simply ignores the boy's mean looks and behavior.

"Yuuji-kun! What took you so long?!" Gojo whines, his dark shades slipping down his nose to reveal two blue crystals shining with amusement. "Do you have any idea how long we've waiting for you?!" The man's confession leaves Yuuji more than a little flustered.

"Sorry Gojo-san, Professor Getou. Public transportation was taking longer than usual today," Yuuji explains sheepishly as he turns away from the couple, already reaching out for two clear glasses on the rack. "Some people were being a little too handsy with me, so I had to take care of them."

Once the words left Yuuji's lips, he felt two dark stares bore into the back of his head. He doesn't pay them any mind and instead focuses on preparing their drinks.

Gojo-san normally likes his drinks extra sweet, diabetes level sweet, but also not too strong since he's a bit of a light weight. With this in mind, Yuuji makes sure to go all out with his *Mudslide:* mixing a small bit of vodka with coffee liqueur until it's a light shade of brown, adding irish cream to the mix, and finishing off the drink with heavy whip cream and chocolate shavings.

As for Getou, he can handle his alcohol surprisingly well compared to his other half. He's not quite as excessive when it comes to how his drinks are made, but that doesn't mean he doesn't have a preference. On one of the first nights the pair visited, Getou-san had confessed how he favors fruity drinks over the stale cans of beer that does nothing but stain his taste buds. So, Yuuji does his usual: mixing one oz of gin, campari, and sweet vermouth, Yuuji finishes the *Negroni* with a couple of ice cubes.

When Yuuji spins back around with the drinks in hand, the pair smile brightly at him as if they were caught doing something naughty. Yuuji dismisses the odd behavior and returns their smiles, planting their respective drinks in front of them.

"One *Mudslide,* and one *Negroni!* Hope you two enjoy," Yuuji announces proudly.

Gojo-san immediately starts sipping on his drink and–in seconds, his eyes are filled with sparkling stars. "Ah this is perfect Yuuji-kun!" Gojo-san compliments proudly as he continues to sip leisurely on his beverage, his ethereal blue eyes never breaking eye-contact from Yuuji.

Getou nods, also taking a tentative sip from his *Negroni* . A pleased smile reaches the man's lips. "You never disappoint," Getou-san adds on, his gaze just as penetrative as Gojo-san's.

Yuuji swallows down the saliva that made its way into his throat and beams at them, happy that he was, once again, able to get their drinks right. Yuuji leans forward on the counter, allowing himself a moment of freedom as he indulges the beautiful couple in a conversation.

"Thank you! I had a very good teacher," Yuuji confesses, thinking back to all the times he and his brother Sukuna experimented with different drinks when they were younger. And, as they got older, his step brothers Choso, Eso, and Kechizu helped him perfect the craft once he moved to Tokyo.

If Bartenders weren't paid so poorly, then Yuuji would've probably chosen that career path instead.

"Oh? Is that so~" Gojo purrs, his eyes twinkling with something mischievous. The sight causes an exciting thrill to shoot up Yuuji's spine; against what the logical part of his mind is

telling him, he stays in place, letting himself be swept away by Getou and Gojo's beauty. "Well I'm sure my dear Suguru will be able to teach you *more useful things* during your little tutoring sessions," The man teases, earning an amused chuckle from Getou-san and a surprised yelp from Yuuji.

"Y-You told him about–?"

"Satoru was the one who suggested I tutor you personally," Getou interrupts, waving Yuuji's concern off with a playful wink. "And don't worry, so long as none of this gets out to the wrong people, then we'll be fine."

"O-oh! Ok, well–"

"Oi! Pink cutie!!! I'm dyin' of thirst over here~"

Yuuji snaps his gaze away from the couple and stares wide-eyed at the strangers sitting at the bar, *waiting* for Yuuji to serve them.

Damnit! He got so caught up in talking to Getou-san and Gojo-san that he forgot about his *damn job.* Talk about embarrassing…

Yuuji sends the couple a sheepish smile, "I'll chat with you guys later, k?" Yuuji doesn't give them enough time to respond before he's flying across the bar tending to the next person.

And, for once, Yuuji couldn't quite ignore the dark looks he received from Getou-san and Gojo-san when he walked away…

As the rest of the night continues, more and more patrons show up to the bar, in need of Yuuji's drinks.

Surprisingly, *or unsurprisingly based on who you ask,* Getou-san and Gojo-san ended up inviting their fellow colleagues to drink with them at the bar.

By the time Yuuji finds his way back to the couple, he finds himself staring at an argument happening between Professor Nanami and gojo-san, Professor Utahime and Shoko-san having a drinking competition, Haibara talking Dean Yaga's ear off, and professor Getou and Ijichi in a deep conversation about something Yuuji is unable to pick up on.

Professor Nanami is the first one to greet him when he rounds the bar, interrupting his argument with Gojo-san to give him a small wave. "Itadori-kun, your drinks are incredible," Nanami-san says in greeting, raising his empty glass of what had once been a *Dark and Stormy.*

With his heart feeling light and warm from the compliment, Yuuji takes Nanamai's empty glass from his hands and readies himself to prepare another one for him. "Ah, I had a good

test taster growing up," Yuuji mentions offhandedly, remembering the amount of times he forced Sukuna to be his guinea pig.

He and his twin brother lived under a lot of stress due to their mom's involvement in a major religious group, and–to wash the stress away–Yuuji turned to alcohol and Sukuna turned to power. They both tried easing the tension off of themselves as much as they could by being each other's minions. Sukuna would down Yuuji's experiments and give him tips and Yuuji would let his twin control him for a day (Which, more often than not, led to both of them getting in trouble since Sukuna's dares were more than a little extreme.).

"...I hope that doesn't mean you indulged in underage drinking…" Nanami-san grumbles, not amused in the slightest by the insinuation.

Yuuji blushes in embarrassment and opens his mouth, ashamed that he made his teacher think he was some sort of delinquent, but Gojo-san pipes up, poking Nanami-san's glasses with his finger. "Oh don't go on sounding all righteous and wise, Nanamin~ Last I checked, I had to haul your drunk ass out of Haibara's dorm in highschool," Gojo-san teases, earning a surprised *woah!* from Yuuji and an annoyed groan from Nanami-san.

"Ughh, you still remember that?"

Gojo-san slings an arm over Nanami-san's shoulder and pulls him into a side-hug, making the blonde man's face twist in disgust. "I remember everything Nanami~ especially you're little crush on that bakery girl–"

Nanami-san clamps a hand over Gojo-san's mouth, more annoyed than ever. "That's enough, Gojo-san. I don't need you telling everyone stories of our youth…"

Haibara then pipes up from beside Yaga, dark eyes still fluttering with excitement even after he rambled on and on for what seemed like hours. “Huh? Wait, are we telling Yuuji-kun stories from highschool?!” He asks excitedly, stars shining brightly in his dark brown eyes.

“Absolutely not–”

“We are!” Gojo shouts with a bright smile, having already ripped Nanami-san’s hand from his mouth. “Hey, Yuuji-kun, wanna hear about the time we made Nanamin play a radio outside this girl’s window to ask her out for prom? Spoil alert: we gave him the wrong address!!!”

“Oh shit I remember that!” Shoko-san pipes up, her long brown hair dropping gracefully down her shoulders and she places a hand on professor Utahime’s shoulder.

“Yeah, and Nanami ended up accidentally serenading a grandma getting her bones blown out?” Utahime adds with a smirk, making both Yuuji’s and Nanami’s jaw drop.

“I think that was the first pair of boobs you saw Nanami, you womanizer~” Getou teases, taking a long sip of his drink as he waits for Nanami to react.

...and react Nanami did.

“Hey, Yaga-san–” The older man who seemed to have tried escaping the conversation, inevitably gets pulled in by *Nanami* of all people. “Remember in 2007 when you went on that two month old vacation and came back to a destroyed shack?” Yaga nods hesitantly, and– “yeah? Well that's because *Gojo-san and Getou-san broke into your house–”*

“Wait, Nanamin–”

“ *Shoko gave out handwritten invitations to have a party at **your** house, claiming it was hers–”*

“H-Hold on a second–”

“Utahime used your porcelain dolls as bowling pins and shattered them–”

“That’s not exactly what happened–”

“Haibara convinced the whole school to use your bed as a surfing raft for your pool–”

“Yeah, i definitely remember doing that–”

“And we all had to leave the party early because Gojo-san and Getou-san were fucking on every piece of furniture they could find.”

By the time Nanami finishes calling everyone out, Yaga’s face is bright red with rage, disbelief, and horror. His jaw is hanging open, dark eyes widening and filled with fury. His grip around his empty glass shattered under his hold, and–

“YOU BASTARDS–!”

Yuuji doesn’t stick around long to see his dean charge at all of his ex-students and instead focuses on actually doing his job.

*… but Yuuji just **can’t** get the image of Professor Getou and Gojo-san having sex so wildly without a care in the world.*

Yuuji doesn’t allow himself to dive into *that* quite yet (He’ll wait till he's in the comfort of his own dorm, thank you very much…) for the same guy who’s been annoying Yuuji for the past hour asks for another drink.

Forcing a smile onto his face, Yuuji scrambles over to the waiting man, internally cringing at the drunk state the man is in.

“I-I’ll take another *Aperol Spritz*... ” The Man hiccups, slamming another couple yen onto the counter.

Yuuji tentatively takes the money and nods, spinning around to fix his drink–

But the man grabs his wrist, stopping the young bartender from doing his job.

“H-huh? Sir are you–”

“When do ya’ get off? You’re–you’re a cute one…” The man sneers mischievously, his grip on Yuuji’s wrist not lessening in the slightest.

Yuuji gulps nervously, his eyes never leaving the man’s hand as he thinks of an answer to give the man without him getting too upset.

What would Mei-Mei-san do?

What would UI-UI-san do?

What would Nishimiya-san do?

Taking a deep breath, Yuuji keeps his frustration hidden and smiles sweetly at the drunk man.

“Oh, i don’t get off until three am sweetie,” Yuuji flirts softly, feigning an aura of confidence even though internally he’s blushing a furious red, having never been as openly flirtatious as he is now, *even if it is to get the man to back off.* “I wouldn’t wait for me tonight…maybe another time?” Yuuji asks tenderly, his face moving in close to the patron’s until the heavy scent of alcohol hits Yuuji like a brick.

But Yuuji doesn't pull away.

He stays in place, pretending to be someone he isn't.

The man's face appears to go red for a few seconds before he gives Yuuji a nod, releasing his sore wrist. "Hmph…they shouldn't have a cutie like you workin' around the clock, but fine."

The young bartender heaves out a strained laugh and turns back around, going back to what he was doing before– *fixing the man his damn drink.*

However, when Yuuji sneaks a glance over at Gojo-san and Professor Getou he sees the couple glaring daggers into the strange man that grasped onto his wrist.

…Should Yuuji be worried?

Yuuji thinks about it for a few moments before shaking his head, a real smile tugging on his lips.

Nah, Yuuji has nothing to worry about when it comes to Gojo-san and Professor Getou.

By the end of his shift, when everyone is getting too tired and drunk to continue clubbing, the creepy man from before asks for Yuuji's number.

"How else am i supposed to take ya out if i can't text ya?" The man had huffed out, pushing the back of his receipt towards Yuuji.

Not knowing what else to do, Yuuji takes his spare pen from his pocket and writes down a fake number, silently wishing the number he chose is a stupid telemarketer. Before pushing the receipt back to the man, Yuuji brings the paper to his lips and places a soft kiss above the random numbers he wrote (he vaguely remembers Nobara doing the exact same thing to a guy who harassed her into giving him her number just to make it look more convincing).

"Text me when you get home, ok?" Yuuji says while giving the man his receipt. The stranger smirks and nods, turning on his heel and begins making his way out the door.

An exhausted sigh leaves Yuuji's body when the man leaves, his shoulders seeming to collapse, arms turning into noodles, and his knees suddenly weak and wobbly. He's so glad his shift is finally over…now he can take a nice shower, tell Junpei the juicy gossip about Professor Nanami, and sleep comfortably in his bed–

"You didn't *actually* give that prick your number, did you?"

Slightly confused, Yuuji blinks his eyes a few times and jolts when he realizes Getou-san and Gojo-san are standing in front of him, Getou's hand wrapped tightly around his husband's waist; Gojo's face a delicious shade of pink, no doubt tipsy with the amount of drinks he had while Getou looks professionally composed.

What exactly should Yuuji say?

Yeah, that guy was disturbing as fuck so i gave him a random number so he wouldn't be ***my*** *problem.*

Talk about shitty!

Not knowing what else to say, Yuuji tugs his lips up into what he hopes looks like a convincing smile. "W-Why does it matter to you who I give my number to?" Yuuji accidentally mumbles out before he can stop himself.

Both of their eyes darken at Yuuji's words.

"IT matters because that guy was ooooobviously a *dick!* " Gojo drunkley spits out, his glare on Yuuji getting heavier with each second that passes. "Dontcha have *any* standards, Yuuji-kun?"

"Of course I have standards!"

"Yeah? And snobby, ugly, annoying, and greasy met all of them?" Getou-san *sneers* , his normally composed voice being replaced with something dark and sinister, sending chilling

tingles up Yuuji's spine.

"I appreciate you two looking out for me, but–but *please,* it's none of your business…" Yuuji instantly regrets opening his mouth the moment he sees Getou tighten his grip around Gojo's waist, his knuckles whitening.

What's the big deal?

Why is Getou-san and Gojo-san being so…dare Yuuji say… ***possessive?***

And why is it strangely attractive?!?!

Hell, Gojo looks like he's seconds away from *strangling* Yuuji! Surely the young bartender should feel at least a little scared by their dark display…right?

Getou scoffs at Yuuji, his eyes not leaving Yuuji's trembling form.

"Fine. Fuck whoever you wanna fuck, Yuuji-kun, just don't get all upset when you realize that bastard's a *minute man.* "

With that, the couple walk away, leaving a red faced Yuuji in their wake.

Yuuji actually manages to wake up on time the next day.

He’s not sure if it has anything to do about what happened the night before (it does) or if it’s because he’s excited to start his first day of tutoring with Professor Getou (he is) or if it's due to the memory of giving that strange guy a mysterious number who he hopes doesn’t belong to an actual person (it does), but all that matters is that Yuuji is up and moving!

When Yuuji gets out of his bed and enters the main room, he’s met with the sight of Junpei doing his homework at the coffee table, their small t.v playing *Human Earthworm 2* in the background. The moment Yuuji steps foot into the room, Junpei perks up, a look of surprise written across his face.

“Eh? You’re already awake? Shouldn’t you sleep a bit longer?” Junpei questions insistently, an obvious crease forming on his brow.

Yuuji scratches the back of his neck sheepishly and makes his way towards Junpei. Before answering his roommate, Yuuji plops his ass down on the sofa, a loud scream suddenly erupting from the television screen. “Couldn’t sleep,” Yuuji answers simply as he throws his legs over the couch cushions, his head instantly hitting the flower patterned pillow beside him. “Besides, I wanted to know how your date went!”

Junpei's face turns a pretty red at Yuuji's words.

"S-Seriously? Man you're nosy, Yuuji…" Junpei pouts, his fingers finally taking a break from writing on the many assignments piled up on the table. "But…it was *fun.* Mahito took me out to watch a couple of ghibli movies at the cinemax…"

"Oh! Sounds like a keeper!"

"Hmmm I don't know about that…he can be a little creepy sometimes."

Yuuji tilts his head, awfully curious about this *Mahito* person.

"Creepy, huh? How so?"

Junpei turns away from Yuuji for a few beats before making eye contact with him again, hsi words seemingly in order. "He kept making a lot of jokes about *whisking me away* , or whatever that means…and he always looks at me like i'm…like…the center of his universe or something."

"...But isn't that kinda a good thing?"

"H-Huh? *How?"*

"I mean, the whole *whisking you away* thing is pretty creepy, yeah, but the whole staring thing? Doesn't it feel nice to know you're *that* important to someone?" Yuuji asks, tilting his head back to properly gauge Junpei's reaction.

"Not to me it isn't…it just feels… *kinda unnerving*... " Junpei responds sheepishly, a hand scratching the back of his neck.

Yuuji hums, pretending to understand Junpei when, in reality, he's…terribly puzzled.

The pink haired college student would *love* for someone to look at him like that–like he's the only star worth looking at in a galaxy full of them. He has a weird desire to be cherished and loved so deeply it borders on insanity, and he–in turn–wishes to do the same: to be addicted to someone's smile, to long for a sacred touch only they can give…it sounds like something straight out of a fairytale for Yuuji.

His mind instantly goes to Gojo-san and Getou-san and the way they look at eachother, the dark captivating look that screams *you are mine and i am yours.* The lingering touches they give appears to engrave deeply in the other's skin. The soft mischievous smiles they send each other that hold secret messages only *they* can decipher.

Yuuji craves the kind of relationship the two of them have so much it hurts.

…But, apparently, to some people, loving so deeply and intensely can come off as *unnerving.*

The college student pretends it doesn't bother him in the slightest.

“Well if he’s creepy to you, you should drop him,” Yuuji states plainly while sitting up, his back beginning to ache from the position he was in before.

“I don’t really want to though…”

Yuuji jolts, surprised by the confession.

“Seriously? Why?”

Junpei’s face reddens even more at the question. His black haired roommate looks away in an attempt to hide his face from Yuuji, but he can still see his crimson ears peeking out from through his hair.

“Err…be honest with me Yuuji, do you think it's bad of me to kinda *like* the attention he gives me?”

Yuuji smiles down at his roommate and ruffles up his black hair, receiving an annoyed huff from his senior.

“I don’t think so, but don't play around with his feelings, ok? If he really looks at you like you're his everything, he probably won’t take kindly to you messing around with him.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right…I think I'll drop him.”

For some reason, hearing Junpei's defeat so clearly in his voice, saddens Yuuji.

If anyone were to ask Yuuji if he dressed up nicely for his *tutoring lessons with Professor Getou,* Yuuji would turn a bright red and refuse sheepishly.

But, if you just so happened to be Nobara, then Yuuji would be crying over the phone about how his makeup doesn't look good enough to step foot in Getou-san's classroom.

"It's not like you're trying to bang him or something… *oh shit, are you?!"* Nobara had screamed over the phone which Yuuji carefully ignored and continued to ask Nobara for fashion and makeup advice.

By the time Yuuji felt nice enough to actually leave his dorm, he almost looked like an entirely different person (Thanks to Nobara, of course). The form fitting tank top Nobara recommended did wonders in accentuating his taunt muscles and limbs. The baggy jeans she picked out for him sat nicely around his hips, bringing attention to his small waist by adding a belt to the mix. She also was the one who told Yuuji to try a light red makeup look to finish himself off. So, with just a small dash of red eyeshadow on the corners of his eyelids, black eyeliner, and lip gloss, Yuuji was ready to head to his lessons.

And his efforts definitely paid off.

When Yuuji pulls up to Getou's classroom a few minutes early, he's greeted with the sight of his professor sitting at his desk, a chair already pulled up in front of it for Yuuji to sit. The man's eyes dat up from his work when Yuuji steps in and–

Yuuji manages to catch the slight jolt in the man's shoulders when his gaze lands on his figure.

But, as quickly as it happens, Getou-san becomes composed and unbothered, simply sending Yuuji a sweet smile when the college student steps closer to his desk.

"Someone's early~ eager much?" Getou-san teases harmlessly, his form moving back in his seat, dark eyes running up and down Yuuji's body *shamelessly.*

The college student blushes, but nods nonetheless, not able to hide his excitement from the man he admires the most. "Can you blame me? This is a once in a lifetime opportunity! I'm not about to let it go to waste by showing up late," Yuuji exclaims bashfully, his gaze quickly averting to the man's desk which so happens to be stacked with assignments turned in by other classmates. Guilt consumes Yuuji at the amount of work the man had to do. "Oh… should I come back another time? You seem to be pretty busy…" as much as it hurts to leave just after arriving for his tutoring lessons, he completely understand if Professor Getou decides to send him away due to how much–

"Nah, I'll just push this off for someone else to do."

Yuuji’s eyebrows rise in surprise. “You can do that?”

“Only when you have teachers who owe you favors, but please–take a seat, Yuuji-kun.”

Yuuji does as he’s told, taking a seat right across from Getou-san. Before the student can take out his notebooks and pencils, Getou-san hums appreciatively from in front of him, causing his insides to turn and spin into a jumbled up mess, his cheeks warming up slightly.

“I gotta say, you look rather dashing today. Is there a special occasion I don't know about? Like a hot date, perhaps?” Getou asks lowly while leaning forwards, his tone dipping into something salacious and hypnotizing. His breath is so close to Yuuji’s, nearly a few inches away, and Yuuji's tongue becomes twisted, unable to utter a single word under Getou’s amused gaze.

The hell does Yuuji say to *that* with his teacher looking as if he’s seconds away from gobbling Yuuji up?!

He can’t just outright admit to the man, his personal tutor, *his professor,* that he dressed up specifically for him! That’d be downright inappropriate!!!

With his tongue out of commission, Yuuji nods, agreeing to the idea that he *totally* got all dressed up for an upcoming date.

That, apparently, is the wrong thing to do.

Getou's eye twitches, his smile almost pulling down in a frown, but his face stays carefully composed despite the darkness radiating off of the man's reaction.

"I see…is it with that guy from last night?" he mumbles stiffly, like the words physically pained him to speak aloud.

Yuuji nods again even though somewhere in the back of his mind there's something screaming at Yuuji to stop digging himself into a bigger hole.

But hey, admitting to going out on a date with a bastard is much better than confessing to something embarrassing and life threatening, ok?

"...Oh. Interesting." Getou turns away Yuuji, almost as if he's giving the younger the cold shoulder.

A sickening feeling sprouts inside Yuuji's gut at being dismissed so suddenly. "I–"

Getou turns back to Yuuji, a closed eye smile gracing his face.

"Let's begin the lesson now, shall we?"

Instead of feeling fulfilled or satisfied after receiving one-on-one lessons from Getou-san, Yuuji felt dead. Gone. Chilled and disturbed.

Getou's tone the entire lesson sounded robotic, fake, strained, and his eyes– *god, his eyes*– were anything but merciful. They shot through Yuuji's heart, his eyes, picked out what he was doing wrong and ridiculed him, leaving the college student feeling useless and stupid.

Where did his nice professor go?

The one that always checks in on Yuuji and makes sure he's doing his work right without making him feel like a toddler?

The one that smiles so sweetly at him when he gets an answer right?

Yuuji doesn't know where he went, but the college student was beginning to miss him.

“Someone’s in a shitty mood tonight.”

Yuuji hardly registers her voice over the loud music blaring loudly in his ears, but he manages to barely lick up Nishimiya-san’s voice from beside him; her dark blue eyes casting a judgemental look at Yuuji as she finishes up wiping down some dirty shot glasses.

Yuuji’s shoulders slump in defeat. Is he really acting all that different tonight? Or is he just an open book to her? Well, whatever it may be, it leaves a bad taste in Yuuji’s mouth.

“You don’t have to point it out even if it's true…” Yuuji whines, his honey brown eyes going back to focusing on mixing up a beverage.

“Of course I do! Your mopey attitude is turning off the visitors,” Nishimiya complains loudly, her shoulder lightly bumping into Yuuji’s in jest. “Half the people that come here always seek you out because of your cheery attitude. Business will be tumbling down hill if you keep this shit up.”

Despite himself, Yuuji goes red in the face at her words, unusually flattered by Nishimiya’s bluntness. She can’t *possibly* be telling the truth, right?

“I’m…not really in the mood to be teased tonight Nishimiya-san–”

“Ugh, *Sama,* Yuuji-kun! Stop referring to me so professionally! It makes me feel old…”

“Ah, Sorry Nishimiya-sama.” Nishimiya- *sama* scoffs at Yuuji before setting the newly cleaned glasses up on the shelves, ready for later use.

“You better be, and I'm not teasing you. I’m telling the truth.”

“You’re not exactly *known* for being very truthful.”

“And you’re not really known for being so grim and moody!”

Ah, she got him there.

“Then what should i do?” Yuuji huffs out, finishing off the remnants of his *Manhattan* drink.

“Vent to me–tell me what's on your mind and let your fellow *senpai* help you feel better!” She announces, pointing a proud thumb towards herself.

“Er…no offense *senpai* , but you’re not really the best at comforting someone…” Yuuji states with a smile, still haunted by the memory of Nishimiya telling Yuuji to *suck it up and get his shit done* during mid-exam weeks.

“Well I've improved over the last time you’ve had a nervous breakdown–” Nishimiya then invades his vision, her big blue eyes staring up at Yuuji with an expectant look shining in her retinas. “So spill! What’s got Mr.sunshine all rainy and cloudy?”

Yuuji contemplates his next move, debating with himself if he should really confide in his senior… *but the college student really needs some advice on how to deal with Getou-san and Gojo-san…*

“...Promise you won’t tell anyone?”

Her eyes instantly light up with excitement. “Oh? It’s that serious?”

“Yeah…”

She makes the gesture of zipping her red stained lips and throwing away the key. “Cross my heart and hope to die, Yuuji!”

With a deep breath, Yuuji opens his mouth and spills everything out like a rampaging flood.

“One of my professors offered to tutor me personally for free since I've been behind on my work,” Yuuji explains with his eyes glued to his drink, making sure to keep Getou-san as anonymous as possible. Yuuji would hate for something like this to somehow find its way back to him. “He also visits me here with his hus– *spouse,* and they’re really nice to talk to… but lately they've been pretty interested in my personal life. They got really upset when i gave this random creep a fake number and, today–during tutoring–i think my professor was in a

bad mood because of it," Yuuji removes his gaze from the drink he made. Before finishing his explanation, Yuuji walks away from Nishimiya to drop the drink off to its respective person, bowing politely, and strolls back towards her, her expression unreadable from his perspective.

"So? What do you think I should do?"

When Nishimiya turns her head to look at Yuuji, the pink haired bartender is surprised to find her normally composed face twisted up in disgust.

" *You drop them."*

Yuuji's jaw drops at her words. "E-Excuse me?"

"You heard me," Nishimiya barks back with a serious glint in her eyes. "Whoever the hell you've been serving is highly unprofessional and needs to learn to mind their own business. You don't owe them an explanation for anything Yuuji and–as for the private tutoring–i think it'd be wise to stop going to it; If your professor really is as nosy as you make them out to be, then giving them power over you through private tutoring *is dangerous* ."

Yuuji can't believe his ears upon hearing her advice. It makes sense to drop them, it'll be safer that way–Yuuji will stop having weird fantasies about the two and the couple will mind their own business, giving Yuuji a peace of mind…

But Yuuji can't bear the thought of not talking to them anymore.

Dropping them would be like dropping Nobara and Megumi–something that would absolutely tear his heart in a million pieces.

But it’s the right thing to do.

The professional thing to do.

Yuuji smiles and nods at Nishimiya-sama. “Thank you for letting me rant, *Senpai* ,” Yuuji thanks bashfully.

“You’re welcome–and, if you wanna make your *senpai* proud, I'd recommend putting my advice to the test right now!”

“Eh? Right now? What do you–”

Nishimiya cuts him off by pointing in the direction of the bar at a familiar couple, a mischievous smirk tugging at her lips.

No way.

Sitting at the bar, staring straight at Yuuji, are *Gojo-san and Getou-san.*

Oh shit.

OH SHIT!!!

Yuuji's eyes switch back to Nishimiya who looks a little too proud of herself. Fighting off the grimace that threatens to take over his face, Yuuji leans down next to Nishimiya and whispers hoarsely in her ear. "You–You knew who I was talking about?!"

"Of course I did! I'm not an idiot Yuuji–and remember? I promised not to tell a soul, so your secret is safe with me."

Nishimaya gives Yuuji a little salute before walking away, leaving him all on his lonesome. Yuuji pouts, staring at the back of her blonde head in hopes that she'll change her mind and handle the beautiful couple at the bar, but–with each second that passes without her turning around–Yuuji's faith slips away.

Hesitantly, Yuuji turns back around to face Getou-san and Gojo-san, both pairs of eyes staring deeply into Yuuji's head. The college student closes his eyes, prepares himself for whatever may occur, and heads towards them, his legs shaking slightly with every step he takes.

"Welcome back you two! What can I get you guys to drink? Your usual or–"

Yuuji's whole introduction is cut off by Gojo who silences the younger by reaching out and *jabbing his forehead.*

“You’re a little liar, Yuuji-kun!” Gojo taunts in a playful tone, but even Yuuji can tell that the older man is being serious. “A date? Seriously? Who do you take us for? A couple of idiots?!”

Yuuji, completely baffled and floored by Gojo’s venomous voice, finds himself growing frustrated at the couple before him.

Keeping his face from twisting up into a scowl, Yuuji moves away from Gojo-san's invading finger and tilts his head in confusion. “I'm sorry, what’s going on?” Yuuji asks sweetly, keeping his frustrations locked away.

Getou-san is still in a bad mood as well it seems. The long haired man narrows his eyes at Yuuji and says, “Remember the guy you were supposed to be going on a date with? Well me and Satoru just so happened to run into him earlier today and–when we asked him how his date with you went–he said he had no idea who you were.”

Yuuji’s heart *drops.*

How the hell did that even happen? Yuuji hardly remembers what the stranger looks like, yet Getou-san and Gojo-san were able to pick him out of a crowd and ***interrogate him?!*** *That crosses so many lines, so many boundaries, his privacy, his personal space, his life! These men have no right to be sticking their noses in things that don’t concern them.*

Rather than screaming out of frustration, Yuuji keeps his lid intact and raises a brow.

“I–”

“Explain, *now,”* Gojo-san demands like he owns the place, like he *owns Yuuji, and–*

“You drop them.”

Yuuji takes a deep breath and smiles.

“No offense Gojo-san, Getou-san, but frankly, none of that is any of your *fucking* business and i don’t have to explain myself to you two.”

And, the moment Yuuji says that, the temperature in the room suddenly *drops*.

Getou-san’s slanted eyes widen in disbelief, a vein pops out of the corner of his jaw from grinding his teeth.

Gojo-san’s glasses slip down his nose, revealing bloodshot eyes, his mouth hanging open in shock.

Yet, even with their expressions holding nothing but astonishment, their eyes are cold, soulless, dark and ever consuming, faint screams of violence resonating from their faces, and–

And Yuuji is suddenly terrified of the men sitting at the bar.

They're no longer visitors, friendly men who are just a tad bit interested in Yuuji's life, but ***dangerous*** *.*

~~***And intoxicating.***~~

After seeing that the two men are going to remain speechless, Yuuji ducks his head in fear, his smile wavering at the sight of those eyes piercing through Yuuji's skin, tearing him apart from the inside out with their hands, their teeth, their words, with knives and nails–

"I see you two are still having trouble deciding what to order. I'll get right back to you after tending to my other customers," Yuuji states in a professional manner like he didn't just metaphorically spat in their faces.

Spinning on his heel, Yuuji leaves the two alone to tend to the rest of the people sitting at the bar, more than a little aware of their glares the entire time he works.

The rest of the night went as smoothly as Yuuji expected it to be with the threat of Getou-san and Gojo-san hanging over him like a lurking shadow.

Every now and then, while passing out drinks and taking orders, he'd catch their eye–dark and calculated, animalistic in a way that unsettled Yuuji–but those moments never last long for one of them would always turn away.

But, just because Yuuji wasn't conversing in a friendly chat with the two didn't mean he wasn't secretly watching them from afar. Yuuji began noticing things he hadn't taken note of before: The couple seemed to enjoy people watching by the way their eyes dance around the crowd of people, observant and curious, yet *bored.* The drink Gojo had been nursing the entire night hadn't been sipped at all along with Getou's beverage. While they didn't seem to take much interest in the people around them, they were still very mindful of people who might get a little too close to them by accident.

Yuuji didn't quite realize just how… *sketchy* the pair appear to be. Guess their good-looks and charisma help cover up the fact that they're a bunch of nosey unprofessional adults.

Would Yuuji have noticed these things if he had continued to paint the couple in such a beautiful light? Probably not–Yuuji's been warned one too many times about how oblivious he can be in certain situations.

The young bartender is in the middle of cleaning a few shot glasses when he catches sight of Getou-san waving him down from the corner of his eye. Curious, Yuuji turns to face the long haired man and is surprised to see him smiling at him bashfully, cheeks flushed in… *embarrassment? Shame?*

His body moves on its own; one second he's wiping down some dirty shot glasses and the next he's walking towards them like a possessed man.

“Yes? Can i help you–”

Both Getou-san and Gojo-san bow their heads, *flooring Yuuji.*

“We’re very sorry about our behavior, Yuuji-kun,” Gojo-san apologizes, the tips of his pale ears turning a light shade of red. “We were completely out of line–you have a life outside of your job and school and we need to respect that…I hope you can forgive us.”

Yuuji’s once powerful resolve crumbles abruptly in the face of the two most beautiful people in the world *bowing their heads and* ***apologizing*** *to him with the utmost respect Yuuji’s never received.*

HIs heart twists tightly in his chest, his stomach doing flips and spins at being treated so nicely, being told that *he was actually in the right.* To have both his seniors, who he admires greatly, bow to him with embarrassed faces, leaves Yuuji breathless.

Oh god…Nishimiya is *totally* gonna hate him for this…

His body is no longer his own; Yuuji’s brain allows his heart to take the reins of his body and, before he knows it, Yuuji is reaching out ruffling up the men’s hair.

Both of them jolt in surprise, but don’t make a move to push Yuuji away.

“Thank you for the apology you two, it–it seriously means a lot…” Yuuji huffs out with a smile, his hands reluctantly retreating from their soft strands of hair. Even as Yuuji pulls his hands away from them, his fingers itch to run his digits through each strand, to twirl and play with silks of White and Black. He doesn’t, *of course* . He still has *some* sense of self-restraint, ok? “But you guys really need to work on maintaining your boundaries, y’know?”

Gojo-san is the first one to lift his head, blue eyes glittering with warmth as he stares deeply into Yuuji’s honey brown hues. “We know, but you make it so hard, Yuuji-kun!” Gojo-san declares, a cute pout settling on his glossed lips. “You’re so cute it makes us wanna gobble you up and keep you safe in our pocket~” Getou nods along, apparently in a hundred percent agreement with his husband.

Yuuji’s cheeks warm up at the sweet endearment. He laughs, hoping to hide the warm blush that had spread quickly across his face. “Ah, you’re really bold, Gojo-san, but I can keep myself safe just fine…” Yuuji mumbles sheepishly, information practically flooding out of him like a broken dam. “I gave the creep from last night a random number so he’d stop bothering me,” he decides to confess just for the hell of it. He doesn’t regret it the second he sees the couple’s eyes light up, satisfaction and understanding shining brightly amidst the red, blue, and purple lights that reflect off their enchanting figures.

“If that's the case, then why would you lie about going on a date with him?” Getou prods lightly, a brow raising in curiosity.

Yuuji blushes at the question, breath hitching slightly as he debates with himself if he should even *answer him.*

But remember how upset they were when he lied to them the first time?

Yeah, but that wasn’t any of their business–

Aren't they his friends? Like Megumi and Nobara?

…are they?

Sure they are, he figures. *They come to visit for **his** drinks, out of everyone here at the establishment they choose to talk to **him.** That makes them friends…right?*

With his mind settled, Yuuji opens his mouth to answer the pair.

"I– *er*– wanted to make a good first impression, Getou-san…" Yuuji reveals shyly–his face feels like its being set ablaze, blue and black eyes piercing poles through Yuuji's mind, his heart, and his soul.

"You got all dressed up for me~?" Getou cooes, voice dripping with mischief.

Yuuji turns his burning face away from the pair and nods his head, his limbs shaking violently with every second that passes. "y-yeah…I just–" *really wanted to see Getou enjoy his appearance.* "--wanted to show you how serious I am about your tutoring sessions…that I'm not taking them for granted…"

Gojo-san and Getou-san's faces soften instantly.

“Aww, you must really like us Yuuji-kun!” Gojo exclaims cheerily causing his husband to chuckle lightly and for Yuuji to nod in agreement, a smile tugging upwards at his lips.

“Of course I do, you two are my friends after all!”

And, with just one sentence, their eyes darken.

The rest of the night goes on without a hitch.

Sure, Nishimiya gave Yuuji dirty looks everytime she caught him talking to the couple.

And yes, he did get a bit distracted by the two that he had to be reminded repeatedly by Ui-Ui-san to do his job.

And, maybe Mei-Mei even made an appearance during the night to tell Yuuji that he'll be the one in charge of closing up the club.

But even then, Yuuji couldn't have been happier.

He feels like he's floating on air, dancing along the clouds, and bathing shamelessly in the attention Gojo-san and Getou-san are willing to give to him. It makes him feel alleviated, alive, *powerful* in a way he didn't think was possible. Yuuji couldn't even bring himself to be ashamed of his actions for once. Instead, he embraced his affections towards his seniors, allowed the light brush of fingers to dance along the top of his hands when he passed them a newly made drink, and smiled brightly at them like they were the only thing that mattered–

The thought embarrases him, but–like everything else–he accepts it as a part of him.

Yuuji might not be able to get over his crush on Getou-san and Gojo-san, but at least they were friends. That's enough for Yuuji. It's much better than being ignored and reprimanded by them, that's for sure.

As Yuuji grabs a washcloth and a spray bottle, the bartender sees Gojo approaching mei-Mei-san with a pep in his step, a giddy smile stretched wide across his face.

"Hey, Mei, you don't mind if me and Suguru help little ol' Yuuji lock up, do you?" he sings into her ear, his long limbs draping lazily over her shoulders, the open room empty save for the four of them, no one else being able to bear witness to the scene before Yuuji's eyes.

To Yuuji's surprise, Mei-Mei-san's expression doesn't change. She smiles up at Gojo-san and gently pries his arms off of her shoulders with ease. "I don't care what you do so long as you don't make a mess of the place."

“You got it Mei-chan!!!”

“E-Eh? She’s seriously allowing it?” Yuuji whispers to himself, having ditched the washcloth to watch the interaction between the two white haired adults.

Getou-san, who at some point had snuck up on Yuuji, laughs–his tone full of amusement. “You don’t know?” Getou asks, his head tilting slightly in a way that shows off the beautiful curve of his neck. “My husband is the highest donator for this night club.”

“Donator? *Seriously* ?” Yuuji’s question earns him a confident nod from the long haired man, his form leaning back against the bar counter. “Just what exactly does Gojo-san do for a living?” Yuuji asks curiously, his thumb rubbing his chin in thought as he tries to think of a career suitable for someone like Gojo-san.

A model would suit him just fine…

Ah, but so does a wealthy businessman…

Or a salaryman? Like One of those rare ones that don’t sound robotic and fake over the cellphone?

“He’s an entrepreneur for nightclubs and bars he finds interesting,” Getou answers swiftly, bringing an end to Yuuji’s fantasies. “ *Kinko-Shitsu’s* been his little pet project for the past year and a half.”

...huh…that's about the same time Yuuji got employed there…interesting…

"Huh…guess that's why Mei-Mei-san lets him get away with everything…" Yuuji mumbles, more to himself than to getou-san, but he still manages to spark a grin from the tall man.

"That *and* no body has the guts to tell him no," Getou-san adds before–

Before jumping over the bar counter.

"Getou-san, what–?"

"Relax Yuuji, I'm just getting us all a drink," Getou-san explains, his eyes trailing lazily over the array of drinks the bar has to offer.

While Getou is looking through the beverages, Yuuji's heart won't stop pounding heavily in his chest–Getou's presence is so loud and intense to the young bartender. With every move he makes looks graceful and calculated, made only to appease and attract those that might be watching *aka* ***a horny teenager like Yuuji.***

Yuuji whips his head away from Getou-san and instead focuses back on cleaning the bar counter. Getou-san can easily do as he pleases so Yuuji should too! The long haired man isn't *that* much of a distraction after all–just a little set back. Someone nice and easy on the eyes–

The rag in Yuuji's hands gets snagged by long nimble fingers; his breath hitches, almost getting caught in his throat, when he looks up and meets Gojo-san's delightful gaze, his cat-like smile still painted pleasantly on his features. His tall figure looms over the pink haired college student, moving into his personal space, his ears heating up with every inch that shortens between them.

"You can clean the counters later, Yuuji-kun," Gojo-san states plainly, throwing the washcloth over his shoulder, his eyes never leaving the young bartenders. "Entertain us instead, ok?"

"Ah, but Mei-Mei-san said–"

" *Mei-mei-san* isn't here now is she?" Gojo-san mocks, his form leaning away Yuuji to walk along the side of the bar counter until he's seated right across from his husband; Getou, by the time that Yuuji had been distracted, had already finished up preparing the three of them shots. "You worry too much, Yuuji. So long as me and Suguru are here, you won't get in trouble," The man assures in a playful tone, his hand already reaching out for his full shot glass.

"Three *Kamikazes* gentlemen. I hope you enjoy!" Getou-san mimics in a low voice, taking on the role of some high class bartender.

The act causes any of Yuuji's doubts to wash away.

This is fine–drinking after hours that is.

Yuuji and Nishimiya have done it plenty of times with his boss's permission, so this isn't any different!

Or so he tells himself.

"I'm sure i will, Getou-san," Yuuji huffs out in defeat, strolling up the pair and grabbing the shot glass pushed towards him by his professor.

"Trust me, you will Yuuji~"

"BOTTOMS UP!!!"

Yuuji tilts the shot back, ready to taste the sweet taste of alcohol–

But pauses at what his eyes manage to catch.

The color of Yuuji's alcohol is a slightly different shade from Getou-san and Gojo-sans.

Bubbles are still fizzing softly against Yuuji's open lips.

The alcohol is cloudy, not silky clear like his companions.

Understanding sinks deeply into Yuuji's stomach, almost drawing out a gasp of horror, but he keeps his face carefully blank, nonchalant, so the two don't notice anything off.

Getou-san spiked his drink.

Yuuji tips the drink back until it hits his chin, the drink dripping messily down his neck and onto his work shirt.

The bartender feigns a look of surprise, his eyes widening and lips gaping open in shock, and–softly–he forces out a laugh.

"Ah shit, my bad, Getou-san…" Yuuji mumbles, carefully avoiding the couple's eyes as he begins to back away slowly. "I'm gonna go change my uniform real quick.." the bartender turns and walks away, a loud *hah?* following from afar.

"It's just a silly spill, Yuuji! Suguru can make you another one–"

"I-I'll be right back!!!" Yuuji shouts back to them, internally cursing at himself for stuttering.

Did he give himself away?

Do they know?

What are they going to do next?

However, before going into the backroom, Yuuji turns around to flash them a smile; Getou-san and Gojo-san give him a small wave, their faces not changing, not even in Yuuji's absence.

Good.

They don't suspect that he knows.

In a frantic manner that has Yuuji's heart slamming against his ribcage, Yuuji grabs his bag of spare clothes, strides past the sofa and coffee table, and heads straight for the restroom. He locks the door quietly behind him, his breathing growing erratic and heavy, and–with his back pressed up against the door–Yuuji feels tears pricking the corners of his eyes.

Yuuji knows what he saw, what he witnessed–he's been spiked one too many times by Sukuna to *not* know what a tampered drink looks like.

But why?

What did Yuuji do to deserve his drink getting spiked?

*And what were gonna do to him if he **had** downed the shot?*

Yuuji is then terribly reminded of the dark looks they would send Yuuji, their excessive nosiness, complete disregard of boundaries and professionalism, their almighty presence that screams *i'm better than you.*

Yuuji saw the signs for what they were but ignored them due to their sweet words, warm smiles, and beautiful appearances, turning the young bartender colorblind to the bright red flags sitting *inside at the bar at this very moment.*

With sweaty palms, the college student reaches into his back pocket, prepared to text someone, *anyone* to stop by the night club to walk home with him in case the two decide to do anything else sketchy.

But there isn't a signal.

...fuck.

The college student chokes back a sob, his hands gripping tightly around his phone, wishing– *praying* for a bar to show up the top right corner of his device. Nothing shows up. It's blank. Signal completely useless and torn to pieces, putting a dent in Yuuji's plan.

…maybe he can just sneak out the back door and try to get a signal nearby?

That…doesn't sound like a bad idea, but he has to be quick about it.

Yuuji takes a deep breath and unlocks the door, swings it open, and makes quick strides for the backdoor–

Something heavy and coarse grabs Yuuji's neck and throws him onto the sofa, ripping a strangled scream from his trembling lips.

The terrified bartender's eyes fly open and are instantly hit with *blue.* Endless shades of blue corrupt Yuuji's vision, taking over his senses, turning the background into nothing but blue, blue, *blue.* It drowns him in fear, panic, love, and hatred, and Yuuji is a desperate man gasping for oxygen after being thrown off board.

"Leaving so soon Yuuji?" Gojo heaves out with a wild grin, sparkling teeth revealing sharp canines that could easily sink deep into his skin, his muscles, ripping the young man open like an animal. The older man's weight on top of Yuuji's keeps him from moving, but he doesn't stop fighting back. The hand wrapped tightly Yuuji's neck tightens, ripping a gruesome gasp from his lips.

Yuuji raises his hands, forms them into fists to knock the crazy man out.

Sadly, Gojo's reflexes were faster.

Gojo's free hand shoots out, grabs both wrists, and snaps them, a loud *crack* echoing off the enclosed walls of the breakroom.

Yuuji's painful scream is cut off by the hand strangling his throat, agony bursting from– what he assumes–his broken wrists.

“Don’t damage him too much Satoru–broken bones are a *pain* to fix,” Getou’s voice calls out from behind Gojo and Yuuji choked on another scream. “Hey, relax Yuuji, the sooner you pass out the easier it is for everyone,” The man comes into view, his face peeking out from over Gojo’s shoulder.

“Oh look at how pretty he is like this, Suguru! So perfect and pliant for me, *for us~”* Gojo grunts, his bottom moving down to grind lazily against Yuuji’s hips, hitting his crotch *just right.*

Yuuji’s throat closes up, his vision goes blurry, his lips open and close, trying his hardest to grasp onto any oxygen he can get his hands on.

And, to add onto his growing horror, his face flushes pathetically at the sweet sensation of Gojo on top of him, rolling his hips in just the right spot.

“Hah? You getting turned on by this, Yuuji?” Getou teases Yuuji from above, his demeaning smile widening at the sight of him. “What a dirty little boy you are…is this what you want? To be broken and put back together by our hands?” He leans in close, his face inches from Yuuji’s; his eyes squeeze shut, earning an amused laugh from the long haired man.

The close proximity is too much.

The pain is too much.

The *pleasure* is too much.

And, right when Yuuji thinks he's about to black out, Gojo's grip on his wrists loosen–too focused on grinding his clothed cock against Yuuji's.

NOW–!!!

In one fluent motion, Yuuji raises his leg and sharply knees Gojo in the groin, a gasp of agony leaving the man's lips.

"YOU FUCKING BITCH–!"

But Yuuji doesn't stop to listen, for the hands around his wrists and neck release him, leaving Getou the last person unharmed.

Not letting his one chase go to waste, Yuuji rolls off the couch and out of Getou's grasp, scrambles to his feet, and dashes out the backdoor–

Cold air welcomes him like the beginnings of winter, the night breeze brushing delicately along his throbbing throat and broken wrists.

But Yuuji doesn't stop.

He keeps running like his life depends on it.

He takes sharp turns.

He runs past many shops.

He speeds off into the busy street, nearly getting hit by a car.

He–

He spots people–a crowd.

A wild smile stretches across his face, his feet bringing right to the crowd of drunk strangers.

Yuuji's hands reach out for the closest person he can get ahold of, almost costing him another broken bone when the man whirls around in surprise, ready to knock Yuuji's teeth.

Yet the man pauses, His dark blue eyes widening as they sweep across Yuuji's battered form.

"What– *Holy shit man, what happened?!"* The silver haired man cried out, earning his friends attention.

Yuuji opens his mouth in an attempt to cry for help, but nothing comes out–his vocal chords terribly injured from being strangled helplessly. All that leaves Yuuji's mouth are incoherent cries, tears streaming down his face as he tries to explain to them what happened.

" *I was almost drugged!"*

"The Two people I looked up to the most attacked me!"

"They're following me, right behind me, and you need to call the police!"

But none of them understand a word he says.

"Hey don't worry it's ok, we'll take you to the nearest hospital–"

Yuuji's vision begins to blur.

Voices mingle together.

And Yuuji closes his eyes, swept away by the feeling of agony taking over his body.

PART 2: You Drag Me Down, You Fuck Me Up-

Chapter Summary

> When Yuuji opens his eyes again, he finds himself surrounded by those he loves, and those he hates.

Chapter Notes

> OMG GUYS THE NEW CH OF JJK HAS ME SCREAMING AND HOLLERINGGG!!! GOATADORI YUUJI AND HIS LAWYER FINNA SEND SUKUNA'S ASS BEHIND BARS WITH A DEATH PENALTY LES GOOOO

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Playlist: Back To You

2

When Yuuji wakes up, the first thing the college student takes note of is the bright lights glaring down on him, stinging his retinas and making him squint in distress. He attempts to raise a hand to block out the light, but a sharp pain in his wrist stops him from moving another inch.

Brown eyes blink hastily, hoping to adjust to the sharp light shooting daggers into his aching hues. Yuuji opens his mouth on instinct, a groan crawling up his throat, but nothing leaves his lips instead another wave of pain sprouts from his neck; his eyes fly open at the sensation–his throat feeling like it's cramping up, closing in on itself, tightening until he couldn't breathe–

He needs to relax.

He's ok.

He's safe.

Getou and Gojo can't hurt him anymore…in the end, he reached out for help and he was saved.

With those words finally easing the college student to calm down, Yuuji's eyes adjust to the bright light and–before long–he finds himself recognizing the blank ceiling above him, the annoying breeze of the ac unit flowing through the air, a constant *buzz* strumming through Yuuji's veins.

He's in the hospital.

The people he ran into *actually got him to safety!*

...but did they? Is this all just a trap to make Yuuji lower his guard?

Without moving his aching head, Yuujis eyes move across the room, scanning his surroundings in case he *is* in danger. Brown eyes land on the white sheets splayed uselessly across his lap, then to the side table beside his hospital bed covered in flowers, *get well soon* letters, and stuffed teddy bears. Looking to his other side, Yuuji's eyes catch sight of needle stuck into the crook of his arm, the large monitor keeping track of his heart beat, and–

And, sleeping just a few feet away from Yuuji, sat Yuuji's step brothers: Chousou, Eso, and Kechizu. They were all sitting next to Yuuji, *waiting for Yuuji,* keeping *Yuuji safe from any dangers that might arise.*

Kechizu, the smallest of the three, had his legs splayed across the hospital chair until they sat comfortably in Eso's lap. Eso–the tallest of the three–had Kechizu's ankles grasped tightly in his hands, like he was afraid Kechisu would somehow disappear. And Chousou–the oldest of them all–slept sitting straight up, his neck bent backwards in an uncomfortable angle, as his laps gaped open, snoring lazily into the open hospital air.

All of them have bags underneath their eyes, more so than others (Cough, *Chousou,* cough), and an obvious crease in their brows keep Yuuji from thinking they're sleeping

soundly.

How long have they been here waiting for Yuuji to wake up?

How did they react hearing that Yuuji, their youngest sibling, got jumped by the men he admired the most?

Who had to deliver the awful news to them? Was it the nurses? Or the people that rescued him from the claws of death?

…Yuuji quickly finds that the answer to those questions hardly matters in the face of seeing his most trusted pupils before him.

Against his will, tears begin to dribble down Yuuji's cheeks in a rocky trail, dripping off his chin until they land messily on his hospital gown. The college student chokes back his sobs, not wanting to wake his brothers up.

They're here.

He's safe.

He's not alone.

The heart monitor next to Yuuji begins to speed up, the beeping getting louder and louder with every sob that wracks his body. He doesn't pay the machine any mind– *until he sees the way his brothers flinch at the sound.*

Slowly, almost in slow-mo, Yuuji watches his brothers open their eyes–hazy and delirious from lack of sleep no doubt–until they land on Yuuji's figure.

Tired eyes light up, filling the room with anticipation until–

Chousou flies out of his chair and nearly tackles Yuuji back down onto the hospital bed– his arms wrapping tightly around his little brothers' body.

Seeing as his hands are completely out of commission, Yuuji can't do much other than smile and lean his head into the crook of Chousou's neck, hoping this is more than enough to share his own gratitude.

"Yuuji–you're awake…! Oh, thank *god,* " He mumbles into Yuuji's shoulder; the injured teenager's heart tightens at the feeling of Chousou sobbing so openly into his collarbones. If his wrists weren't in casts, he would've wrapped his arms around his older brother, pulling him across the hospital bed until he laid on top of Yuuji's body. Sadly, even with Yuuji's inhumane strength, in the state he's in now it'd be impossible.

So, rather than putting his strength to the test, Yuuji settles with nudging his face against Chousou's neck, hoping the brown haired man can feel his relieved smile against his pale skin.

Before long, additional weights get added to the bed. Peeking out over Chousou's shoulder, Yuuji catches sight of Eso and Kechizu scrambling onto the hospital bed, their arms stretched

wide as they fall on top of Chousou and Yuuji, their arms wrapping tightly around the two brothers, soothing themselves with the warmth of their closest family.

"The hell's wrong with you, Yuuji? Making us worry so much–"

"We ought to beat ya' up for giving up a panic attack, like seriously? *A strangled neck and broken wrists?* We thought you were stronger than that!"

A cheerful laugh bubbles up Yuuji's throat, but–frustratingly enough–he's unable to release it out into the open air. All that leaves his lips is a broken croak, a sound that's grating to his own ears, as pain explodes up and down his neck. The shrill sound has all of his brothers releasing their hold on Yuuji, eyes as wide as saucers, as they check Yuuji over–guilt quickly taking over their features.

"Oh shit–did we touch your neck? We didn't mean–"

"Do you need some water? Tea? Honey maybe? I heard that helps with sore throats–"

"Yeah, sore throats, *not terribly bruised necks like yuuji's!* Think, *Eso* , Think!"

" *I'm trying Kechizu!!!"*

"Neither of you are helping, damnit!"

And, just as Yuuji is about to wave them off, reassure them that it’s not their fault that he’s in pain, the door to the hospital room opens, revealing two nurses.

If Yuuji’s neck wasn’t severely bruised and hurting like a bitch, the injured teenager would’ve heaved out a sigh, grateful that he doesn't have to deal with his older brothers’ fretful comments.

Craning his head up at the nurses, he gives the two ladies a sheepish smile, a stark contrast to their faces of pure non-belief.

“Wow! You’re already awake… *incredible!" one of* the nurses exclaim as they stroll up to Yuuji’s side, checking the patient's vitals.

Her partner, on the other hand, appears to have a bit more restraint. Even though Yuuji can catch a speck of surprise on her older features, she quickly schools her expression and portrays a face of complete nonchalance. “I must agree with my co-worker,” The older nurse mumbles out, her long legs making their way to Yuuji’s unoccupied side. “With the injuries you’ve sustained, we assumed you wouldn’t be awake for another day or so…I don’t know whether to be impressed or horrified at your fast regeneration…”

Kechizu and Eso chuckle from their spots sprawled across Yuuji’s lap, earning a few curious looks from the nurses and a look of disdain from Chousou.

“Ah, Yuuji’s always been like that!” Eso explains with a roll of his eyes. “He might have the face of a teddy bear, but he’s got the body of a *tank,* and that's no exaggeration.”

Kechizu and Chousou nod along to Eso’s words while Yuuji blushes uselessly under the shameless compliment.

Yuuji is strong, *sure–he's not completely oblivious to his strength, ok?*-- but even he isn't *that* strong! Perhaps the damage done to Yuuji wasn't as bad as he initially thought it was? Or maybe he overreacted? With the state of panic he was in, it's a pretty reasonable explanation…

A loud scoff bursts Yuuji's bubble. Shifting his eyes back up, he's met with Kechizu tutting at him with crossed arms and narrowed eyes. "I know that look, Yuuji. Stop undermining your abilities and just accept the fact that you're inhumanely strong, ok? It'll save us *all* from your humble remarks."

H-Humble remarks?

Yuuji gapes at Kechizu, terribly reminded of how fond his smaller brother is of making Yuuji look like a fool. The injured teenager makes sure to convey his frustrations through a half-hearted glare aimed directly at his mischievous brother who returns it in kind, his lips tilting up in an evil sneer.

An abnormally loud cough interrupts Yuuji's and Kechizu's staring contest, *or glaring contest depending on who you ask.* The pink haired teenager turns his head towards Chousou; his older brother has his gaze fixed on Yuuji and Kechizu, disappointment radiating off his expression in waves. Chousou waves a silent warning in the air, a *be on your best behavior* kids' might hear from their parents, but–since all of their parents are dispshit maniacs– Chousou's the one who has to deliver them with annoyance.

Yuuji and Kechizu shrink away from each other, a temporary truce being made with a silent nod of their heads– *which Yuuji instantly regrets doing when another shock of pain shoots up his neck.*

The young nurse is quick to usher Yuuji to lay back down on the bed, her wide eyes frantic and nervous. “Ah, please refrain from moving your head so much, Itadori-san! With how messed up your neck is, you’ll have to give both your head and neck time to rest–so no whipping your head around profusely, ok?” Yuuji eyes the girl with disappointment before giving the girl a shaky thumbs up. She smiles, radiant and bright, and opens her mouth, ready to add onto her sentence, before she inevitably closes it at the sight of her partner pulling out a clipboard, their eyes turning dark and serious.

“Yuuji Itadori,” The older nurse addresses sharply. “Do you have any recollection of how you got here or how you got yourself injured?” She asks, her tone leveling to something deep and serious.

Yuuji closes his eyes, having already expected these questions, but he finds it a little hard to answer them, not just because of his inability to speak, but because of how much he *willingly* wants to reveal to both his nurses and brothers.

…Does he remember what happened to him?

Fuck yeah, to some extent: Gojo and Getou tried spiking his drink and, when that didn’t work, they jumped him–Gojo’s long fingers digging bloody crescents into Yuuji’s neck as the man snaps his wrists all the way back, *breaking them.* The feeling of Gojo’s hips grinding roughly into Yuuji’s constrained cock will never leave the injured teenager’s mind, no matter how he wishes the memory away. That smile Getou gave him when he realized Yuuji was *enjoying* himself, the scream Gojo yelped out loud when Yuuji kneed him harshly in the groin…

…But does he remember how he got here?

Surprisingly, *no.*

The last thing he can vividly recall himself doing before he ended up in a hospital bed was running as fast as he could, attempting to find help amongst a crowd of drunk strangers. He ended up finding a crowd to help him, thank the stars, so they must've been the ones who delivered Yuuji to the hospital, right?

It…sounds about right.

Who else would've taken him to the hospital if not those strangers from last night?

Yuuji smiles and sends the older lady a thumbs up, her face softening in relief.

"Oh, wonderful–then you'll be pleased to know that the police got hold of the culprits who injured you and are currently in jail, paying for their crimes."

Yuuji's heart drops.

…huh?

Did…Did Yuuji hear correctly?

The police… *they caught Gojo and Getou?*

…Seriously?

The complete utter confusion on Yuuji's face must have been apparent. The younger nurse clears her throat, gaining his attention with a sheepish smile.

"The men that attacked you on the street had silver and black hair, correct?" She probes, tilting her heading cutely, oblivious to the nervous flinch that racks Yuuji's body.

Attacked on the street? But Yuuji was attacked at Kinko-shitsu…and silver hair?

... ***that doesn't sound right at all*** …

Yuuji isn't even given a chance to give the lady thumbs down before she's beaming at him again with a bright smile.

"Well you don't have to worry anymore, Itadori-san! After you passed out from your injuries, a married couple stepped in and apprehended them, getting you to safety! Isn't that just wonderful?"

A married couple?

“--oh, and they’re just so handsome and sweet! They’ve been here every day, checking in on you to see if you’ve woken up~” The nurse gushes with a light blush, her hands clasped together excitedly. “And the way they look at you–like you're the most beautiful being in the world–my, it makes my heart flutter just thinking about it!”

Yuuji’s heart plummets as he slowly succumbs to a terrible, harrowing realization.

The crowd of strangers Yuuji ran into didn’t save him, instead–

“Yo ho! We’re back with more flowers!”

Yuuji’s entire body *jolts*.

Looking past the nurses, past his brothers sitting carelessly on his bed, stands two familiar men in the doorway, both holding what appears to be expensive chocolates and flowers.

Gojo and Getou.

“Woah! Yuuji-kun’s already awake? What a relief!” Getou exclaims upon making eye contact with Yuuji, dark eyes ever sharp and vigilant as they were a few nights ago. The smile on his face is anything but real–strained and forced to the point of painful.

Gojo nods along cheerfully, his long legs already making large strides towards Yuuji, his blue eyes darkening, his hand reaching out for him, his fingers stretched out with the intention to choke, maim, hurt, and kill–

Yuuji squirms wildly in the hospital bed, doing whatever he can to put as much distance away from him and the two men as possible.

He opens his mouth in a painful scream, his throat tearing itself apart by the sudden movement.

He punches ferociously, hitting whoever and whatever comes across his path.

He attempts to dislodge his brothers off of him, to get up off the hospital bed, and *fucking leave!!!*

The monitor next to Yuuji's begins going haywire, his heart practically beating out of chest with panic, with fear, with terror, and it only gets worse when multiple hands begin to push Yuuji back down onto the bed.

Wide bloodshot eyes scan the room with urgency, his sore muscles straining to get the weight of his panicking brothers off of him, but Yuuji doesn't give up–he fights and fights; he fights until his brothers are screaming at him to calm down, he fights until he feels a needle prick the inside of his arm, he fights until his movements turn sluggish and weak, and–

He fights until he passes out

Yuuji isn't alone when he wakes up again.

A familiar presence, one that can be as welcoming as it could be disheartening. The injured teenager doesn't know what mood greets him when he opens his eyes, but–despite being in the unknown–he's relieved to see someone who doesn't pose a threat to him, his heart running steady in comparison to how it did when he saw Getou and Gojo again.

The visitor sits in the chair where Yuuji's step brothers had fallen asleep in, his legs crossed over the other as the *man* scrolls mindlessly through his phone. As usual, his pink hair is pulled back by jell and whatever other hair products he uses, his form dressed in many layers of blue and white robes, fit for his title of the *Almighty Ryoumen.* His face is forever disgruntled, almost like he ate something sour, but–when he lifts his gaze away from his phone and meets Yuuji's eye–his face turns soft, *amusement littering his features.*

And, even after all these years, he still wears his tattoos and tiny scar slits with pride, something Yuuji was never quite able to achieve no matter how many times Sukuna and his mother tried hyping him up.

"*... Hey, Kuna,"* Yuuji mouths quietly, making sure not to make a sound.

His twin brother, *Sukuna,* returns the gesture, but actually manages to grunt out a pleasant, "Hey, Yuuji." Sukuna puts his phone away in the pocket of his robes and leans back, his legs uncrossing as he stares deep into Yuuji's eyes. "I see college life isn't treating you all that great, now is it?" He taunts with a raised brow, his hand waving for something just out of Yuuji's view.

Another person who Yuuji instantly recognizes as *Uraume* walks out of the shadows holding two thermoses, dressed in thin layers of robes as is customary for someone in their religious group. Their hair has gotten longer than the last time Yuuji saw them, now barely skimming their clothed shoulders, but Yuuji hardly has enough time to register their appearance when they begin walking towards his hospital bed.

" *Uraume…"* Yuuji mouths which thankfully doesn't go unnoticed by Sukuna's follower.

"My *Ryoumen* ," They mumble quietly with a polite bow. "Please allow me to give you some tea. I had it prepared just for you."

Yuuji scrunches up his face, instantly put off by the title Yuuji *hates* being referred to.

In the religious group he and Sukuna grew up in (A cult, actually, but everytime Yuuji and his step-brothers called it that, Sukuna would go on a whole tangent about how their religion *isn't a cult…)* , it was said that twins were sacred beings, the only ones capable of taking away people's curses, saving loyal followers from their own demise. They were named *Ryoumen's,* and they are trained from birth to take over the practice of ridding their followers of their countless sins and curses.

Yuuji and Sukuna were the only twins born within the group, marking them as their Generations' *Ryoumens.* To signify their status among the group, it's customary to carve two slits underneath each of their cheeks, allowing them to properly *absorb the peoples' sins* which Yuuji has always thought was utter bullshit.

(It was because of this odd practice that made his dad file for a divorce, having been convinced that he was tricked into allowing his children to be *abused* and *scarred.*)

Yuuji hates his title. He hates his *given duties.* He hates the power he was given for no other reason besides being one half of a pair of twins.

But, while Yuuji withered under the pressure of being a *Ryoumen,* Sukuna *thrived.*

His twin brother is good at telling the people exactly what they want to hear, convincing them to stay, to accept his words as if they were law, and to get them to do his every bidding.

Thankfully, Yuuji escaped the cult life over a year ago and made a home for himself in Tokyo.

…or so he thought.

" *I'm no Ryoumen, Uraume,"* Yuuji explains with a pout. " *That title now belongs to Kuna and him alone."*

Yet, even as Yuuji mouths these words, he can see the way Uraume instantly blocks them out with a kind smile.

"Yes, of course, Itadori-san, whatever you say."

Gah…they still aren't taking Yuuji's decision seriously…

The bedridden college student still opens his lips for Uraume–while he's frustrated at their insistence to call Yuuji a *Ryoumen,* Yuuji would be an idiot to refuse tea from Uraume. Very carefully, Uraume tips the opened thermoses back until the liquid is sliding down his throat–the warm substance instantly soothing Yuuji's sore throat. He moans, and widens his lips for more of Uraume's tea.

Ever since they were kids, Uraume's always been the one who would tend to the twins' beverages, always giving them warm cups of tea that does wonders to their odd aches, sore muscles, and unwarranted anxieties. They're truly a god among men–a life saver for when allergy season hits and the twins begin to suffer from ruthless allergies that leave them bedridden for weeks.

After a few beats, Uraume pulls the thermos away from Yuuji's gaping mouth to his disappointment. A frown tugs down on Yuuji's lips, his big puppy dog eyes begging Uraume for more, but they look away, ignoring Yuuji's terrible attempt at bargaining.

"Oi, Yuuji, Look at me."

Ah, guess Sukuna's in a pissy mood today, huh?

Turning his head away from Uraume, Yuuji locks eyes with his twin brother who's glaring holes into Yuuji's head. " *What?"* Yuuji tilts his head, waiting for Sukuna to go off on Yuuji for something he isn't *responsible* for.

"I'm sure you've heard of the *Fujin to Raijin no Kenkyuukai,* yeah? Well, i was in a very important meeting with their leader, discussing a deal in where we could safely merge our two groups without any infighting amongst religious followers, when i got a call from the hospital saying *you got jumped."* His face twists with frustration, his hand reaching up to pinch the bridge of his nose before heaving out a loud groan into the air. "And you know what I had to do? *I had to leave the fucking meeting because someone couldn't watch their own back!"*

Yuuji winces at his livid voice, not appreciating his brother's attitude in the slightest, and he shows him this by sticking his tongue out at Kuna.

His brother doesn't know what went down the night Geto and Gojo cornered him, attempted to spike hiis drink, and *molest* him against his will. If Sukuna *did* have the slightest idea of what happened, then maybe he would be a bit more lenient on Yuuji…ah, who is Yuuji kidding? Even if Sukuna discovered the whole truth, there's no telling what loophole the power hungry cult leader will find as an excuse to yell and shout at Yuuji.

"Tsk, none of this would've happened if you hadn't left our community, Yuuji."

Agh, not this shit again–

"No one knows who you are here, how important you truly are, and you *allow them to walk all over you!* You're a *Ryoumen* , born and raised to help me rule the *Ryoumen's Joka–* just ditch this place already and come back home where you can *truly be safe,* " Sukuna stresses, his fingers rubbing the bridge of his nose as he closes his eyes, appearing to be too frustrated to look at his twin brother.

Yuuji rolls his eyes, already tired of having heard Sukuna try and fail to convince him to come back *home* when the college student is more than happy with his life in Tokyo; People treat him like an equal rather than an almighty god, Karaoke night with his friends are far too fun to pass up, listening to Junpei rant about new disney movies fills him with joy, and helping Megumi take care of his dogs always makes him feel appreciated in a way his community never did.

The bedridden twin waits for Sukuna to open his eyes before he responds to his terrible declaration. And, when Sukuna's eyelids lift up to reveal two ruby reds, Yuuji mouths, " *I'm*

happy here, Kuna. You know how much i hated being a Ryoumen, so please, just stop trying to change my mind on the matter."

Sukuna stares at him for a few beats before hanging his head, a loud groan of frustration ringing loudly in the air. "Tsk, fine, whatever, have it your way." Sukuna slides his hand down his face and lifts his head back up, his stare still boring through Yuuji's head. "But I guess I don't have to worry about those bastards attacking you again with them locked up…"

Yuuji can do nothing to stop the flinch that racks his body, his arm nearly shooting out to grip onto the side of the hospital bed.

And Sukuna saw every second of it.

His red eyes widen, lips gaping open as he meets Yuuji's gaze, a sliver of understanding passing between them in silence before–

Before he smirks viciously.

And Yuuji finds himself wilting away, knowing exactly what Sukuna will do with this new piece of information.

"They caught the wrong people, huh? How unfortunate…for *you,* that is." Sukuna then stands up, gently brushes the dirt off his robes, and fixes Yuuji with a smile so evil and mischievous it sends chills up his spine. "It must be that long haired professor and his tall ass husband, yeah? I gotta say, I looked into them a few nights ago, and they've got a *major* influence over Tokyo. It appears almost every company and business is indebted to them and will do anything to be in their good graces," Sukuna explains as he rounds the hospital bed and motions for Uraume to follow him which they do without a second thought. "You're gonna have a shitty time shaking them off of you Yuuji, but don't worry. When they become

too much to handle you're more than welcome to come back home where you'll *truly be* respected and taken care of."

Yuuji glares at his twin brother, his power hungry half, and sneers out a silent, " *Fuck off Kuna, and don't come back unless its my birthday."*

Sukuna's eyes narrowed ever so slightly, his smile curling upwards, and a light chuckle escapes his lips.

"I'll see you soon, *Yuuji."*

And with that, they leave Yuuji to his doom.

Ever since Yuuji's panic attack, the nurses had thought it necessary to strap Yuuji's arms and legs to the hospital bed in case he attempted to strike out against anyone else by accident.

Chousou was immediately against the idea, fighting tooth and nail against the nurses orders, attempting to explain that Yuuji was under a lot of stress and would never willingly hurt anyone, but every complaint he made fell on deaf ears.

"It's for both his safety and the staff," they had explained with a sorrowful expression, their eyes darting nervously across each one of Yuuji's step brothers.

"Oh, so keeping him strapped to a damn bed is supposed to make everything better?! You're treating my little brother like an animal, not a human being!"

" *Please, believe me, if there were another way to ensure everyone's safety that didn't involve keeping him tied up, then we would've never brought this up with you, but Yuuji Itadori is a man of incredible strength and regeneration. If we hadn't sedated him, there's no telling how much damage he could've caused to the people around him–"*

"Damn you!!! I want Yuuji moved to another hospital now!"

"I'm afraid we can't do that…"

"Eh? WHY THE FUCK IS THAT?!"

"...Guards, Please escort the Itadoris out of the hospital."

"EXCUSE ME?! YOU FUCKING BITCH–"

That was the last Yuuji had heard of his brothers. Apparently they all tried to fight back against the guards, even managed to knock five of them out, before they were tased and thrown out of the building without an ounce of respect. They were banned from entering the hospital. Each and every one of his step-brothers, *banned from seeing their own injured little brother.*

The people Yuuji trusts the most, *gone.*

It wouldn't be much of an exaggeration to say that Yuuji almost went apeshit upon hearing the news, going as far as taking a page out of Sukuna's book and spitting in the nurses faces. However, when they threatened to report his step-brothers behavior towards the staff to the police, Yuuji became a pliant patient.

He'd still glare and sneer at each nurse that entered his room to check on his throat and broken wrists, but–other than that–he wasn't much of a threat to them. Being tied up with an aching throat, a pounding head, and burning wrists does that to a person.

Ah, speaking of which–

" *I apologize for how long it took us to get your results back…but it seems like you'll have to undergo surgery regardless of your wrists. Your windpipe has been crushed; severe injuries to your trachea will only be repaired through surgery as well as your wrists. If everything goes as planned, we've estimated–with your fast regeneration–that you'll be able to walk out of here in about a month and fully recover in about two."*

When the words reached Yuuji's ears, the only thing the injured college student could do was tremble in fear and… *something akin to excitement.*

Gojo was able to successfully crush his windpipe with *one hand* and snap his wrists *with the other.*

What else was Gojo capable of if he's able to seamlessly send someone like Yuuji into two casts and a neck brace?

It was terrifying to think about… *but at least it seems he'll be able to get out of the hospital sooner than he expected!*

For the first time in three weeks, the nurses unstrapped Yuuji's forearms and legs from the hospital bed and helped him walk down the hall where his surgery would take place. His forearms and legs are a little sore from having been tied up to the hospital bed posts for so long, but now that he's walking around, moving each limb with care, he finds himself not caring about the small aches.

His first step to recovery is about to be completed.

He'll just need to get through the surgery, do exactly what the nurses tell him to do, take part of physical therapy as much as he's allowed, and then he'll be out of the hospital in no time–

"Oh? Is it time for Yuuji-kun's surgery already?"

Yuuji's entire body freezes up at the husky voice that sends warning bells through his ears.

Standing before Yuuji at the main desk is Gojo, dressed to the nines as per usual, without a strand out of place. His dark glasses are pitched on the bridge of his nose, keeping people from looking into his eerie blue hues. The man's smile, lazy and conceited, cuts deep into his skin, reminding Yuuji of how much he used to adore that very same grin, how much he used to fantasize about kissing those soft mischievous lips.

But now, Staring at Gojo, he feels nothing but fear.

Terror.

Anger.

Rage.

And a sliver of infatuation that has yet to be extracted from his heart, mind, and soul.

“Indeed it is, Gojo-san! As you can see, he’s healed rather quickly,” One of the nurses accompanying Yuuji explains offhandedly, oblivious to the turmoil in Yuuji’s heart.

“Hah, can’t say i’m too surprised– *yuuji-kun’s always been awfully sturdy.”*

Against his own wishes, Yuuji begins to blush at the fake compliment.

He’s not sure why he’s even letting this disgusting man get to him. Yeah, he’s the reason he’s in the hospital, but it’s not like he can do anything to Yuuji with all of these nurses here…right? Yeah…exactly…so Yuuji just needs to calm himself down.

“Oh, and Yuuji-kun–” Yuuji lifts his gaze until he meets gojo’s shielded gaze, a knowing smirk lacing his plush lips as he says, “My husband should be visiting you soon to help you get caught up on all your missing work, so be on the lookout!”

The tall man doesn’t even give Yuuji the time to react to his statement before he walks away, his long legs taking him to the exit of the building. Yuuji watches him leave, his lips gaping open in shock at the man’s audacity…his boldness… *his damn arrogance* to stride in and make himself out to be a wonderful guy when–in reality– he’s the spawn of the devil. He’s showing off his privileges before Yuuji’s very eyes, becoming a constant shadow that sets the hairs on the back of his neck on end, revealing how–no matter the situation–no one will suspect a thing.

But that will all change soon.

The moment Yuuji can use his voice again, he’s shouting both Gojo and Getou’s names from the rooftops–

“--Itadori? *Earth to Itadori?”* Yuuji snaps his head away from the exit of the building and stares down at the nurse from before, her face twisting up in worry. “Is everything ok, Itadori? You just… *kinda froze up for a second.”*

Ah, did he?

Yuuji smiles and nods his head, knowing words wouldn’t be able to fully reach the kind nurse. Thankfully, she seems to let whatever happened slide with ease. With a hand to the small of Yuuji’s back, she continues to guide Yuuji down the hall to his designated room.

The surgery to repair and fix Yuuji’s trachea was a success.

The neck brace around his neck has been switched out for thin bandages that rest tightly against his throat. It’s not quite as restrictive as the neck brace, but still suffocating nonetheless. He could move his head around without having to shift his shoulders a certain way, his breathing came easier to him, and his ugly croaks have finally turned into somewhat coherent words.

He could talk again–er, sort of.

Whisper actually, but it's the closest Yuuji’s gotten to actually communicating with people. His voice is still raspy, like a chainsmokers, but the nurses reassured him that the tone of his voice will go back to normal in due time.

However, now that Yuuji can mumble out words without stressing his throat out so much, he can finally reveal the real culprits behind his injuries.

So he waits for the right moment when he's alone with one of the nurses, his gaze stone cold and serious as he declares quietly, "Gojo…and Getou…put me here."

Rather than jumping in horror, the nurse simply smiles, a look of confusion crossing her face. "Yes, those two are responsible for admitting you to the hospital…"

Yuuji scrunches up his brow, a tad bit frustrated, but he doesn't give up. "No–" Yuuji mumbles in defiance, his muscles tensing up, as if preparing for a fight. "They–they're the… ones behind *this,"* he elaborates hoarsely, pointing to the bandages around his neck and to his wrapped wrists.

Realization finally dawns on the nurse's face, but she doesn't look the teeniest bit worried. "Ah, I see you're still confused, Itadori-kun."

… confused?

"The culprits that attacked you on the street had the same hair as Gojo-san and Getou-san. I can't blame you for mixing them up, they two pairs *do look awfully similar,* but i can reassure you that–"

" *No!"* Yuuji repeats, his tone turning desperate as he begs for the nurse to see the truth behind his words. "I-I'm not con-confused! I wasn't attacked o-on the street but at m-my job! *Kinko-shitsu!"*

The monitor next to Yuuji begins to beep wildly in tune to his beating heart. Brown hues stare wide eyed at the nurse, pleading for her to finally see the truth among the fog–the look past the fake facades and see the two men for who they truly are–

But instead, her smile turns sad. Disappointed.

She can't be disappointed at Yuuji, right? It must be aimed at the two bastards who put him here–

"Itadori-kun, you shouldn't make such bold accusations like that! You could put innocent people in trouble if you keep this up!" She scolds– *scolds!*-- with narrowed eyes. "Gojo-san and getou-san were there for you every day when you were still unconscious, always bringing flowers and sweets in case you wake up in their absence, and you pay them back by blaming them for something they didn't do?"

No… *No that's not what…*

"I always thought you were a good kid, Itadori-kun, but perhaps I was wrong."

Yuuji can't even bring himself to defend himself as the nurse walks out of his room, too shocked to even form a proper response.

She… *she was disappointed at Yuuji for telling the truth…but why?*

Why can't they understand that demons walk among them wearing bright smiles?

He tried telling numerous doctors the truth only to be publicly shamed and reprimanded.

Why doesn't anyone believe him?

Surely there's evidence somewhere to suggest that the two had something to do with Yuuji's injuries!

But, no matter how many times Yuuji attempts to set things straight, the pink haired teenager is left feeling empty and alone.

"I gotta say, I looked into them a few nights ago, and they've got a major influence over Tokyo."

Sukuna's words echo through his head, hating the very notion that his twin brother might actually be *right.*

Gojo Satoru is a rich entrepreneur with many businesses up his sleeves.

Getou Suguru is a well respected professor who donates to major sports teams.

And Itadori Yuuji is just a bumbling college student trying to get his degree.

"When they become too much to handle you're more than welcome to come back home where you'll truly be respected and taken care of–"

Yuuji shakes his head, a look of determination taking over his features.

He won't give up–this is the path he chose for himself. This is the path that led him to forming a deeper bond with his step siblings, the path that led him to his best friends, the path that led to Yuuji enjoying his life free of the shackles he was born with.

When Yuuji was with Sukuna, he was a *Ryoumen.*

But now, in Tokyo, Yuuji is just *Yuuji* .

Yuuji Itadori– a college student who'll work through his hardships, an idiot who's terribly stubborn, a teenager who won't allow the power dynamic between him and his two demons to break him down.

For once in Yuuji's life, he needs to be smart about this, to play by their rules, and–when they're guard is lowered, completely exposed– *Yuuji will wring them by the necks and bring them to justice's front door.*

He smiles to himself, his self pity washed away along with his fear and sorrows.

Hope awakens itself inside his body, his resolve *hardening at the thought of bringing justice to those damn devils.*

The hospital staff finally permits Yuuji's friends to visit him, and–in an instant–he's bombarded by Megumi, Nobara, and Junpei.

"Do you have any idea how embarrassing it was for me to hear that you got jumped?!" Junpei exclaims from in between sobs, his arms wrapped tightly around Yuuji's torso while his body is curled up in his lap, snot and salted tears making a mess of Yuuji's thin robes. "Where the hell did my macho man Yuuji go? Is he on vacation? At the gym? Because I know your dumbass didn't get that tupac treatment!!!"

A painful laugh escapes past Yuuji's lips as he runs a hand through Junpei's black hair, his long limbs curling up further in Yuuji's lap. "M-Macho man Yuuji is…right h-here! He was…just…t-taken by s-surprise."

"Yuuji, you fucking idiot!!!" Nobara swears noisily from her spot perched on Yuuji's hospital bed, her face scrunched up in a way to help stop the tears from flowing down her face. "You–You're gonna make me ruin my makeup, Damnit!!!"

"S-Sorry? I…I-It still looks…good…"

Megumi, who's taken to standing next to Yuuji's monitor, runs a hand across his face in mock annoyance. "Yuuji has nothing to do with how bad your makeup looks," he grumbles, making Nobara reel her head back in clear offense.

"Ah, Megumi, you…shouldn't–"

"Say that shit again and I'll shave the hair off your head in your sleep," Nobara seethes before going back to *fretting* over Yuuji in her own *nobara-like* way. "Ugh, you have no idea how much of a pain he's been these past few weeks! Always checking his phone, calling your brother Chousou, and sighing all dramatically out the window while mumbling *I wonder how Yuuji's recovery is going–"*

A sharp whack against the side of Nobara's head interrupts her spiel, a crow-like squawk slipping past her lips in shock.

"Shut up Nobara!" Megumi shouts with a red face, an embarrassed blush running across his cheeks to the tips of his ears. "At Least i didn't ruin my own date with Maki because i was too busy *crying over my pink haired idiot–"*

Megumi doesn't even get a chance to complete his sentence before Nobara is scrambling wildly towards the spiky haired college student, hands instantly grabbing the roots of his black spikes, and sending them both to the hospital floor. The two idiots begin to wrestle on the floor: Nobara's legs wrapped tightly around Megumi's neck as Megumi grabs chunks of Nobara's hair and pulls harshly, both of them screaming in anguish while Yuuji and Junpei watch from above, bafflement covering both of their faces.

…well they're as lively as ever–

Yuuji gasps, *nearly chokes himself–dear god–* and waves a finger at Nobara who's still trying to choke the living daylights out of Megumi. "You–You went o-on a…date with M-Maki?!" Yuuji blurts out in surprise, almost going into a whole coughing fit, but somehow managing to persevere.

"YEAH BUT I FUCKIN– *WATCH THE TITS, MEGS--RUINED IT!!!"* Nobara huffs out in frustration, her legs seeming to loosen their grip around Megumi.

"TRUCE!!! TRUCE!!! YOU ALMOST PUNCHED MY DICK!!!"

"THAT'S WHAT I WAS AIMING FOR DUMBASS–BUT TRUCE!!!"

"TRUCE?! IM FUCKING SERIOUS NOBARA!!!"

"I AM TOO!!! *TRUCE!"*

“OK–ONE…TWO–”

“THREE!”

On three, both Nobara and Megumi release each other to everyone’s amusement. Their chests are huffing, begging for air, yet their scowls are strong and unshakable, aimed directly at each other. Nobara’s the first one to pick themselves off the floor–her hands immediately reaching down to brush the dirt off her skirt before aiming another glare in Megumi’s direction. “You got my skirt all wrinkled, Mr. Chemical Romance…” She grumbles, causing an angry vein to pop out on the side of Megumi’s exposed neck.

“And your ugly man legs stretched out the collar of my shirt…”

“ *MAN LEGS?!”*

“Guys! You two settled on a truce, remember?!” Junpei exclaims worriedly, his voice somehow stopping Nobara from launching herself at Megumi once again.

Nobara heaves out an annoyed huff and crosses her arms, not the least bit pleased with the predicament she finds herself in. “tsk, yeah, whatever…but it's on *sight* the second we get out of this hospital.”

Megumi nods to Junpei’s and Yuuji’s disappointment, determination twinkling in his dark blue eyes. He stands up and makes his way to the row of chairs next to Yuuji’s hospital bed and plops himself down, a pained sigh leaving his lips. “Deal…” He scoffs, his head leaning back against the top of the chair as he attempts to catch his breath.

“You guys are ridiculous…” Junpei grumbles, his dark green eyes piercing holes into the sides of their heads. “We’re here to check in on our best friend, not fight each other like a bunch of lunatics!” He continues to scold, but–to his dismay–neither Nobara or Megumi seem the least bit sorry about their actions.

Yuuji chuckles softly, happy that he’s finally able to experience the joy of being with his friends again.

“I-it’s fine, Junpei! I'm just…really…happy to s-see you guys again…” Yuuji admits, his cheeks heating up at his own confession. “It feels like…it's been f-forever s-since i've seen… you guys…” the pink haired teenager coughs out with a smile.

“Yeah…i know neither of these idiots will admit it, but they feel the same way too,” Junpei tacks on, his green eyes finally taking themselves off of Nobara and Megumi to look directly at Yuuji, forest green irises softening upon meeting his gaze. “They were a complete nightmare to deal with by myself, so please, *please* never end up in the hospital again if you can help it? If i have to hear Nobara or Megumi complain about you not being there again i think i i might actually kill myself…”

A nervous bead of sweat rolls down Yuuji’s neck, slightly taken off guard by Junpei’s comment, but he nods regardless.

“You…you got i-it Junpei…”

Junpei smiles, his dark green eyes turning glassy and soft. His mouth opens up slightly–

“Oi! Me and Megumi gave Yuuji *our* life updates! It’s only fair if you do the same!” Nobara cries out, suddenly looming over both Yuuji and Junpei with a menacing glare. “Tell him about Mahito!”

Yuuji perks up at the familiar name and turns back to Junpei–who, for whatever reason, has turned red in the face.

“M-Mahito? That’s…the creepy guy y-you went on a date with…right? What a-about him?” Yuuji asks, his curiosity undeniably piqued.

“It’s–it’s nothing serious, ok! I just…Me and him are dating now–”

“I t-thought you…found him creepy?” Junpei groans dramatically at the painful reminder of their last conversation, his face practically steaming with how embarrassed he is.

“I did! But…he’s been rubbing off on me…” He confesses shyly, his green eyes averting away from Yuuji. “He’s helped me a lot these past few weeks when you were in the hospital…helped me pick myself back up and helped me with pulling my head outta my ass. He’s…not all that bad…you might like him.”

“Huh…well I'm h-happy for you Junpei,” Yuuji says, a bit of uncertainty lacing his tone as he thinks back to what Junpei once told him about this… *Mahito.*

“He kept making a lot of jokes about whisking me away, or whatever that means…and he always looks at me like I'm…like…the center of his universe or something.”

Yuuji may not have met this Mahito person yet, but one thing's for sure: he's about as possessive as Gojo and Getou. And, if he really *is* as creepy as Junpei paints him to be, then he needs to be wary of him.

*He might **actually** try to whisk Junpei away.*

*He might **strangle** Junpei the same way Gojo did to him.*

*He might **betray** Junpei's trust, tearing his roommate's fragile heart into pieces.*

But Yuuji doesn't say any of this out loud.

He figures he should; he thinks about telling Junpei to be wary of those he trusts dearly… but that would only freak him out. His roommate's pretty prone to anxiety attacks after all.

With a strained smile Yuuji reaches up to ruffle the top of Junpei's head, dark brown strands of hair feeling soft beneath his calloused hands. "Bring him…over f-for movie night sometime, ok? I'd like t-to meet him," *and check him out myself,* goes left unsaid.

Junpei nods his head in Yuuji's hold, a sweet smile making its way onto his lips.

"You got it!--"

A familiar ring tone cuts through the air, interrupting Junpei and Yuuji's conversation. Whipping his head around, Yuuji's eyes eventually land on Megumi's phone; the device shakes and vibrates in his friend's hand as Megumi scowls, his face twisting up at whatever is appearing on the screen.

Megumi simply slides his thumb and the buzzing stops. The scowl on Megumi's face remains even after he tucks the phone back into his pocket, annoyance radiating off of him like a cloud of smoke.

Nobara walks over to Megumi and sits down in the chair next to him, the animosity between them seamlessly disappearing. "Is he seriously calling you again? He doesn't know when to quit…" Nobara mumbles with a sly smirk. Megumi rolls his eyes and flips Nobara off to Yuuji's confusion.

"Hm? W-who keeps calling you?" Yuuji asks with a slight tilt of his head.

"My *guardian*… " Megumi confesses, his body slouching deeper in his chair. "He told me he'd leave me alone when I got into college…but I should've known better than to think he'd actually stick to his word…"

"Your…guardian? What's s-so bad about him?"

"He and his husband are *annoying* and fuck like rabbits. I never got a moment of peace when I slept under the same roof as them…same goes for my three step-sisters," Megumi explains, a shadow covering his eyes in a dramatic fashion. "This dumbass keeps calling to invite me over for dinner, but i just want him to fuck off. The only way I'm actually gonna consider eating the same meal as them is if Tsumiki's the one cooking and my guardians promise to lay off on the pda."

Yuuji winces in sympathy; he knows how much Megumi *loathes* public affection and–to hear that his guardians are horny idiots–makes Yuuji thankful for the family he grew up with.

"Maybe h-he'll stop asking… if you just g-go to one dinner," Yuuji suggests and almost regrets it at the sight of the frown that tugs down on his lips.

"I'd rather drink a whole can of Nobara's hairspray then–"

"Bring m-me with you then! Surely they…won't be as u-unbearable i-if you have a friend with you…right?"

Megumi pauses, his mouth gaping open for some kind of response, then promptly closes it. Yuuji watches as the gears behind Megumi's eyes turn and click, considering the option given to him–

"That…might work… *but would you seriously be up to dealing with them?* I'm not overexaggerating when I say they're the worst…"

Yuuji chuckles and nods his head. He's dealt with his fair share of difficult people in his life; having been attacked by Gojo, sneered at by Getou, and growing up in a cult full of pretentious bastards, Yuuji's more than confident in his ability to endure brainless idiots.

"O-Of course! After I… get out of the hospital, w-we can have dinner with your g-guardians and then B-BAM! They'll…leave you alone– *just like that!"*

“...that might just be the best idea you’ve ever had Yuuji…maybe you should get jumped more often,” Nobara remarks snarkily, earning an offended squeal from Yuuji.

“Too soon, Nobara, Too soon!”

Junpei pats Yuuji comfortingly on the back while Nobara laughs and Megumi heaves out a dry chuckle.

Yuuji’s glad he can finally see his friends again, and it's only a matter of time before he can walk out of the hospital.

Visitors came and left, stopping by to check in on Yuuji and then leaving him to wallow in a cold hospital room.

Maki, Inumaki, and Panda stopped by to drop some juicy gossip about the teachers at the college and then dipped.

Yuuta and his fiance Rika visited Yuuji to give him a bouquet of lovely flowers for his recovery and then left to go on a coffee date.

Panda, Hakari, and Hoshi dropped by as well to see how he was holding up before all three of them were kicked out, apparently causing too much of a fuss.

Todo also made sure to visit Yuuji, making the injured boy watch a *top list of jennifer laurence movies* by *Ms.Mojo,* until midnight hit and he was forced to leave.

Nishimiya even made an appearance as well, but all she did was complain to Yuuji about how terrible business has been since he was hospitalized, *which Yuuji doesn't believe in the slightest,* before she too had to leave.

Hell, even his boss Mei-Mei-san stopped by to share her condolences over Yuuji's injuries…but even that visit was brief.

Each visit left Yuuji aching for more.

For companionship.

For someone to confide in.

For his truth to be seen and not belittled.

But alas, not everyone can get what they wish for. So, for now, Yuuji will just have to be content with watching whatever's on the old television sitting across Yuuji's hospital bed–

Knock.

Knock.

Knock.

Yuuji jolts and shifts his eyes over to where the sound is resonating from–

And freezes.

Standing outside the doorway is Getou with an armful of folders. The man is smiling down at Yuuji, dark eyes pinning the younger down in a hypnotizing stare. Like every other day, Getou is dressed to perfection, not a single thread out of place. Today he's all smiles and innocent glances; a facade Yuuji has begun to slowly see through ever since that fateful night at the night club.

*But, even after peering through the cracks and bumps, Yuuji can only see nothing but genuine happiness upon seeing… **him.***

That…can't be right…

“Mind if i come in, Yuuji? I have all your missing work and notes from all your classes~” Getou sings, gesturing to the bright red folder in his arm.

The injured patient stares at Getou and his red folder for a total of five seconds before nodding his head, allowing the man, *the demon,* to step into his room.

Why?

Why is Yuuji allowing this to happen?

He *can* lie and say it's because he wants to get on Getou’s good side to appeal to the older man, to make him drop his guard, but Yuuji’s not stupid enough to think something like that would work. Getou would easily see through Yuuji’s act and broaden his walls, making him even more unpredictable than he already is.

But that has nothing to do with Yuuji’s decision.

It's a simple reason, one that can easily be laughed at by anyone who hears.

It’s because of one ugly feeling that continues to erode at Yuuji’s soul, digging its sharp claws into his heart and tearing his flesh to threads.

Loneliness.

Just one word.

Loneliness.

Yuuji watches with utmost attention as Getou slowly makes his way to the chairs sitting beside his hospital bed, his dark eyes meeting Yuuji's gaze every second of the way. He sits down in the chair closest to Yuuji, crossing his legs in a professional-like fashion, and sets the folder in his lap–opening it to reveal many piles of paper.

The sight has Yuuji wincing in anguish.

The amount of work seems endless, just one more paper after the other, and thinking about doing all of that work causes a mild headache to rise at the front of his head.

Is this the shit he has to make up because Gojo and Getou had to be a couple of dickbags?

…Seriously?

Yuuji's thoughts must've shown on his face because, not a second later, Getou is chuckling in amusement.

"Ridiculous, isn't it?" Getou asks with mirth seeping into his voice. "How *dare* they try to keep you educated and ahead of your studies. The audacity of some people…"

“S-Stop being a dick,” Yuuji coughs out, almost allowing himself to be surprised by Getou’s brash attitude, but he’s seen this before– *just a couple of times at the nightclub.* Gone was the man who tried to appear responsible and professional and in came a man of a terrible personality, one that could rival Gojo’s.

Getou isn’t hiding his true self from Yuuji anymore, that's for sure.

…and Yuuji’s not sure if he prefers this Getou or the old one…

The older man doesn’t appear offended by Yuuji’s careless words. Instead, he takes a light stack of papers and pulls them out of the folder, almost tossing the flimsy plastic aside.

“None…of this would’ve happened if you hadn’t attacked me…”

“I have no idea what you're talking about, Yuuji-kun.”

Of course he’s gonna play dumb…why wouldn’t he?

Before Yuuji can even mutter another word, Getou is flipping through the papers he grabbed, a calm serene look plastered across his devilishly handsome face. “I was thinking we could go over your English homework first since there’s so little of it, and then we can climb our way up to Pre-cal and then–”

“ *Y-You’re gonna…help me with my homework?”* Yuuji interrupts, unable to believe his eyes and ears.

Getou doesn’t even look up as he answers with a simple, “of course. As your professor, it’s my job to make sure my *favorite* student is caught up in all of his classes.”

Favorite…huh? That word feels more like a curse than it does a compliment…

“You..don’t treat me very well for s-someone you declare a-as your favorite student,” Yuuji snaps back, crossing his arms in front of his chest as he does so, curious as to how Getou would react.

“Love comes in all different forms, Yuuji-kun, but i’m sure you already know that,” Getou explains, even after Yuuji’s face explodes into a dark red at the *forbidden L word.* “There’s familial love, the kind you’d receive from your parents and relatives,” Getou picks a random paper out of the stack he chose and smiles. “Then there’s platonic love you might feel for your friends,” he brings the chosen paper to the front of the stack with ease. “Sexual love is pretty straightforward, don’t you think? It’s flimsy and fleeting, only lasting for maybe a day or so,” Getou’s eyes dart up briefly as the words slip past his lips, reddening the blush on Yuuji’s face. “Romantic love is special, a feeling that could leave just as quickly as *sexual love*, but it’s fragile. More meaningful to some who are prone to forming strong bonds,” save for the paper he placed in front of the stack, he takes the rest of the papers and sets them off to the side for later. “Then there's the love i feel for my husband…and by extension, *you.”*

“...me?” Yuuji stutters out, his trembling fingers clutching onto the sheets of the hospital bed.

Getou’s eyes momentarily leaves the paper in his hands to glance at Yuuji’s whitened knuckles. “Yes, *you,”* he confirms with a smirk, as if he didn’t just tilt Yuuji’s entire world upside down. His gaze goes back to the single piece of paper in his hands, his devilishly handsome smirk not leaving his lips for a second. “Growing up, I had thought there were four

forms of love…but that all changed when I met Satoru. He introduced me to something more powerful, more meaningful, more enjoyable than anything romantic or sexual love can ever hope to give me. *An all consuming love* : *the most dangerous one of them all, but oh so satisfying to be a part of."*

"*... A-All consuming love?"* Yuuji repeats, hardly believing his own ears. Just the very name sounds dangerous…tempting… *sinful in a way that leaves Yuuji blushing like a wildfire* . "So…psycho love? The insane kind that makes you…what? Spike someone's drink, strangle them nearly to death, and snap their wrists in half?"

The smirk on Getou's lips grows.

"It's the kind of love that can possess us to do the most inhumane of things to get what we want."

"And what do you two want? *Me?* A poor college student from the countryside?" Yuuji laughs, finding the idea so bizarre and out of reach that it's downright comical! Past Yuuji would be having a whole field day of sexual fantasies if he were to hear these words right now, but–at the monet–al Yuuji can seem to do is laugh until his throat turns raw from the pain, tears pricking the corner of his honey brown eyes, and sides hurting from how much his chest is heaving.

A disappointed sigh leaves Getou's lips, one that would've made Yuuji shrink in his seat had he not been hospitalized by this man's counterpart.

"I had thought our words and actions would open your eyes to what we're truly after…but it seems I have to be more forward when it comes to you, Yuuji-kun."

"H-Huh? Excuse me–"

In a flash, Getou reaches out and grabs hold of both Yuuji's hands, a small spark of pain shooting through his wrists as they're forced together. Yuuji opens his mouth, ready to scream and shoot out of the hospital bed, but he's ultimately stopped by Getou inching closer to him–his hands cupping Yuuji's wrists in a soft embrace.

"Yuuji Itadori–Me and Satoru would be honored to have you as our third."

Yuuji's heart stops…no, *it drops?* Or maybe it flutters? There's simply no telling. With the loud buzzing in Yuuji's ears, getou's hard calloused hands wrapped around his own, and his close proximity, Yuuji can't find it in himself to trust his own ears, feelings, and heart.

"Your…third? Like a throuple?" Yuuji mumbles, his eyes staring holes at the hands that keep them locked together–the older man's thumbs rubbing soft circles across each of Yuuji's knuckles.

Getou has the nerve to laugh at Yuuji's confusion, riling him up even more. "A throuple? Is that what people are calling it these days?" Getou asks more to himself than to Yuuji, amusement turning his voice velvety and silky. "But, to answer your question, *yes*. I suppose one would call it a throuple based on what it might look like to outsiders."

Yuuji's breath hitches at the confirmation, his head going dizzy and delirious as he tries to keep his eyes on Getou's hands, his perfect veins that move with every brush of his thumbs, the fair skin that seems toasted by the beautiful sun of Tokyo, and finds himself *nearly passing out at the realization.*

"...No fucking way…" Yuuji whispers to himself, wondering half-heartedly if this is all just some sort of sick dream his jumbled up mind came up with to taunt Yuuji.

The hold around Yuuji's hands tightens, startling the teenager out of his thoughts.

"Become our boy, Yuuji-kun. Love us the way we have come to love you and I promise you, you will never want for anything else in your life. We will provide for you, care for you, love you in ways none of your past partners were able to do before. We have fallen for you so deeply that every moment you are away from us it hurts, Our hearts ache when you are not near us, seeing you interact with anyone else that isn't us sets our heart aflame–" Yuuji interrupts Getou's spiel by pulling his hands out from Getou's grasp and placing them over the man's lips, silencing him with the palms of Yuuji's hands.

"Y-You're my professor, Getou! You're a-a terrible, *d-dangerous* man who thrives in… committing violence. G-Gojo is just as bad *if not worse!"* Yuuji stammers out, his heart beating a hundred miles an hour, almost ripping past his ribcage and falling on the cold hospital floor for all to see. A chilling mix of fear and *excitement* runs through Yuuji's body, giving his poor emotions a terrible backlash… *but he knows what he has to do–What he has to say.*

Taking a deep breath, Yuuji confidently declares, "You two must be empty headed if you think for a second that I will enter a relationship with either of you!!!"

Getou's eyes darken at the declaration, so much so that Yuuji is almost tempted to retract his statement and accept the man's offer…but he won't cave. It doesn't matter how terrifying, how dangerous, how evil the man is befor ehis eyes, ***he will not cave. His resolve will not be shaken.***

Very slowly, Getou takes Yuuji's wrists in hand and pulls his hands away from his lips, his expression completely unreadable as he glares at the injured patient.

“You don’t have a choice, Yuuji…but fine, we’ll give you time to get used to the idea of being with us.”

N-No choice?!

Yuuji pulls hands away as if burnt and stares Getou down, eyes full of terror and horror as the seriousness of his tone finally sets in.

Getou and Gojo… *are completely insane!*

And, if that isn’t bad enough, Getou’s lips curl up into a fake smile.

“Shall we get back to our lesson? This homework won’t finish itself after all.”

Besides having his soul shaken up by Getou and Gojo’s true intentions, Yuuji still managed to get most of his work done with Getou’s help.

His professor was very clear on every subject he touched up on, making sure Yuuji understood what he was getting into before making the college student do the work on his own. He didn't bring up the whole *throuple* thing again for the rest of his stay which Yuuji couldn't have been more grateful for. If he had, Yuuji might've called the nurses in to kick Getou out.

And, against all seams of logic, *Yuuji lost track of time with Getou.*

He allowed himself be completely soaked up by Getou's presence, too absorb with the material in his hands, hypnotized by his silky voice as he went over each subject with lovely precision, His dark eyes that always seemed to stare longingly at Yuuji– *he was captivated by it all.* The man kept him company for many hours, just he and Yuuji until the sun began to set and the nurses began to clock out.

But he stayed.

Even after the nurses bid Yuuji and Getou farewell, Getou stayed where he was seated, a fake smile plastered on his lips, before reaching into his red folder to pull out the next subject.

The Loneliness that had been eating away at Yuuji disappears in an instant, too taken by Getou to even consider the mild heartache he had suffered from before.

He doesn't know if he should be worried about the notion or be happy about it…

On one hand, he isn't succumbing to the sadness in his head, but– *on the other hand*– he's also in a room with the same person who spiked his drink and declared Yuuji *his*. He should be worried like he was before, tense, ready to jump at a moment's notice, but he found himself slowly growing complacent, calm, enjoying the rhythmic sound of Getou's voice echoing off the walls of the isolated hospital room.

As Getou is rambling on and on about his pre-cal homework, Yuuji chances a glance at the clock hanging up in the room.

2:47 Am

Yuuji's eyes nearly pop out of their sockets at the time.

Getou's been here for nearly eight hours!!! Does he ever plan on going home any time soon?!

"H-Hey, Getou–" the older man stops his rambling and gives Yuuji an expectant look, waiting for Yuuji to continue. "Are you…planning on spending the night here or something?" He asks with a raised brow, gesturing to the clock on the wall. "I mean..it's awfully late and I'm sure you have to teach tomorrow…"

A cheeky grin makes its way onto Getou's face. "Awww~ Is Yuuji-kun worried about me?"

"No, I just want you to leave so I can actually fall asleep."

Yuuji's blunt answer has Getou hanging his head in defeat, long black hair dangling over his shoulders like a dark curtain. "How cruel…first you reject me and then you take a stab at my heart! I don't know how much of this abuse I can take…" He moans theatrically, a hand coming up to clench at the fabric above his own beating heart. "I–for one–would *never* hurt you in such a way."

Despite himself, Yuuji smiles–finding the scene before him oddly comedic in its own twisted way. "And what about your dear husband? Surely he's waiting for you at–"

SLAM!!!

" *Whose dear husband are we talking about?"*

Whipping his head away from Getou, Yuuji gawks at the sight of none other than Gojo hanging outside his doorway, a brief case and plastic bag in hand. As usual, He's just as exquisite looking as his partner–beautiful white hair falling gracefully over his forehead, black glasses obscuring his bright blue eyes, a dazzling smirk spread wide across glossed lips, and work attire that does wonders in accentuating the man's muscles and figure.

"Ah, speak of the devil and he shall arrive…" Getou mumbles under his breath, barely loud enough for Yuuji to hear, but Gojo–for all his dramatics–picks up on his husband's voice.

"Oh? Were you two gossiping about me behind my back?!" Gojo exclaims, a betrayed expression gracing his features. With a cute pout on his lips, Gojo begins stalking towards Yuuji until he's right next to him, his tall figure *looming* over Yuuji's. "I thought you knew better than to be mean to me, Yuuji-kun! Have you not learned your lesson or do I need to give you a little reminder?" the man asks, his finger reaching up to poke at the bandages wrapped around Yuuji's neck.

Yuuji's breath hitches, caught completely off-guard by the older man's bold move that he nearly slams the back of his head against the wall behind him. "O-Oi! I just g-got surgery done, asshole! If you f-fuck it…all up, your g-gonna be the one paying for my next one!" Yuuji exclaims, putting as much distance between him and Gojo as he can without scrambling out of his hospital bed.

Gojo pulls his finger away from Yuuji with a light chuckle, mirth flowing out of his voice in waves. "Just kidding! Cmon now Yuuji, do you really expect me to hurt you again after all the money I spent on your latest surgery?"

Yuuji blinks, attempting to contemplate the words that had left Gojo's lips…but his mind is still coming up blank.

"...Huh?" Yuuji tilts his head, brown eyes staring wide eyed at the older man, waiting for the culprit to explain himself.

"Oh? No one told you?" Gojo murmurs, his glasses slowly sliding down his nose to show off his captivating blue eyes. The man then throws his weight onto the hospital bed, nearly sitting right beside Yuuji to the teenager's horror. "You see, I–along with my lovely husband–decided to be good samaritans of Tokyo and paid for all of your medical bills!"

His eyebrows shoot up to his forehead in shock, hip lips gaping open, trying and failing to form a response because… *what the hell? The guys who put Yuuji in the hospital are paying for his treatments?! Talk about insane!!!*

From Yuuji's other side, Getou stands up and stretches his back, a few satisfying pops ringing through the air. "Yep–it's the least we can do after putting your ass in here in the first place."

"So…putting me in the hospital *wasn't* a part of your magnificent plan?"

"Believe it or not, no–it wasn't," Gojo affirms with a defeated sigh. "Seeing you all vulnerable and defenseless in my arms snapped something inside of me and then *bam!* I accidentally *snapped* you!" Gojo emphasizes with a careless clap of his hands, oblivious to the jolt of Yuuji's shoulders as an unwanted memory resurfaces to the front of his mind. "The plan was to kidnap you without causing you any discomfort or pain… *but someone had to be a smart little boy and figure us out!"* Gojo mocks, tapping Yuuji's bandaged wrists softly with the pads of his fingers.

Yuuji quickly snatches his hands away from Gojo's grasp, eliciting an amused laugh from the white haired man.

These two…are more than just a couple of insane husbands…

THEY'RE FUCKING SADISTS!!!

"Why couldn't you guys just ask me out like a normal couple?!" Yuuji bemoans, his shoulders slumping pathetically as he rubs his wrists, the ghost of Gojo's touch still reminiscent over the white bandages. "I might've agreed to a date or something– *but no*– you two had to crank things up to a hundred!!!"

"Now why would we ever give you the illusion of having a choice?" Gojo sneers whilst sliding off the hospital bed, his blue eyes dancing from Yuuji's figure to the pile of *get well gifts* sitting nicely on the stand next to the injured patient. "Asking you out on a date would've been futile, especially with how *wary* you already were of us–besides, we're impatient; if we want something we're gonna go out and get it regardless of the consequences!"

"...I guess you have a point…" Yuuji mumbles, remembering quite vividly how tense he was the last time he was talking to the two men at the nightclub, trying a *bit too hard* to be the bigger person and appear professional. But, of course, all of that was promptly flushed down the drain the moment the married couple thought it'd be a good idea to spike Yuuji's drink…

…Talk about tragic…

"Hey, Satoru, did you bring the stuff like you said you would or did you get distracted?" Getou asks, his dark eyes staring his husband down with a hint of seriousness.

The smirk on Gojo's lips widens at the question. "Distracted? Me? I would never~" Gojo teases as he reaches into his pocket and pulls out…

A syringe?

Yuuji watches in confusion as The tall white haired man tosses the *syringe* over to Getou, the needle flying across Yuuji's hospital bed, and landing right into Getou's hands. "Huh… It's a lot smaller than I thought it'd be…" Getou mumbles under his breath, sparking a laugh from Gojo.

"It was the only one i could get my hands on while Shoko was distracted– *be grateful~"*

"Hah, trust me, *I am."*

Yuuji's curiosity only grows as Gojo puts all his focus on putting Yuuji's gifts into the plastic bag he brought, causing a bigger question mark to form above the patient's head.

"uh…Gojo? What the hell are you doing?" Yuuji asks as a bundle of heart shaped boxes and flowers are swept into the plastic bag without an ounce of care.

Gojo perks up, his face having no right to look as confused as Yuuji feels at this very moment in time. "Don't you wanna bring this back home with us? I mean…if you want, I can just throw all of this shit away, but you seem like the sentimental type who'd want to keep this around…unless I'm wrong?"

Yuuji cocks his head, even more confused than he was before. " *Home? What are you–"*

And he stops himself, nearly choking on his own tongue as understanding hits him as hard as an atomic bomb.

Oh.

Oh shit.

They're trying to kidnap his ass.

Again .

In seconds, Yuuji is shooting up, ready to jump out of his hospital bed, but a strong heavyweight on his chest and stomach knocks the breath out of him. Blinking up frantically in an attempt to get his bearings in order, he finds himself face-to-face with Getou, his long dark hair clouding most of the patient's vision. His smirk is menacing under the moonlight that shines through the window, illuminating his dark eyes in an evil aura that sets Yuuji's nerves ablaze.

No–no, not again! GOD DAMMIT ALL!!!

"P-Please! N-Not again, i cant– *i can't–"* Yuuji's cut off by a round of throat shattering coughs, his hands raising up weakly to defend himself against Getou, but they're quickly snatched by one hand altogether *in the same way Gojo held them before snapping his wrists in half.*

His breath hitches, a terrible doom falling over him as he sobs quietly, his bloodshot eyes staring up at Getou's haunting smile.

He can hardly breathe.

He can hardly move.

He can hardly control himself.

Out of the corner of Yuuji's eye, he catches sight of the syringe in Getou's hand, closing in on the skin of Yuuji's forearm.

“Shh, just relax Yuuji-kun, this will only take a second,” Getou whispers into his ear, the needle dragging softly against his exposed veins.

“I–I don’t want this!” Yuuji cries out, wiggling his body as much as he can to disrupt Getou’s focus. “You d-don’t have to do this! Please just go, *please, please, please–”*

Yuuji finds himself silenced by a soft pair of lips landing on his own, a sharp gasp leaving his open mouth.

The kiss forced upon Yuuji is unexpectedly gentle, pressing softly against his lips in a way that draws out a weak moan, a tingle of pleasure that shoots up his spine. Yuuji goes rigid in Getou’s grasp, eyes wide open as he eases into the man’s touch, his lips forming a smile against Yuuji's mouth.

Sparks don’t fly in the air, there aren’t any fireworks that erupt noisily in the background, and there surely aren't any heartfelt confessions that follow shortly after. All Yuuji can feel is complete disbelief, fear, *pleasure and special* in a way that should leave him cursing at himself in an angry fit of rage.

This isn’t something Yuuji should be enjoying!

This is so wrong!

Terrible even!

Yet Yuuji is getting off to his professor's salacious lips shamelessly tasting his own, his heart squeezing painfully in his chest as he…

As he lets himself go.

Against all odds, against all of his morals, against his thoughts that are screaming at him to push Getou away, Yuuji defies all of them and kisses back, his eyelids fluttering close. Getou sighs into the kiss, deepening it with fervor at the reciprocation and Yuuji can do nothing but go along with the ride, moaning weakly into the soft caress of those devilish lips–the soft press of skin that tastes of newly picked apples, a touch so delicate and addicting it leaves Yuuji reaching up for more, his back arching off the bed to press harder against Getou's body.

The press of the needle is left forgotten on Yuuji's skin as they separate, both in need of oxygen, but Yuuji couldn't care less about the dangerous pain in his forearm. All he can seem to focus on are Getou's dilated eyes and wet lips, heaving for breath as he stares longingly down at Yuuji.

"So perfect… *so beautiful…"* Getou heaves out with a groan, sending a seductive heat down from Yuuji's face to his ever growing erection. " *Our precious boy is quite the minx… wouldn't you agree, Satoru?"*

And, with just one name, Yuuji snaps out of his trance and whips his head around to face the man in question, his stomach dropping as the gravity of the situation falls down on him like a ton of bricks.

But Gojo doesn't seem the least bit upset.

In fact, what meets Yuuji when the teenager turns to look at Gojo are blown pupils and trembling lips–knuckles whitening around the plastic bag he's holding as if to hold himself back.

The sight leaves Yuuji more breathless than he was before, his face heating up at the feeling of Gojo's watchful gaze seering holes into his body, shamelessly observing his own husband kissing another person.

Yuuji's head begins to spin, his thoughts a jumbled up mess inside his brain, yet the only thing he can think about are the two men before him.

His kidnappers.

His demons.

His nightmares.

Yuuji wants them.

No, ' ***want*** *' doesn't correctly describe this feeling bubbling up within Yuuji's chest.*

He ***needs*** *them to bring him to ruin.*

*He **needs** them to touch him, to feel him, to taste him.*

*He **needs** to pleasure them in turn, to hear every beautiful moan that leaves their lips.*

Against his better judgment, Yuuji attempts to draw Gojo in, to add him to the added weight sitting atop of Yuuji, caving him in, devouring him whole, and changing him into whatever they deem fit.

And Gojo takes the bait.

"G-Gojo… *Please–"*

BANG!

BANG!!

BANG!!!

Everyone in the room freezes, startled by the loud sound.

Getou's grip on Yuuji's wrists tighten, Gojo drops the plastic bag and reaches into his pocket in search of something, and Yuuji tenses up– *fear of all things* overtaking his body–

The sound rings through the room again, but this time they were all able to tell where it's actually coming from.

The window.

"Yuuji!" Someone's voice calls out from outside the glass, beneath the window seal. " *Its us! Nobara, Megumi, and Junpei! You gotta open up the window or else they'll catch us!!!"*

Yuuji openly gawks at the window, instantly recognizing the voice from the other side of the wall.

"N-Nobara?!" Yuuji shouts, startling Getou and Gojo. " *A-Are you g-guys outside…my window?!"*

"YES– NOW LET US IN BEFORE WE FALL TO THE FUCKING GROUND YOU CRIPPLE!!!" Nobara screams back, her perfectly manicured nails coming into view through the window.

"S-Shit!" Gojo curses, his voice absolutely *seething* with frustration. "Suguru, we gotta go– *now!"*

"Dammit all! Just when things were getting good too!" Getou groans in annoyance, his weight slowly lifting itself off of Yuuji; the hand that had kept Yuuji's hands captive has loosened, setting his wrists free.

Yuuji gasps, a smile spreading wildly across his face as his senses finally kick in, a sloppy– *but good*– idea popping into his head.

This is the perfect opportunity to expose these bastards for attempting to kidnap him!!!

With both of the evil bastards distracted, Yuuji quickly snatches the syringe from Getou's other hand and stabs it into the crook of the man's neck, eliciting a surprised cry from his wet lips.

"You two… *a-aren't going anywhere!"* Yuuji heaves out, plunging the needle deeper into Getou's neck before finally pumping the toxin into his skin until there's nothing left in the syringe. Getou gasps and attempts to free himself from Yuuji's hold, only for the teenager to lock his legs around his waist, keeping the older man in his place.

"Tryna…leave s-so soon? Just when t-things were getting *good?"* Yuuji mocks, relishing in the panic expression on the man's face, feeding off the power he now has over his own professor.

" *You sick BITCH!!!"* Getou groans, his hands reaching down to try and remove Yuuji's strong legs from his waist, but Yuuji tightens his hold around the man in a vice-like grip.

A wicked smile spreads across Yuuji's lips, a laugh threatening to bubble up past his throat, but he forces it down in exchange of watching the man he respected, the man he feared, the man he *lusts for* , completely at Yuuji's mercy.

“They’ll finally believe me…they won’t call me crazy anymore…and it's all thanks to you and your *dumbass husband–”*

The sound of something sharp knocking against something fragile catches Yuuji’s attention, interrupting his spiel. Whipping his head around to the source of the sound, Yuuji’s heart drops at the sight before his eyes.

In the time Yuuji had plunged the syringe and toxins into Getou’s neck, Gojo had rounded the hospital bed and unlocked the window– ***a pistol knocking noisily against the glass in a silent threat.***

“Release Suguru and buy us some time to escape or else each of your little friends will drop dead with a damn bullet in their heads.”

Time seems to stop for Yuuji, his heart beating rapidly in his chest as he stares at the gun in Gojo’s hand; the threat that hangs so dangerously in the air suffocates Yuuji, strangles him harshly like the calluses of Gojo’s hands, and a defeated sob slips past his lips.

All the adrenaline and hope that rushed through Yuuji’s veins have been washed away with a single glance, a single sentence, and a single threat.

With a hung head, Yuuji releases Getou from in between legs, giving the heavily drugged up man time to leave before the full effects of whatever was in the syringe take place.

Yuuji raises his hand and points to the small restroom in the corner of the room, a pathetic whimper slipping past his trembling lips. “When y-you go into the restroom, e-escape through the…air vent in the ceiling…it s-should be wide enough for both of you to crawl through…”

He can hardly bring himself to raise his head upon hearing their sighs of relief, heavy footsteps caving in on Yuuji's figure until–

A soft kiss is placed on Yuuji's forehead, breaking him out of his trance.

"Don't worry Yuuji-kun, we'll be back for you, *we promise,"* Gojo whispers into Yuuji's hair before releasing him, leaving the poor teenager to gasp for air, his hand reaching out in the open, only to catch nothing but air.

And, when Yuuji looks up, they're gone.

Nowhere in sight.

Sure, he knows where they are, and he can *easily* rat them out, but what would happen to his dear friends–

HIS FRIENDS WHO ARE STILL DANGLING FROM THE WINDOW SEAL!!! FUCK!!!

Yuuji jumps out of bed and pushes the window up; the cold night breeze instantly hits Yuuji's face, but the patient hardly registers it in the face of the scenario playing before his very eyes.

Somehow–someway– Nobara, Megumi, and Junpei had climbed the three stories of the hospital building, large beads of sweat rolling off their pale faces.

" *What the h-hell has gotten into you three?!"* Yuuji shouts, his throat screaming in agony at his own sharp pitch, but he could honestly care less at the moment.

The teeanger doesn't give his three friends time to respond; he bends over and reaches for their outstretched hands, pulling them up through the window one by one until they're all safe and sound. The hospital room no longer smells stale and clean, but rather a sweaty changing room full of football quarterbacks.

"You couldn't have opened the window sooner?!" Junpei shouts, his breath heaving deeply, face ghostly pale as he shakes Yuuji by the shoulders. " *We almost fucking died trying to get our asses up here!!!"*

"I–Sorry? But seriously, what the fuck has gotten into you guys?!" Yuuji asks again, urging all of his friends to take a seat in the chairs provided by the hospital. Nobara, Megumi, and Junpei gladly plop their asses down in the chairs–some color gradually returning back to their awfully pale faces.

That's when another scent hits his nose, further confusing Yuuji even more.

...alcohol...

...All three of these bitches have been out drinking...

Nobara doesn’t shy away from glaring at Yuuji, a manicured nail pointing directly at him as she grumbles, *“* W-While you were up here living the good life–”

–actually he was in the middle of being kidnapped, but she doesn't need to know that–

“--Someone pissed Megumi off at the club we were at and–as a form of shitty payback– *keyed what he **thought** was their car–”*

“IT WAS THE SAME FUCKING MODEL NOBARA! GET OFF MY DICK!” Megumi interrupts, but is promptly ignored by the brown haired college student.

“-- *but it was actually an undercover cop car! So we had to fucking scram like the rats in ratatouille and we ended up here!!!”*

“Why…didn’t you use the entrance?” Yuuji cries out.

“I’m not sure if you’ve noticed this Yuuji, but the hospital closed *two hours ago!!!”* Junpei butts in, throwing a clammy hand over his face. “I’m never running again in my damn life…”

“*... or climbing* …” Megumi tacks on whilst slumping his head onto Junpei’s shoulder.

“*... or keying people’s cars…”* Nobara says as well, copying Megumi and placing her exhausted head on her companion's shoulder.

Yuuji sighs, having never been more mentally, physically, or spiritually exhausted in his life, and moves around the hospital bed, grabbing a few spare blankets tossed hasphardly in the corner of the room, and goes back to drape them over their tired figures, not caring if they end up smelling of old wood and sweaty socks.

By the time each of his friends are wrapped tightly in a blanket, they've all fallen asleep, leaving Yuuji the last one awake.

Awake and antsy.

Yuuji's gaze shifts from his friends to the restroom door, his fingers itching to move and check to see if *they're* still there.

But if they go back on their word and decide to still kill his friends?

What if they come back while everyone is asleep and attempt to kidnap him again?

What if they never come back at all and that stupid promise Gojo made was just meaningless words slipping off a silvery tongue?

With trembling legs, Yuuji forces himself towards the door, step by step, getting closer with every move he makes.

His hand reaches out, grabs the handle, and slowly creaks the door ajar until–

Until Yuuji is met with nothing but an empty restroom.

Chapter End Notes

Yuuji :2 Satosugu: 0

cmon Suguru, how you gonna let yourself get attacked by your OWN syringe? EMBARRESSING.

Fun facts:
-The Satosugu husbands actually ran into Sukuna in the hospital lobby and almost mistook him for their yuuji. Sadly, not only were they wrong, but they instantly got on Sukuna's bad side...
-Chousou and his brothers actually have a lot of respect and love for the Satosugu husbands due to them "saving" Yuuji! Hell, Chousou even went as far as to consider them good future partners for Yuuji due to their ability to protect...oh chousou...if only he knew...
-The whole "Yuuji and Sukuna were born and raised in a cult" idea came to me while i was watching 'midsommar'! Definitely recommend watching!
- It wasn't specifically stated in this chapter, but Sukuna and Uraume are married in this story, although they're only together because the elders of their cult paired them together, so everything is pretty platonic (It's more of a master-servant relationship if anything).
-When Satoru and Suguru were escaping through the air vents, the drugs finally kicked in and Suguru ended up passing out half way through their escape...

I hope you guys enjoyed the chapter! Feel free to leave me feedback in the comments my lovely readersss~ <3

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PART 3: We're On The Ground, We're Screaming-

Chapter Summary

Yuuji finally gets released form the hospital, but sadly, new conflicts arise.

Chapter Notes

sorry what took so long to get this chapter published! I've been studying for mid-terms for drafting like a crazy bitch lately and haven't had much time to work on my fanfics. Now here i am, bleeding from my vagina, aching in every bone in my body, with my itadori plush next to me, completing this chapter through pure will and grit.

NEVER BACK DOWN NEVER WHAT?!

NEVER GIVE UPPPPPPP!!!!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Playlist: Back To You

3

Yuuji doesn’t realize how much he missed the sun on his skin until he takes a step outside of the hospital, neck barren and bruised, and wrists still in the process of healing. But, in light of his escape from such a cold, barren, soulless place, Yuuji closes his eyes and embraces the sun's comforting touch.

Growing up in his community’s commune, everyone was required to spend time outside dancing, chanting prayers, and being one with nature to further push away the sin that haunted their souls. Yuuji had become well accustomed to the burning flare that would turn his skin tan and toasty, a gentle caress by the sun's beams that were ten times more soothing than his mothers cold, demanding voice that would send Yuuji’s hair on end.

However, after moving to Tokyo to pursue an education in Kinesiology to escape his fate as a *cult leader,* Yuuji began spending more time indoors than outdoors, walking the streets more at night than the daytime. The sun hanging over Tokyo isn’t as powerful as the one that shined down over Yuuji in sendai, yet people still complained about the heat–stating that it was too much to handle, too suffocating, and Yuuji–an outsider begging to fit into his new surroundings–followed their lead, pretending to prefer the shade of a tree than rolling around on the grassy plains the small nature parks provided.

But now under the bright sun, away from sterilized furniture, away from his doctor's grubby hands and fake smiles, Yuuji promises himself that he will never take the sun for granted again.

A smile spreads across his lips, brown eyes reflecting the yellow blaze of fire that welcomes Yuuji back to the world of the living. Scanning his surroundings, Yuuji’s smile

grows when he spots a small group of familiar people waiting for him patiently, sitting down on the benches while chatting amongst themselves, having yet to turn their heads to fully witness Yuuji barrelling towards them at an inhuman speed.

"I'M FREE!!!" Yuuji shouts with a raspy tone, his throat *still* not completely healed, but well enough to scream and shout if he so wanted to. As planned by his outburst, heads spun around to face him, expressions filling with glee as Yuuji tackles his first culprit with a wide smile.

"Yuuji! Please, mind your injuries!!!" Chousou exclaims, but still wraps his arms around his step-brother, an excited giggle slipping past Yuuji's lips.

"The boy lives!!!" Junpei joins in, dark brown hair pulled back in a small ponytail as he too jumps onto Yuuji with gangly arms and legs.

"We're never letting you inside that hospital again!!!" Eso declares with a clenched fist, his face contorting into an angry scowl. "Who do they think they are?! Separating us from our dear family?! I swear, brother, we will make them pay for banning us from visiting you!!!"

"Oi! We can't do shit like that anymore, remember?" Kechizu interrupts, punching Eso lightly on the arm. "If I have to spend one more night in a dingy prison cell because of you, I will *genuinely* disown you!"

" *Y-You wouldn't!"*

"Wanna test that?"

“Eso, Kechizu!” From Yuuji’s place snug against his older brother’s side, the younger tilts his head up and is met with the sight of Chousou scowling at his two older brothers. “We promised not to do anything drastic for as long as Yuuji is with us in Tokyo.”

“...But after Yuuji’s graduation we can rain hellfire on them?”

With his face still twisted up in a grimace, Chousou shoots Eso a proud thumbs up.

“Absolutely.”

Kechizu groans, but a smile still somehow makes its way onto his face. “...Whatever…I guess I could spend *one more night in jail* for Yuuji…”

“It’s ok guys–” Junpei shouts with a mischievous grin. “I'll bust you three out of jail so long as you let me join!”

“J-Junpei?!” Yuuji shouts in surprise as his older brothers cheer, all of them patting the tall gangly college student on the back. “Y-You too?!”

“Well obviously!!!” Junpei answers without an ounce of shame. “They thought it'd be a good idea to *strap you to the hospital bed* when you had a panic attack! What kind of doctor does that?!” He fumes, face red and frustrated while Yuuji’s brother nods in agreement.

“Shitty doctors apparently.”

Huh?

Yuuji flinches at the unfamiliar voice and peers past Junpei, right where the voice came from, and his eyes land on someone that looks to be about Junpei and Yuuji's age.

The person who spoke is a teenage college student from the looks of it, with long pale blue hair dangling past his shoulders. His fair skin exposed for all to see is etched in patchwork like tattoos–trailing down his face, neck, arms, and wrists. Mismatched eyes stare right into Yuuji's soul, a mix of gray and blue clashing with honey brown. The stranger curls his lips up in a smile that *feels awfully mocking,* but Yuuji pushes the feeling aside as soon as it appears.

"Yeah, they–they weren't the best, that's for sure," Yuuji agreed, keeping his voice light and bubbly as he dislodges himself from Chousou's arms, his curiosity getting the best of him as he continues to observe the stranger from afar. And, something Yuuji definitely notices, is the short distance the stranger keeps with Junpei, almost splaying his entire body over Junpei's. "But uh…have i met you before or…?" Yuuji trails off awkwardly, trying to imagine if maybe he *had* befriended some odd guy with a patchwork face.

It'd definitely be embarrassing for Yuuji if that's the case…

The stranger chuckles and pushes a light blue strand of hair back behind his ear, his malicious smirk never leaving his lips. "Nah, but i've heard plenty about you from *my* Junpei here," the stranger admits as he ruffles up Junpei's dark brown hair, the skinny college student instantly bursting out into flames at the gesture. Yuuji and the stranger pretend not to notice the reaction and continue their short interaction. Stepping out behind Junpei, the stranger properly reveals himself while keeping an arm wrapped loosely around Junpei's waist. "Junpei~ Aren't you gonna introduce me?"

“Yuuji,” Junpei interrupts, a blush still dusting his cheeks as he gestures to the tall teenager clinging off of him like a sloth. “This is *Mahito,* My *boyfriend.”*

Yuuji’s eyebrows shoot up to his head at the answer.

This is the creepy guy Junpei took pity on?

“Ohhhh,” Yuuji heaves out, his smile almost turning strained as he holds out his hand for *Mahito* to take. “Nice to meet you, Mahito!” The blue haired man smiles back and shakes his hand, his grip tight and hard around Yuuji’s still healing wrist.

“Nice to officially meet you, *Yuuji.”*

Shivers tremble up Yuuji’s spine, Mahito’s casual greeting towards him instantly sending off red flags in his head.

but , hey, Yuuji could just be overreacting, right?

Just because he’s almost been kidnapped twice doesn't mean that *everyone* is out to get him! He just needs to loosen up a bit and warm up to Junpei’s boyfriend.

Kechizu interrupts their small greeting with a loud clap, instantly earning everyone’s attention.

“Who’s in the mood for Yakiniku?”

Normally, Yuuji and Junpei wouldn’t be able to indulge in pleasantries like a Yakiniku due to them being broke college students with only a handful of money from their respective jobs, but– *thankfully*– Chousou’s fiance owns a yakiniku restaurant.

“Yuuji!!! You’re back!!!” Chousou’s fiance, *Yuki,* greets him once their group walks through the restaurant's front doors, a bright red neon sign reading *Gyu-Kaku House* flashing wildly behind them. The tall blonde lady pulls Yuuji into a hug, practically suffocating the poor flustered college student with her chest. “Oh, I'm so sorry I couldn't visit you, dear! I've been real busy with work lately–”

“Please let Yuuji go–you’re gonna suffocate him.”

“Hm? No I'm not, Chousou– *oh shit, Yuuji, you good?”*

Finally, after what felt like minutes of having his nose stuffed face first into her breasts, Yuuji takes a deep breath, relishing the delicious smell of grilled meat that wafts gracefully through his nose. “Y-Yeah! I’m fine!” Yuuji exclaims with a beat red face, still not quite used to his future sister-in-law’s boldness and carelessness towards her own actions. Distantly, he can hear his older brothers laughing in jest at the blonde’s behavior, but Yuuji ignores it. “And it's ok, really! I understand you're still trying to save up enough money for your wedding…”

At Yuuji's words, Yukis huffs out a sigh of frustration, her fists now planted firmly on her hips as she says, "It's a pain in the ass tryna save up, that's for sure, but–" Yuki's eyes light up with a dazzling smile that nearly blinds Yuuji. "--this place is awfully popular with college students and–as of lately–we've been racking' up bucks! At this rate me and Chousou will have enough to properly plan our wedding and honeymoon soon!"

"Woah–Seriously?! That's amazing! Congrats you two!"

While Yuki preens at the compliment, Chousou bashfully ducks his head, his ears painted a vibrant red. Seeing her fiance's flustered state, Yuki grabs hold of her future husband and tugs him in close to her side, a pale hand tightening around Chousou's waist. "Damn right is it! Ain't that right honey? You're gonna be my pretty little house husband~" she sings teasingly, further brightening the red blush on Chousou's face.

"...For the last time, I'm *not* quitting my job after we get married."

Yuki pouts, not happy with Chousou's response in the slightest. "Awww…You'll change your mind eventually."

"No i won–"

The tall blonde slaps a hand over her future husband's mouth and declares, "WHOOO'S HUNGRY FOR YAKINIKU!!!"

And, in a matter of seconds, everyone is raising their hands in the air with excitement.

In the far corner of Yuki's restaurant sits a group of drunk brothers and college kids, all of them tipping back cups of alcohol and grilling small pieces of beef to their heart's content, but yuuji– *yuuji has other plans.* He makes sure not to drink as much as everyone else, preferring water over the large bottle of sake he normally orders, and begins to *subtly* interrogate Mahito as much as he can without seeming suspicious.

Yuuji wants to trust Mahito, he does– *truly*– but something about the guys makes Yuuji's hair stand on end. Junpei's words keep repeating inside his head, the one that called Mahito *possessive* and *creepy* , and Yuuji sees this first hand in the interactions between the two of them.

Mahito's mismatched eyes never leave Junpei and he always throws a minor fit when Junpei doesn't pay him the same amount of attention. He's awfully touchy, his acts of affection awfully possessive and controlling than what Yuuji is used to seeing from amongst his friend group. A hand wrapping around the nape of Junpei's neck, a hand on his upper thigh, a hand around his wrist as he begs his roommate to hand feed him grilled beef. The gaze he fixes Junpei with is awfully dark, just as Junpei comments it was all those months ago before he landed his ass in the hospital. His blue and gray eyes harden and sharpen whenever Yuuji talks to Junpei, his smile twisting up in a fake grin as if to say *fuck off.*

But this can all just be Yuuji's magination!

…Ah, but that's exactly what Yuuji said when he thought Gojo and Getou were acting weird, and look at him now! Because of his callousness, Yuuji now sports a bruise in the shape of a hand mark on his neck, and two bandaged wrists!

So, for once, Yuuji decides to trust his own intuition and begins chatting with Mahito, attempting to see if his uneasiness is unwarranted.

"I don't think i've seen you around our college…do you study somewhere else?" Yuuji asks lightly as he picks up another small piece of meat from the grill with his chopsticks, placing it delicately along his fried rice.

"Yeah, I'm enrolled into a small community college near the edges of Tokyo," Mahito explains, the words slipping off his tongue with ease.

"Ah, that's cool! I tried enrolling into a community college before settling on *Jujutsu Tech,"* Yuuji admits, his chopsticks carefully picking up a sunny side egg from the grill. With his utmost concentration, Yuuji places the egg atop of meat and fried rice, the smell immediately making him salivate– *but he needs to focus on the mission at hand! "* And… what are you going to school for?" Yuuji watches Mahito as the tattooed man fills his empty glass to the brim with more alcohol.

"I'm studying to become a plastic surgeon…you?"

"A physical therapist, hopefully for Japan's sport's teams."

Mahito whistles, low and feigning interest, and–just like before–nerves shoot up yuuji's spine like an electrical current. "Japan's sports team, eh? Got a specific one in mind or are you just tryna get your hands on whatever one will have you?"

“Nah, I don't think I actually have a sport in mind–but a *plastic surgeon* ?” Yuuji questions, reeling the conversation towards Mahito’s area of study, finding the idea as Mahito– *of all people*– being a plastic surgeon...It unsettles him even more for whatever reason. “You sure got your work cut out for you–but don't worry, I'm sure you’ll be able to achieve your goal, Mahito!”

The blue haired man’s smile turns a little more genuine at Yuuji’s words, mismatched eyes swirling with… *respect maybe?* It’s still too early for Yuuji to be able to read his behavior, but he’s hoping that's what’s going through this strange man’s mind. Mahito raises his glass of alcohol, his eyes never leaving Yuuji.

“To achieving our goals!” Mahito sings, gesturing for Yuuji to do the same.

With a smile, Yuuji reaches for a bottle of unopened gin, pops the lid, and clinks it against Mahito’s glass.

Perhaps he is just overreacting.

If Junpei thinks it’s a good idea to date this guy, then Yuuji should support him.

“To achieving our goals!”

They tilt their heads back and down every last drop of alcohol until Yuuji’s mind goes fuzzy and blurry.

Before completely passing out at *Gyu-Kaku House,* Yuuji remembers Eso pestering Yuki to change the t.v. Channel in the bar area to watch *Rupaul's Drag Race.*

While scanning through channels to find the one they wanted, they stopped momentarily after accidentally clicking on the news.

On the screen, in bright luminescent lights, reveals that the serial killer in Tokyo, *The Basher,* added another victim to their piles of disfigured bodies.

And it wasn't just some random stranger.

Oh no.

It was someone Yuuji knew and even had the misfortune of talking to.

The victim was none other than the man Yuuji pretended to go on a date with to save his pride.

And deep down, Yuuji couldn't help but wonder if his death was somehow ***his fault.***

A groan racks Yuuji's form as he gradually wakes up, his face instantly grimacing at the bright light that seeps into the room of his–

The hungover college student does a quick scan around the room and finds himself splayed across the bed of his dorm.

Huh .

Yuuji takes one more look around and–what he finds upon closer inspection–is Junpei unconscious body half on his own bed and half on the floor, and Mahito sleeping undisturbed on the floor with a thin blanket covering half his body.

How did they make it back to his dorm?

With his brain pounding relentlessly against his skull, Yuuji takes it upon himself to fix everyone up so, when they wake up with a terrible hangover, they'll have medicine and refreshments to help ease the pain.

He gets out of bed, slips on a pair of boxers since he somehow slithered out of them during his sleep, and makes his way towards Junpei; hauling Junpei's bottom section back onto the bed, Yuuji tucks him back under the boy's comforter until he's nice and snug. Yuuji then turns to Mahito and picks him up with ease, hauling him over his shoulder, and dumping him onto Yuuji's bed. He does the same thing he did for Junpei–tucking him safely under the covers and wiping the spare drool that slid down the corner of his lips.

Now, to Yuuji's next destination– *the main room.*

Yuuji practically drags his feet out of his shared room with Junpei and enters the main room, his brown eyes fixating on the kitchen cabinets. Swinging the small doors open, he grabs a bottle of afrin, closes them, and reaches for the handle of their mini fridge. Opening the door, he retrieves three bottles of *Pocari Sweat Sport drinks.*

It doesn't take long for Yuuji to make his way back to his room with the materials in hand. Before setting the bottle of afrin onto the small table next to Junpei's bed, Yuuji unscrews the lid and swallows down a few pills for himself, hoping that–by the time he finishes getting ready for the day–that his raging headache will be gone. He's gotten lucky a few times with making his raging headache dissolve into oblivion by just following his normal morning routine, and he hopes that this will be one of those times.

After swallowing the pills, Yuuji sets both the bottle of agrin and sports drinks next to their beds, just within reach of each other. He smiles to himself, glad that *he's* the one who gets to take care of his drunk friends for a change. Usually, when Yuuji and his group get absolutely

wasted, Yuuji's normally the one being taken care of by his roommate. He's just glad he gets to repay the favor.

As Yuuji travels around the room, attempting to get used to his surroundings after months of being locked away in a hospital room, he thinks back to the television screen that flashed before his eyes at the restaurant.

Another dead body.

Another victim added to *The Basher's* list.

And another reason for Yuuji to shake and tremble, remembering how the strange man's surly comments had made him oh so uncomfortable.

The college student had wanted to defend himself against the guy, maybe even threaten him a little, but if he so much had touched a hair on that guy, then he would've been reported to Mei-Mei. His boss–while nurturing and laid back–doesn't tolerate abuse towards customers. Her motto is that stereotypical ' *the customer is always right'* and every worker has to abide by that, meaning Yuuji just had to smile and man up.

But this? Having his skull absolutely demolished by what detectives suspected was a mallet? It's unbelievable, terrifying… *and exciting?*

That emotion confuses Yuuji quite a bit.

Why would he be excited over such a gruesome death?

Sure, he didn't like the man in the slightest and doesn't really feel the need to mourn over his death… *but excitement? Seriously?* What is he? A maniac with a taste for blood like his gruesome twin brother? *No fucking way.* But why else would he be smiling at the memory of hearing about the man's death? About how much the man must've suffered before he died? Or how the man deserved much worse for treating Yuuji like a fresh piece of meat?

…well damn.

Yuuji's finally lost it.

This is definitely Gojo and Getou's fault.

If they had never entered his life, then Yuuji wouldn't have to feel like his brain and heart are ripping apart at the seams.

After finally getting himself ready for the day, Yuuji ruffles a hand through his hair, making sure it looks scruffy and nice for the day, Yuuji unlocks the door out of his dorm, takes step outside to relish in the sweet taste of freedom–

And stops abruptly .

On the floor mat right outside his dorm room, sits a package.

Yuuji raises a brow and picks up the cardboard box, unsure as to why the box has *his* name on it when he never paid for anything online.

*And there's no name to help Yuuji find out **who** delivered the damn box in the first place.*

With a great deal of hesitance, Yuji brings the package inside the dorm and sets it down on the kitchen counter, his brown eyes surveying the box like it might *genuinely* bite him. Grabbing the spare pocket knife Junpei won at some festival, Yuuji tears open the box.

What he finds makes his heart drop.

Sitting in the package carefully wrapped in tissue paper are all of Yuuji's *get well soon* gifts he received while he was in the hospital.

Didn't Gojo bag all of this up during their second attempt at kidnapping him?

Before Yuuji can even throw the box away, his eyes catch on a slim piece of paper thrown on the top of the pile of gifts, familiar initials greeting Yuuji with a menacing sneer.

From G.S.

…how the hell did they find out his address?

Oh whatever, Yuuji shouldn't even bother with being surprised anymore. If these two are so set on kidnapping Yuuji to make them their *third,* then Yuuji should stop being all shocked and appalled by the measures they'll take to get what they want. They've already sent him to the hospital and attempted to drug him for fucks sake and now they have his address. They… they know where he lives…

What if they decide to take him away while he's sleeping here at night?...There's no way they'd actually do that, right? Not when Junpei sleeps in the same room as him, right? *Right?*

Maybe they'd do something sneaky like roofieing Junpei's drink so he's completely unresponsive, unable to see or witness the husbands break into their dorm, their calloused hands forcing Yuuji to do whatever they wanted. Yuuji would fight and scream the whole time, but no matter how hard he tries to plea with them they'd laugh and bully him, whispering terrible things like *no one's coming for you* and *you're ours now* and–

And holy shit.

Is Yuuji seriously getting aroused by this shit?

No fucking way.

Taking a deep breath, Yuuji flips the paper over and reads the words written on the back in beautiful handwriting.

"The flowers got ruined, but don't worry, we'll get you new ones~"

A blush rapidly spreads across Yuuji's cheeks.

In seconds, he's ripping the paper to shreds and walking out the door, determined to leave Gojo and Getou at the back of his mind.

For the most part, everything in Yuuji's life has stayed the same.

Study sessions with his small study group are still in session every Tuesday afternoon.

Nanami's history classes are incredibly hard to grasp.

Nobara and Maki still dance around each other like a flock of peacocks.

Megumi still invites Yuuji to walk around the park with his dogs.

And work– *well–*

"A buddy system?" Nishimiya repeats as if the three words were poison on her tongue.

Their boss nods her head, cold brown eyes staring down at all of her workers– including Yuuji, Nishimiya, and Ui-Ui. The blonde with pigtails looks seconds away from strangling their boss while Ui-Ui looks *moments* away from shoving a fist in her mouth for *daring* to question his older sister.

"A buddy system," Mei-Mei confirms with a smile. "With the serial killer still roaming around Tokyo, and in the wake of dear Yuuji getting jumped, I think it's clear to say that no one should leave work unless accompanied by your fellow co-workers. Nights in Tokyo are getting more dangerous by the day, I'd like to keep this place running until I can retire." The older lady flips her long white hair over her shoulder, her eyes lazily scanning over the crowd of employees. "No one will leave this place by themselves and that's final."

As Mei-Mei begins walking away, Nishimiya turns to yuuji–her face bright red in anguish. "Ugh! Can you believe this, Yuuji?! A buddy system? What are we–a group of six year olds at the pool? Ugh! It's sooo humiliating!" She complains noisily, her finger reaching up to play with the tight choker around her neck, the shimmery *KS* reflecting the neon lights dancing wildly along the nightclub. Then, boldly, she jams a finger in Yuuji's face with a grimace. "This is all *your* fault!"

EH ?!

Yuuji gapes at the blonde, completely baffled by her accusation, and quickly closes his mouth–not wanting to accidentally swallow a fly again (last time his lips were gaping open uselessly in surprise, Nobara had stuffed a fly down his throat…). " *My fault?!"* Yuuji repeats, brown eyes narrowing at the blonde. "I didn't *ask* to be jumped, Nishimiya!" he moves her finger away from his face and states firmly, "If you wanna blame someone, then blame the damn serial killer!"

She throws her hands up in exasperation at his reasonable defense, face still terribly flushed. “Fine! I’ll blame it on the fucking serial killer!” She relents, not sounding least bit pleased by the situation. “‘ *The Basher’* ...I’ll fuckin’ *bash* their heads in if they ever cross paths with me…”

Yuuji raises his brow, a giddy smile tugging up on his lips as he asks, “You? Bashing the serial killer’s head in? You’re more likely to get their order wrong than to actually throw hands with them!”

Nishimiya fumes at Yuuji’s teasing words. “You little shit! How *dare* you make fun of your superior!” She shouts while wacking Yuuji, but the younger bartender hardly feels a thing. He takes the hits in stride and erupts into a fit of laughter, further angering his older co-worker.

“Everyone!”

The group of mingling workers freeze up at the high pitched voice and turns to look at the owner, coming face-to-face with Ui-Ui’s small figure.

An annoyed grumble passes through the small crowd, but Ui-Ui doesn't address it.

“If, by chance, you clock out early and are unable to find a buddy to accompany you home, please inform me or our boss! We will personally see to it that you guys get home safely!” he explains with a clap of his hands.

While many spoke their thanks to the younger boy and their boss, Yuuji and Nishimiya are left to stare at the young bartender in confusion, unsure as to where his sudden *thoughtfulness*

came from. Is this kid being bribed by his older sister to say these words to them in such a polite fashion?

"*... Is this Ui-Ui's doppelganger?"* Nishimiya whispers in Yuuji's ear.

"I have no idea…but that'd explain a lot–"

"You talkin' shit, *Itadori?"*

Yuuji and Nishimiya jolt, caught red handed by none other than the demon reincarnate himself– *Ui-ui.*

"O-Of course not! We were just talking about how sweet you two are for offering to take us home!" Yuuji blatantly lies while sweating bullets with Nishimiya nodding her head repeatedly to whatever the hell is spilling from his lips.

Ui-Ui gives them both an unimpressed look, not convinced by Yuuji's lie, and fixes the pink haired bartender with a glare. "You might've gotten my older sister's sympathies for getting hurt, but don't you dare think for a second that I will give you the same treatment!"

"...Yes sir…"

"Hmph!"

The younger bartender begins walking away, finally leaving Yuuji and Nishimiya to gossip.

“He’s such a little shit…”

“Right? And I'm always nice to him and–no matter what I say or do–I somehow get on his nerves!”

“He’s probably jealous of how cool and awesome we are.”

“Literally,” Yuuji agrees with a confident nod of his head. Why else would two hot older men try to kidnap him if it isn’t because Yuuji’s cool as shit? It basically just knits everything together, explaining the travesties Yuuji had to go through. Only cool people get traumatized beyond an inch of their life, and Ui-Ui was just jealous because he isn’t batshit crazy like Yuuji and Nishimiya.

Problem solved.

“Oi! Stop chit-chattin’ and tend to the people at the bar you two!” A co-worker shouts in frustration while pointing towards the bar full of irritated patrons, waiting to be served by their cool, suave bartenders.

Yuuji and Nishimiya give their co-worker a thumbs up. “Sir yes sir!” They shout in unison before clambering over to the bar area as if they didn’t just make their dear customers wait thirty minutes for their alcoholic beverages.

When they reach the bar, the two workers are instantly shot with a thousand glares.

While Nishimiya pretends their glares don't bother her, Yuuji can't help but bow in apology to every person he serves.

It's going to be a very long night…

"A buddy system? *Seriously?"* Mai repeats mockingly before downing her shot glass, her eyes trained on Nishimiya rather than Yuuji, giving the pink haired bartender time to survey his surroundings without being dragged into a conversation.

Mai isn't the only one who's visiting Yuuji and Nishimiya tonight; accompanying the Zenin is none other than Mechamaru, Miwa, Kamo, and Todo–every one of them have drinks in hand, made by yours truly, *yuuji,* while Nishimiya rants to them about their new work policy.

The buddy system.

“I Know! It’s just so insulting!” Nishimiya whines to her friend, her hand reaching out to take Mai’s empty shot glass from her. “We’re grown adults who can *all* take care of themselves–well, i can't say the same for Itadori–”

“Hey! I was caught off guard, Nishimiya!!!” Yuuji is promptly ignored to his irritation.

“But still! It’s just childish and stupid…”

“I don’t know, Nishimiya, I think it’s a good idea!” Miwa interrupts the blonde’s spiel with a raised shot glass. “I mean…think about it! There’s a lot of sketchy people roaming around tokyo this time at night and *The Basher* has been racking up an insane number of victims lately.”

“Well yeah, *but–”*

“And wasn’t a victim of the basher found next to this night club? I’m surprised you guys weren’t doing the damn buddy system from the start,” Mechamaru pipes in, instantly taking his girlfriend’s side.

“I mean, you have a point–”

“I’m disappointed it’s taken this long for this establishment to recognize the importance of walking together in groups at night. It's common courtesy to travel with a companion at the dead of night regardless if a serial killer is on the loose, Nishimiya,” Kamo adds with a scowl.

“UGHH!!! STOP BEING REASONABLE AND JUST LET ME VENT FOR FUCKS SAKE!!!” Nishimiya screams, her voice almost carrying over the loud music of the night club. “I’M NOT FRIENDS WITH ANYONE HERE ASIDE FROM YUUJI AND THERE’S NO WAY IN HELL I'M GONNA WALK HOME WITH HIM!!!”

Yuuji perks up, suddenly drawn into the conversation at his seniors' hurtful words.

“EH?! Why not?! I can protect you!” Yuuji exclaims at the same time Todo slams his fists on the counter, rattling every glass in its vicinity.

“You ungrateful witch!” Todo shouts, his face red and flushed from the amount of drinks he’s had. “Do you have any idea how much of an honor it is to be protected by my dear brother Yuuji?! He’s the perfect body guard, an all powerful judo master who won first place in our middle school tournament!”

A bead of sweat rolls down Yuuji’s forehead at the complete nonsense spilling from his friends lips.

“...That never happened, Todo–” alas, Yuuji is interrupted by the very same man who’s scolding Nishimiya, their faces a mere centimeters apart.

“He is a wonderful companion, a young man who has fought tooth and nail to get to where he is now, and you dare insult him by refusing to let him walk you home?!”

Nishimiya squints her eyes at Todo and leans away from his face whilst picking up Todo’s scattered empty bottles of alcohol. “Why would I want to walk home with someone who’s already been jumped and sent to the hospital? That’s like trusting a shrimp to lift a dumbbell with one hand!”

Yuuji stops Nishimiya and takes the empty bottles from her arms, his brown eyes glaring down at her as he states firmly, “For the last time, Nishimiya, they caught me off guard–”

“Yeah, you keep saying that, but you never elaborate! You haven’t told anyone what actually happened that night you were closing the bar by yourself, so what else am i supposed to think?!”

“You wouldn’t believe me if i told you, Nishimiya!”

Nishimiya’s glare hardens. In one single step, she presses herself up against the empty bottles in Yuuji’s arms, dark blue eyes piercing holes into Yuuji’s head.

“Bullshit!” she exclaims with frustration. “The only reason you haven’t told anyone what truly happened to you is because you personally *know* the people who sent you to the hospital!”

Yuuji freezes up, his heart dropping to his stomach as the realization sets in.

She knows.

Aside from Sukuna, she’s the only one who knows.

…no way…

A sliver of hope rises in his chest and he has to do everything in his power to keep the smile off his face.

"...Who do you think did it?"

Her eyes narrow even further, fists clenched tightly at her sides as she sneers into his ear, " *the two bastards who can't keep their noses out of your business–the ones Mei-Mei is covering up for."*

Yuuji's eyes widen–not at the fact that Nishimiya, without a doubt, knows the culprits behind his injuries–but that *Mei-Mei had deliberately covered up Gojo and Getou's tracks.*

"...Did…Did she–"

Nishimiya nods her head, interrupting Yuuji's thoughts. "I overheard her talking to someone on the phone in the hospital about having someone mess with the security footage so Gojo and Getou wouldn't get in trouble…" she explains with a face of utter despair. "This damn *buddy system* is nothing but a facade to keep face–in reality, Mei doesn't give two shits about us as long as we're putting money in her pockets."

Yuuji stares open mouthed at Nishimiya, the information slowly sinking into his brain, tearing each brain cell apart, and causing a terrible feeling to rise up in his chest.

Mei-Mei knew what was gonna happen the night she agreed to let Gojo and Getou close up with him.

She tied off loose ends for them, helped the two bastards appear innocent in the public eye.

Enforced a dumb rule to make her workers believe that she cares about their well being when, in truth, she wouldn't hesitate to ship off her own employees if it meant earning a bit of extra cash.

With the confession having left her lips, Nishimiya pushes Yuuji towards the sink, whispering a short, nearly incoherent apology, before going back to rant profusely to her group of friends, leaving Yuuji to his thoughts.

He’s speechless.

Completely, utterly, dumbfounded.

His entire being is becoming nothing but an empty vessel with raging emotions, some screaming at him to scream and shout while the other half is begging him to leave, to be the bigger person and do his damn job. He just needs to put his nose down, pretend that everything is fine. He needs to ignore the angry twitches in his muscles and wash the damn bottles. He needs to get back to work, to clear his mind, to go back to acting like everything is fine when, in fact, everything is *not fine, everything is falling apart, people that he thought he could trust were turning against him, and he couldn’t take it anymore. They never treated Yuuji this bad back at the commune, they were all so sweet and caring and worshiped the ground he walked on, and everyone here in tokyo were a bunch of heartless, sinful, bastards who couldn’t even catch a damn serial killer waving AROUND A FUCKING MAGGOT!!!--*

“ *Hey! Are you serious about this? what if she finds out?”*

“C'mon man, she’s already drunk as fuck! There’s no way she’ll be able to tell the difference…”

“You better be right man…if i have to go home with blue balls then I’m keying your fucking car.”

“Oi! Don’t even joke like that! My baby blue is still brand new!”

“Yeah, whatever, just put the damn tablet in.”

Carelessly dropping the empty bottles in the sink (he vaguely hears some of them crack and shatter), Yuuji turns his gaze towards a couple of guys at the bar, both of them close together with their hands fumbling with a small packet.

A small tablet falls out onto their hands, igniting a dangerous spark inside Yuuji.

The bartender watches in horror, rage, *terror* as the two guys reach for the drink left by a young girl who had apparently left to use the restroom.

“Three Kamikazes gentlemen. I hope you enjoy!”

Getou’s excited sultry voice echoes in Yuuji’s head as he watches the two guys with bated breath.

“I’m sure I will, Getou-san.”

Yuuji’s own voice echoes back, excited and greedy for Getous drink as the strangers begin to shake the drink up, preparing it for the drug.

“Trust me, you will Yuuji~”

Getou’s voice sings back, evil and possessive as he slurs Yuuji’s name, an all consuming anger building up inside Yuuji’s bones as he stares and stares, eyes bulging out of his sockets, teeth grinding together, fists breaking and shattering any bottle left in his hands–

Gojo smiles.

“BOTTOMS UP!!!”

In a matter of seconds, Yuuji is flying across the bar and slamming his fist into one of the crooks’ jaws.

Blood is rushing through his head, silencing the screams and shouts erupting around him as Yuuji puts all his might into beating the fuck out of the snobs.

With his foot planted on of the guy’s throat, he begins clambering down on his jaw, knocking his head from left to right, blood splattering in all directions, a satisfying burn erupting through his knuckles as he imagine’s Getou’s face staring up at him, gaping uselessly as blood drips from his lips.

Something sharp cracks over Yuui’s head, hardly making the rampaging bartender wince in pain. Whipping his head around, He comes face to face with the man’s companion, his expression full of terror as Yuuji leaves the bloody mess of meat on the floor in exchange for taking a step towards the cowering creep.

Yuuji crowds him up against the bar, his fists bloody and skin broken, and he glares at the man– *no–boy* standing before him, a trickle of blood dripping into his eye from the bottle the man had shattered over Yuuji’s head. He takes the man by the neck with two hands, gripping tightly, relishing in the pained gasps *Gojo* makes beneath his hands. He squeezes, he tightens, and laughs, and clamps his palms down harder around their fragile neck, wanting to convey every ache Yuuji himself had to experience by Gojo’s hands–

Pain erupts from Yuuji's ribs, a strangled cry instantly leaving his lips.

And, just like that, the bartender snaps out of feral trance

Yuuji releases the scum and topples over onto the ground, his arms caressing the spot he had been kicked… *punched?* There's truly no telling, but it hurts like hell!

Looking up, Yuuji finds himself looking at a crowd of terrified guests, all of whom are inching away from Yuuji in fear.

The music in the nightclub stopped. The dancing stopped. The joyful atmosphere stopped. Yuuji's burning hatred stopped.

And all that's left is an empty abyss, uncertainty riddling every expression Yuuji comes across.

Todo stands over him, his eyebrows knit with sympathy, and he crouches down to Yuuji's eye-level, his frown curling downwards. The muscular man grabs Yuuji's bruised, bloody knuckles, and clasps them tightly between his huge hands, calloused palms rubbing soothing circles against Yuuji's tattered skin. Yuuji's breathing slows down, his heart no longer beating out of his chest, and slowly, but surely, realization hits Yuuji like a freight train.

Yuuji started a bar fight.

Yuuji, a bartender, started a fight over a spiked drink.

He could've just reported them to the security guards and let them handle it…but he allowed anger to control his every action.

He's never like this…his self control is usually outstanding in the face of patrons and sleazy bastards, so what was so different about this one?

Maybe it was because Yuuji saw a flash of Gojo in the way the man was giddy about spiking an innocent girl's drink?

Or was it because his companion looks so much like Getou when he threatened to key the guy's car if their plan failed?

He doesn't know.

But Yuuji hates how much he's allowing these two men to completely ruin his life without lifting a finger.

"Are you back, brother?" Todo asks, his face so close to Yuuji's that the bartender has to reel back, too disturbed by the smell of alcohol that hits his nose. Yuuji nods, his brown eyes meeting dark worries hues. Todo's expression hardens as he continues to talk, his words almost slurring, but coherent for Yuuji's ears. "You were trying to do a good thing, right? You wouldn't do this for the hell of it as much as it pains me to admit."

"They–" *ah, his voice is back.* "They were trying to spike her drink. I stopped them."

Todo smiles and nods. “You did, yes…but that's not what it looked like to outsiders.”

“...I know…”

As if on cue, Mei-Mei appears with Ui-Ui on her arm, looking over the commotion that was caused by their own bartender.

The white haired lady approaches Yuuji, her head tilting in a mocking manner as she says, “A bar fight over a spiked drink? I’m ashamed, Yuuji.”

The bloody bartender grinds his teeth, doing everything in his power not to strangle the disgusting woman before him. The lady smiling at him with an evil glint in her eyes is just like Getou and Gojo–uncaring of what they have to do to get what they want. For the husbands, they want Yuuji, and for Mei-mei, she wants money. How can such despicable people exist in such a world? Tokyo was supposed to be a fresh start for Yuuji, a new slate, but it's hell. *Everything is hell.* Yuuji’s commune was hell, his mother’s cruel punishments was hell, and Tokyo was hell.

No matter where Yuuji went, hell followed, laughing at the man for attempting to escape them with sharp teeth and long dangerous claws.

And, when Mei-Mei opens her mouth, all he can see is razor sharp teeth begging to sink into Yuuji’s flesh for a couple of dollar signs.

“ *You’re fired* .”

Yuuji *smiles.*

"Nishimiya."

The blonde girl stammers forward, her face terribly pale as she gazes down at Yuuji's form. She's trembling, the shot glass in her hand nearly slipping through her fingers as she stutters out "Y-Yeah?"

"I'll walk you home after this, just as your *dear boss* would've wanted."

Mei-Mei's smile hardens once the words sink in.

Without much preamble, Yuuji dusts himself off and stands up, instantly making a beeline for the exit.

However, before leaving, Yuuji turns around and waves joyfully at the baffled drunk patrons.

"Also Mei-Mei has sex with her little brother Ui-Ui who's not even old enough to be working here! Byeeeee!"

And, just like that, Yuuji leaves a crowd of disgusted dancers for his ex-boss to deal with.

When Yuuji gets home after dropping Nishimiya off at her dorm, the boy finds a bouquet of nicely wrapped flowers sitting outside his door.

With his fingers still covered in dried blood, Yuuji picks up the bouquet of Pink Camellias. There's a small note attached to the bundle of flowers, but Yuuji doesn't bother checking it. Instead, he brings the flowers to his nose and inhales deeply, taking in the sweet aroma after a long day of smelling nothing but smoke, alcohol, sweat, and blood.

His shoulders tremble at the mere thought of himself taking comfort in this dangerous gift. He should throw the gift away, slam it on the floor and squish it with the ball of his foot, but he holds tightly onto the bouquet, tears slowly trailing down his face as he hiccups into the sweet aroma. He lets the petals catch his tears, hides his trembling lips behind a plastic covering, and wonders–briefly–if he's officially hit rock bottom.

"Yuuji Itadori–Me and Satoru would be honored to have you as our third."

For a moment, barely even a second, Yuuji allows himself to imagine what it would be like to give into his darkest thoughts and feelings and allows himself to be swept away by Gojo and Getou.

They’re always so considerate of each other and Yuuji doesn’t have a doubt in his mind that the same amount of consideration would pass on to Yuuji. The young college student could wake up everyday smothered in between their warm embraces, strong arms wrapped tightly around his waist and hips as they beg him to go back to sleep. The soft meaningful kisses they share will be given to Yuuji as well, welcoming the young man into their magical world of love. Yuuji could see himself making them breakfast with Gojo hanging off his back, repeatedly asking Yuuji when the food would be ready, and–for dinner–Getou and Gojo would wait patiently in the dining room, offering to help set up the table which Yuuji would rightfully refuse, intent on taking care o the men the same way they’ve taken care of him.

And, as soon as the fantasy began, it dispersed, bringing Yuuji back to reality.

He opens his eyes, takes a deep breath, and unlocks the door to his dorm, silently hoping he has an empty vase to put the flowers in.

“Thank you…for the flowers, *Getou.”*

Across from Yuuji sits his own personal demon, his sultry words of sports science for once floating over the student's head. For almost an hour, the two of them pretended that they were simply teacher and student–with Getou tutoring his *favorite student* while Yuuji took advantage of the opportunity he was given. They talked, continuing to pretend that neither of them had any ill intention with the other. The older man appeared laid back in Yuuji's eyes, his perfect facade nearly uncrackable,but all it took was one look at the bandage around Getou's neck to show Yuuji that everything was an act.

But, while Getou might be ok with acting like he didn't attempt to kidnap Yuuji twice, Yuuji wasn't.

Getou looks up, his long hair nearly obscuring his face, but not hiding his satisfying smile that goes from ear to ear.

"I'm glad you enjoy them," Getou sighs, finally setting down his pencil, facade crumbling down with a single sentence.

Their lesson is over.

And a new one begins–one only the two of them are privy to.

Yuuji sets down his pencil as well and leans back in his seat, still very wary about closing the distance between the two of them. It's for the best, especially in Yuuji's case since Getou is very prone to attacking him like his husband is.

The college student rubs over his bruised knuckles, his eyes never straying from his own hands as words leave his lips, exhaustion dripping heavily in his voice. "I got fired from my job yesterday so…they were a nice surprise when I got home," Yuuji admits sheepishly, refusing to meet Getou's gaze. "I don't know how you got my address or you have the damn

key to my dorm…but please, don’t try anything like that again please. No more gifts. No more notes. No more packages.”

I don’t want anyone to know that you two are in love with me.

Somehow, even without looking up from his hands, Yuuji knows the smile on Getou’s face grew in size.

“Oh? How cute…you think you actually have control over us and what we decide to do~” Getou purrs, all mocking and teasing, cutting deep into Yuuji’s exposed heart. “I don’t know how things worked in that little cult of yours, but you don’t have any power in this situation, so just accept our considerate gifts and move on with your life.”

Yuuji’s eyes fly open at the mention of his commune and he’s almost tempted to lift his gaze, to gouge Getou’s eyes out with his fingernails and demand him to take back his words.

Instead, Yuuji stays put, his eyes hardening as he keeps picking at the scabs on his knuckles.

“Don’t bring up shit you have no interest in learning more about.”

“I'm sorry, does it hurt your feelings?” Despite his words, Getou's tone is anything but caring. It;s full of malice and amusement, reminding Yuuji too much of his own twin brother.

“...”

“Ugh, you’re being so bossy today…But *I suppose* we could stop dropping by your dorm…” Getou mumbles, seeming to finally take pity on Yuuji. “But I must say, your room is a complete mess! I almost had an aneurysm when I walked in and almost stepped in a bowl of half eaten ramen…”

Again, Yuuji fights to keep his gaze from straying from his own hands.

It doesn’t matter that Gojo and Getou know his address.

It doesn’t matter that they spend gifts on him.

It doesn't matter that they’ve *actually broken into* his dorm without his consent.

None of it matter because this is *Gojo and Getou*– two individuals who don’t give a flying fuck about good morals.

And, even though Yuuji tells himself these words, chants them like a mantra in his head, he still finds himself flushing in embarrassment that Getou and Gojo witnessed how messy his room is.

“I–I keep forgetting to clean up, ok? I’ve barely been in my dorm for a week and–before I was admitted into the hospital–my room was complete shit. I’ll clean it up today since you two have no idea what personal space is…”

“How wonderful!” the man exclaims with a clap of his hands, probably still wearing that dumb smile on his face. “So, as long as you keep your room nice and tidy, me and Satoru won’t visit your dorm–my, this is the *second* agreement we’ve come to! Isn’t that exciting?”

“Not really.”

“Wonderful! And what about money?”

Finally, *finally,* Yuuji throws in the white flag and looks up completely confused, meeting Getou’s gaze with his own.

“Money? What about it?”

“Well you got fired and now you don’t have a source of income for groceries, new clothes, drinks, and whatever *fun things* college kids buy,” Getou explains, his dark eyes glinting with something mischievous and sinister. “And you don’t seem like the type to want to bother your poor brothers for money…so that leaves you completely broke, yes?”

Yuuji’s face reddens in shame. He should’ve known that Getou would want to bring out something like that–for fucks sake, he mentioned Yuuji’s damn cult without being prompted! Why *wouldn’t* he mention Yuuji’s financial situation? If anything, Yuuji’s surprised he didn’t bring him up sooner.

The pouty college student turns his face away from Getou and crosses his arms in front of his chest, back to denying the man eye-contact.

"...I'm not *completely* broke…"

When Getou chuckles, Yuuji can't help but raise his shoulders to his ears, unusually unconscious about his… *financial situation.* Yuuji never had to worry about anything like this when he was in Sendai– everyone shared everything and everything. They learned about currency and all that shit, but to actually have it is one thing. Yuuji's job at *Kinko-Shitsu* was one of many miracles and now he has to go out job hunting again, and on top of all that, Yuuji still has a lot of work to catch up on…

"How about you become my TA for the time being?"

Yuuji whips his head back around to face Getou. He's heard the word *TA* thrown around here and there at the college, but he doesn't actually know what one is.

"A *TA?"*

Thankfully, this time, Getou doesn't laugh at his confusion. Instead, he smiles fondly and spells everything out for him, not seeming the tiniest bit annoyed by Yuuji's cluelessness.

"Yes, or a *teacher's assistant.* It's an easy job, I assure you; all you have to do is help me grade papers, organize my folders, and pick up tests and assignments my students do during class."

"And…how much will I be getting paid?"

"Well that depends."

“Depends on what?”

“On how much you *want* to be paid.”

Yuuji’s eyebrows shoot to his head, baffled by the insinuation.

“Are you–are you saying I get to pick how much I get paid?”

And– *and Getou has the audacity to smirk.*

“Of course, dear. Just pick the price and it's yours.”

Yuuji screws up his face for a second, truly contemplating if he should even take Getou up on his offer. Yuuji has enough money saved up from his job to last him maybe a month, but–after that–he’ll be scrambling for yen and anything he can get his grubby hands on. And, if Getou is serious about Yuuji choosing how much he gets paid, then Yuuji could enact a petty sort of revenge by making him bankrupt…ah, but that would never happen so long as Getou is married to Gojo–That man is *crazy* rich afterall.

And, if Yuuji *does* agree to be his TA, then Getou will have even more power over him. Their teacher-student relationship has already crossed so many professional lines, so many borders, and–if Yuuji’s being completely honest with himself–this isn’t even a teacher-student relationship anymore. It’s just cat and mouse. Predator and prey. With being Getou’s TA, there will be–without a doubt–more attempts on kidnapping Yuuji. The college student got lucky those two times they tried anything on him, and he isn’t in the mood to figure out if pushing his luck by being around his own demon will be his own downfall or his savior.

Yuuji doesn’t need Getou’s money.

He doesn’t need the man’s help.

He doesn't need *anything* from the cynical man before him.

The college student smirks, his embarrassed flush having long disappeared into the mist, and he fixes his gaze on Getou’s amused face.

“Forget it, Getou. I’ll find a job on my own.”

Getou’s eyes harden at Yuuji’s response, apparently he hadn't expected such a response.

“Oh? But Yuuji–”

“You’re a complete imbecile if you think I'm gonna let you have more power over me than you already have,” Yuuji interrupts, leaning forward in his chair to get in Getou’s personal space, merely just a breaths apart. “I’m a *big boy* , *professor*– i’ll figure something out,” he whispers into the small space between them, simply letting his words sink into Getou’s brain, taking the time to trail his eyes over the lines beneath his professors eyes, the beautiful point of his nose, and those lips–those lips Yuuji can still feel against his own, possessive and yearning–

Calloused fingers brush lightly against the bruised handprint onYuuji's neck, making the young man's breath hitch.

Getou stares right into Yuuji's eyes, his gaze impossibly dark and consuming. A shiver runs down Yuuij's spine as he *allows* the man to run his hand across the dark purple skin, a thoughtful expression taking place on his handsome face. There's a slight ache that follows the pad of his fingers, one fleeting and reminiscent of Gojo's relentless grip, and Yuuji's slightly mortified at the feeling of arousal bubbling up unpleasantly in his gut.

"And where else will you go, Yuuji? You only got that job as a bartender because Chousou knew the owner. You're an outsider, one who's still trying to find their place in the big city. Do you really think it's wise to refuse my generous offer after everything I've done for you?" Then, in one move, Getou wraps his entire hand around Yuuji's neck, covering up the handprint with his own, and–

And a groan leaves Yuuji's lips, completely involuntary, mind you.

The smirk on Getou's face curls as he applies more pressure, seeming to test the limits of how much he can get away with, *and Yuuji can't help but relish in this powerless feeling.* He arches up in his seat, a wanton gasp escaping Yuuji's glossed lips as he leans in closer to Getou, nearly brushing their mouths together in a sensual kiss– *but Getou leans back,* just *barely* out of reach, and the distance is simply agonizing.

With Getou's hand still wrapped firmly around Yuuji's neck, the young man brings his hands up and wraps them around Getou's wrist in a mock attempt at getting him to release him.

And he tightens his grip, a mix of pain and pleasure shooting up Yuuji's spine.

He can slowly feel his groin awakening from its slumber, pushing against the confines of his pants. Yuuji's lips are left agape, panting, nearly *drooling* by Getou's hand–

Nails begin to dig into the fair skin, finally snapping Yuuji out of his horny trance.

With bloodshot eyes, Yuuji slams his foot against the leg of Getou's chair and *pulls.*

Yuuji thankfully takes the professor by surprise; one second he's being slightly choked by the other man and the next his throat is free. Yuuji doesn't even care that he topples backwards in his chair and falls to the ground, embarrassment having not yet entered his body. A rippling cough sharks through his throat, falling from his lips in an unpleasant way. Yuuji can't help but gape at the ceiling of the classroom, completely baffled by the fact that he *allowed Getou to choke him.*

And He was getting ***aroused by it!***

Hell, even now, as Yuuji stares dumbly up at the ceiling, he can feel his erection throbbing in his pants.

Now the embarrassment sets in–not because he let his professor, his attempted kidnapper *choke him,* but because now he has a raging boner he needs to take care of.

In his peripheral vision, Yuuji sees Getou getting out of his chair, rounding the desk to finish the job–

And Yuuji jumps to his feet, grabs his backpack in one fluent motion, and runs out of the classroom with his heart and boner intact.

When Yuuji and his group of friends were creating their study group, the first thing they did was make a set of rules:

Number 1- Turn off all phones and devices that might distract them.

Number 2- Stay on topic. Don't talk about anything that has nothing to do with your homework.

Number 3- Don't cause any unnecessary conversations.

Number 4- Only bring Water and healthy snacks.

Number 5- Don't cause a damn ruckus.

All of these rules were made by Nobara and Megumi since Yuuji didn't know the first thing about being in a study group, so he accepted the terms with no complaint.

However, today–when he walks into Nobara's dorm where their study group takes place–he finds everyone throwing caution to the wind. None of them seem to be doing homework and instead are hyper fixated on whatever is on Maki's computer screen.

"Um…guys–?"

"MAKI STOP REPEATEDLY TYPING HIS NAME!!! YOUR GONNA BE PUT ON A WATCHLIST!!!" Nobara screams from her spot beside Maki, trying and failing to get the object of her affections to stop typing.

"It's all worth it, so long as the bastard ends up on a watchlist," Maki counters with ease, her fingers clacking noisily on the keyboard.

From behind Maki, Megumi stands, looming over his cousin as he glares at the screen before him. "You should add a couple more for good measure."

"Good idea."

" *WE'RE ALL GONNA GO TO JAIL!!!"* Nobara cries out, her body flopping uselessly against Maki as she continues her quest on..typing whatever on the computer.

Confused out of his mind, Yuuji approaches Yuuta and Inumaki from the less chaotic side of the table. They both wave at Yuuji with unimpressed smiles, beads of sweat rolling down Yuuta's brow as Inumaki continues to snack on his onigiri.

"The hell did i just walk in on?" Yuuji asks, pointing a thumb in Maki's, Nobara's, and Megumi's direction. His two seniors heave out a tired sigh, their exhaustion evident in the creases beneath their eyes.

"Maki found a website online where people request *the basher* to go after certain people," Yuuta explains sheepishly, not sounding the least bit impressed by the words leaving his own lips. "She's been typing in *Naoya Zenin's* name for the last hour."

A terrifying chill runs down Yuuji's spine at the explanation, not expecting some sort of *dark web* Fiasco to be going down in the heart of Nobara's dorm. "Like–Like a hitlist?" Yuuji mumbles, still unnerved by the idea of such a thing existing in the first place.

And, if that isn't bad enough, Inumaki basically confirms his fears by throwing Yuuji an innocent thumbs up.

"Like a hitlist," Yuuta says as well while reaching for a bite of Inumaki's onigiri. "Maki claims it's legit since she put her uncle's name down last week and they showed up dead."

"Eh? Seriously? No way…" Yuuji mumbles, his eyes straying from Yuuta to the Zenin clicking away at the computer, determination flowing out of her tsunamis. "What's their name? What'd they look like?" Yuuji asks as he takes a seat next to the two spectators.

Yuuta hums, seemingly in thought, before he perks up with bright eyes. “Ah–I think it was Naobito Zenin? And, as for appearances, he wasn’t much–” Yuuta pulls out his phone and taps on the screen. A few moments of anticipated silence stretches between them before Yuuta flips the phone around for Yuuji to see. “He’s pretty old, so he would’ve kicked the bucket soon regardless if a serial killer went after him.”

“Eh? Yuuta, you shouldn’t say–” and Yuuji’s words are suddenly caught in his throat at the image that stares back at him.

On the phone, the victim of *the basher’s* is the man who flirted with Yuuji at the nightclub.

The same guy Gojo and Geto were so pissed about…

Yuuji doesn’t know how long he stares at the photo before him, but apparently it was for an unhealthy amount of time since Yuuta begins shaking his shoulder, trying to break him out of his trance. “Hey, Yuuji? You good? You’re as pale as a ghost–”

“Ah, Yuuji, there you are! Why are you late?” interrupting Yuuta’s words of concern is none other than Megumi.

Yuuji finally snaps out of his own dark thoughts and laughs sheepishly, scratching the back of his neck as he answers with a simple, “Of you know, just traffic.”

Totally wasn’t because Yuuji was rubbing one off to his own professor because he almost choked him–

Megumi moves away from Maki and takes an empty spot next to Yuuji; upon finally sitting down, Megumi releases an exhausted huff of air before turning to Yuuji, his face twisted and red like he ate something sour.

"Is…Is your offer still like…a thing?"

Yuuji's mind blanks for a second at his friend's words.

Offer? What on eart–?

Oh! Right–the offer Yuuji made to Megumi when they were at the hospital: going to dinner with Megumi so his friend's guardians will stop ragging' on him!

Yuuji smiles at Megumi and pats his friend on the shoulder. "Of course!" Yuuji confirms. "Since i'm not working anymore, i'll be free whenever, so just give me a time and place and ill be there!"

The blush on Megumi's cheeks stays on his face as he nods back, a small smile slowly spreading across Megumi's lips. "Ok, yeah, good…I'll let them know then."

"Is there anything I should know before I meet your guardians?" Yuuji decides to ask for the hell of it; he's met parents before and knows how to charm them, so–if he gets some feedback about them beforehand–then Yuuji can impress them!

Megumi's face then scrunches up in disgust like Yuuji had insulted and wished death upon both of his dogs.

“They’re imbeciles.”

A bead of sweat rolls down Yuuji’s head, silently sympathetic towards whoever had the misfortune of raising megumi…

…well then…

It was supposed to be a nice relaxing day for Yuuji.

He didn’t have any classes that day and–with his ass fired and all that–he’s been less busy. The stress that used to darken the circles under his brown eyes have lessened, the wrinkles in his clothes are becoming less evident, and his eyes have regained their shine.

The plan was a simple one–a plan not even someone like Yuuji could mess up.

Go to the campus's cafe.

Pick him and Junpei up some coffee.

Go back to his dorm and watch whatever movie he can get his hands on.

Easy and simple, right?

Yeah?

Well, Yuuji forgot about the fact that he's basically a trouble-magnet so, imagine his *surprise,* when he's in line at the coffee shop and he hears a beautiful, joyful, *sinister* voice from right behind his ear.

"Hey Yuujiiii! Heard ya got fired!" *A stranger* exclaims a bit too loudly, his muscular arms wrapping tightly around Yuuji's frame. The college student flinches hard upon the sudden contact and internally swears to himself once the voice fully registers into his head.

"What are you doing here, Gojo?!" Yuuji squawks out, still very much trapped within the tall man's embrace. However, after seeing the strange looks many people were giving them, Yuuji clamps his mouth shut and silently wishes for Gojo to release him. "S-Surely a cup of coffee from a college campus isn't what brought you here…right?"

As the line gets shorter and shorter, Gojo urges Yuuji to walk forward by nudging the back of the younger's knees, still refusing to let him go. "What? You don't think I enjoy this tra–I mean, lovely *grains of coffee?"* Gojo sings pleasantly, hardly covering up his poor choice of

words, allowing Yuuji to see right through his intentions. “Everything here is just so–so *homey* and *welcoming* !”

Yuuji grimaces at the over-the-top fakeness in Gojo’s voice and sighs heavily, taking another step towards the counter.

“I thought you were a better actor than this, Gojo?” Yuuji heaves out teasingly, a small jab towards the trickery Gojo had bestowed upon him at *Kino-Shitsu.* “You finally losing your touch? Old age getting to you?” He adds for good measure, curious as to what Gojo would do to him, a crowd of people, out in the open for everyone to see.

Thanks to Gojo’s devilishly good looks, fellow college students were already looking their way, whispering behind open hands and interested eyes. Gojo’s a ray of light within a swarm of deprived moths; Even though Yuuji has yet to actually see the man's face or appearance, he can already deduce that the man is dressed like a man on a mission–maybe someone remisint of james bond with his dark tinted glasses and superior-like behavior, attracting attention like a peacock flocking their feathers.

And here he is, clinging onto Yuuji like an overbearing girlfriend.

Instead of getting upset, Gojo shamelessly laughs into Yuuji’s pink tufts of hair, not a single ounce of space left between them. Yuuji’s shoulders bunch up nervously at the odd sensation of Gojo’s voice being muffled by his hair but…it isn’t *unpleasant.*

“Old age? Seriously? My cheeky little boy, you’re getting bolder by the day!” Gojo mumbles into his hair, sending a jolt of arousal down Yuuji’s spine.

My cheeky little boy...

There's something so demeaning and hot about that–that *stupid* nickname. Yuuji is far from a *little boy*– He's muscular, fit, a decent height, and is packing a dick slightly above average length.

But, Yuuji supposes–compared to Gojo–He *is* a little boy…

"Next!"

Yuuji winces at the loud voice ahead of him and takes another step forward, *Gojo still hanging off of him like a winter coat,* and the student pretends not to notice the blatant stares of the Barista before him.

"I'll take two plain coffees–"

"And a Cafe latte with a cute little cat made out of milk foam!"

Both Yuuji and the barista look up at Gojo at his outrageous demand. What meets Yuuji is not only Gojo's handsome face, but mischievous features that bore down on the barista with confidence.

"I–A what?"

“Eh? You deaf? I said I want a cafe latte with a milk foam cat on top!” Gojo sneers with an annoyed look. “Surely you’re competent enough to brew that, yes?”

“Um yes! Of course, sir! I was just caught off guard–”

“Good, *wonderful* !” Gojo interrupts with a fake cheery voice. Then surprising Yuuji, Gojo slides his card over the counter for the barista to take. “So slide the card and *get to work.* ”

Chills crawl up Yuuji’s spine at Gojo’s demanding, disrespectful voice right next to his ear–the deep tone causing *sinful* thoughts to bubble up inside his head.

“Um, Gojo, you don’t–”

“I don’t *what* ? Have to pay? But dear, this is our *first date together!”*

Yuuji’s face flushes a dark red at Gojo’s words.

“D-Date?!”

“Y-You’re not his father?!”

This time, both Yuuji and Gojo send the barista judgy looks. Said worker instantly twists up their face and ducks down sheepishly, handing the card back.

“F-Father?! He looks nothing like me!” Yuuji protests immediately, his face pale in absolute disgust.

“Ah! I-I’m sorry, I shouldn't have assumed! It’s just–I heard him call you his *little boy* earlier so…”

And, just like before, Yuuji flushes from red to toe.

Gojo, on the other hand, has broken out of his state of repulsion and has instead taken to snickering at Yuuji’s reaction.

“...Gojo…You *little shit–!”* Before Yuuji can even get a sentence in, Gojo is pushing them both towards a table in the corner of the cafe, that sickening, handsome, *evil* smile still painted beautifully on his lips.

“Watch your language baby there’s people present. You wouldn’t want to make your *daddy* upset would you?” Gojo whispers sensually into Yuuji’s ear, turning the college student into an embarrassing puddle of horniness before abruptly pushing the young man into a chair, startling Yuuji half to death.

“ You–You’re not actually getting off to the idea of being my dad…are you…?” Yuuji asks as Gojo takes a seat right across from Yuuji, his cheshire-like smile still spread widely across his lips.

“Of course not!” The older man reassures with a laugh. “It’d be pretty creepy if i saw you as my kid while being attracted to you…but now that i think about it, all of my kids are about

your age, so i guess it wouldn't be *too* far fetched…"

Ah, so stalking Yuuji isn't considered creepy to him, but calling the object of his affections ***his kid*** *is? Make it make sense please.*

And then Yuuji pauses, Gojo's words finally processing through his pea-sized brain.

"Kids? *You have kids?!"* Yuuji almost screams, barely able to keep an inside voice with the questions spiraling in his head.

"Yup! All of them are adopted and recently started college, *just like you!"* Gojo answers, his smile turning genuine and soft. "A pair of twin girls and a pair of step-siblings–Suguru saved the twins from an abusive household and I took in the step-siblings when their dad went on a whole murder spree in Tokyo," He explains with a faraway look, his face twisting into something gentle as he reminisces. "Each and every one of them is a handful…but I suppose that's what's made us all *click* together as a family."

Yuuji's never seen Gojo's guard down before; the man before him always carries an aura of unbridling confidence and the only thing that slips off his tongue is nothing but witty remarks, but now–before his very eyes–Yuuji is seeing a completely new side of the older man he's never witnessed before. It's…charming as much as it is disorienting for Yuuji. For as long as Yuuji has known Gojo and his husband (Probably about four months, give or take…), he had never heard even a whisper of their *kids.* He can't even begin to imagine what they're like with the backgrounds they share and the witty *insane* men that came to raise them.

Do they share their fathers' possessiveness? Are they as obsessive as they are dangerous? Or are their masks just as well painted–making them appear normal and perfect in society's eye?

Or perhaps Yuuji is reading too much into this and Gojo and Getou were just normal fathers teaching their kids normal things?

Yuuji cringes at the thought, completely unable to see the two being anything even related to the word *normal.*

The only thing that leaves Yuuji's lips a soft laugh–not mocking or comical in any way–but something to match the unusually vulnerable atmosphere that surrounds both him and Gojo, the world around them simply disappearing into the background.

"They must've been pretty spoiled growing up, huh?" Yuuji teases lightly, nudging the man's foot under the table in a playful manner. "With the way you and Getou treat me, I can hardly imagine the kind of treatment you gave all of them growing up."

The smile on Gojo's face widens, his foot nudging Yuuji's back in jest. "Well what else am i supposed to do when four adorable kids fall at my feet just begging to be cared for?" Gojo teases back with a flip of his hand. "Spoiling them was a wonderful pastime for me and a horrible one for Suguru! While he tried disciplining them as best as he could, i always made sure to redo all of his hard work by treating them like little princesses and princes~"

A genuine slips past Yuuji's lips at the imagery in his head: A picture of Getou reprimanding a group of four kids while Gojo snuck them candies for their mischievous behavior.

"Poor Getou!" Yuuji heaves out with a bright grin ,his cheeks beginning to hurt from how hard he's smiling. "I hope they didn't grow up to be a bunch of moochers…"

Gojo's smile quickly morphs into a cute pout, his hand reaching out to lightly flick Yuuji's forehead as a playful form of discipline. "Oh Please! They're too hard headed to ask for anything above the bare minimum…Although I wish they'd ask me to spoil them more…" he whines pathetically, his finger continuously jabbing the center of Yuuji's head. "However, all of that is about to change!" He adds, his mood doing a complete one eighty.

"Oh? How so?" Yuuji asks, curiosity piqued.

"I *finally* got all of them to agree to eat dinner with me and Suguru Thursday night! Once they see how much they've missed my *wonderful* personality and my darling's cooking, they'll have no choice but to start coming to us for meals! We'll all be a nice happy family again~" Gojo exclaims cheerfully, *finally* taking his finger away from Yuuji's forehead. "Y'know, you should join us! I'd love to introduce you to my lovely troublemakers!" The older man suggests excitedly.

Yuuji jolts, flattered by the invitation, but…

The young college student ducks his head sheepishly and lightly taps Gojo's shoes with his own. "Ah, i won't be able to make it–i'm eating with my friend's family Thursday night and i promised him i'd make it," Yuuji mumbles, feeling a *slight* wave of disappointed sink deep into his heart–but no, he doesn't need to feel bad for turning down Gojo's invitation! He's a terrible man!

(A terrible man with kids Yuuji's age, apparently…)

Gojo's smile strains at the edges at Yuuji's words; the shoe Yuuji had been tapping lightly with his own, withdraws, leaving Yuuji feeling ashamed and lost in a way he didn't expect.

“Ditch it!” Gojo *demands* lightly, his hand reaching across the table to take Yuuji’s hand in his own, long fingers playing with the bandages wrapped securely around the younger man’s wrists. “I promise we’ll be much better company!”

Yuujis blushes with every swipe of Gojo’s finger, somehow still able to feel its warmth through the bandages, and he wonders–briefly–if his wrists are bruised in the same mark as his neck. Do they also carry Gojo’s touch? A haunting mark that sings of possession and danger? A beautiful sting that makes Yuuji ascend into heaven?

He quickly snatches his hand away from Gojo, not wanting to be swept up into another horny storm like the last time he was with Getou. He only has so much pride left in his body.

“I doubt it. *Megumi’s* family is supposed to be a bunch of riots!” Yuuji protests lightly.

And, with just two sentences, Gojo’s whole demeanor changes into something… *surprised?*

“Megumi?” Gojo repeats lightly, like he’s trying to put a puzzle together. “Megumi *Fushiguro?”*

Yuuji jolts in his seat, shocked that *Gojo* of all people knows Megumi.

“Yeah! That's him! How do you know him?”

Gojo’s smile goes from strained to *mischievous* in mere seconds.

“Oh, from a family friend!” The older man answers with an amused laugh. “I can’t believe someone like you is friends with Mr. Chemical romance…talk about opposites attract, amiright?!” He giggles, like he just told the funniest joke in the world.

Yuuji laughs nervously, unsure of how to respond to the man before him. The pink haired college student opens his mouth to talk back to the older man, but before he can even get a word out, Gojo is getting up from his seat, making the chair creak unusually loud against the cafe floor.

“You stay right here, Yuuji-kun! I’ll go get our drinks~”

“Huh? Are they ready?”

“Yep! So just wait here, yeah? And we’ll pick up where we left off!”

And, against his better judgment, Yuuji gives Gojo a thumbs up; his big brown eyes watching the older man go to the front counter, grabbing all of the drinks in his hands and almost spilling his own custom made latte over his pristine white button up shirt. Yuuji laughs at the clumsy display and feels his heart beat rapidly against his ribcage, momentarily letting their issues be pushed to the side to enjoy a cup of coffee with…

With who?

A friend?

A companion?

Who fucking knows.

All he knows is that whatever he's feeling towards Gojo is–without a doubt– *wrong.*

However, despite his logical side screaming at him to keep his guard up, Yuuji smiles up at Gojo and begins to open up about his own family: His twin brother Sukuna who's awfully prickly and his three step-brothers who are awfully overprotective of him, his soon-to-be sister in law who works at a Yakiniku joint in the rough side of tokyo, and his roommate Junpei who has a very shifty boyfriend.

And Gojo listens intently to every word that spills from Yuuji's lips, giving the younger man his full attention.

His heart begins to feel light, his body fuzzy with emotions he hasn't felt in ages.

(How can this be wrong if it feels oh so *right?*)

Ok.

Remember all the sweet, light, fuzzy *feelings* Yuuji felt when he was with Gojo at the cafe?

Well throw all that shit away.

Why?

Cause yuuji's been played for a god damn fool.

With Megumi by his side–looking as if he'd rather be anywhere else, the door to a lavious mansion seated on the outskirts of Tokyo, opens up, revealing two of Yuuji's worst nightmares.

Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru.

While Yuuji is having a mild panic attack at Megumi's side, the two older men usher the two college students in, not a single look of recognition flashing across their faces upon laying their eyes on the trembling, *betrayed* teenager.

"Oh, Megumi brought a friend!" Gojo exclaims with mock excitement, his hands clapping together in earnest. "My name's Gojo Satoru, *Megumi's guardian,* a pleasure to meet you…?" Gojo has the audacity to ask while reaching out his hand for Yuuji to shake.

Yuuji *really* wants to drop kick him.

And Getou.

And haul Megumi over his shoulder and barge out the door cause Yuuji *deeply underestimated how much of an imbecile Megumi's guardians are.*

Shaking his disgruntlement off like a speck of dust, Yuuji *smiles* up at the tall man before him and shakes his hand, making sure his grip is extra tight around Gojo's knuckles and veins. "Itadori Yuuji," Yuuji *introduces* himself, moving their hand up and down in a mock form of respect.

Gojo's smile widens at the ferocity behind his gesture and chuckles, his body leaning in close to Yuuji with their hands still wrapped tightly around each other.

“You got a strong grip, *Yuuji-kun!* ” Gojo then turns to his husband who’s been eyeing the interaction thoughtfully, his arms crossed over his chest nonchalantly, and he doesn't even lose his cool when Gojo gets in his face and exclaims, “Shake his hand, Suguru! *It’s extra tight!”*

“Me and Yuuji have already been introduced, I'm afraid. He’s one of my students, an *excellent* one at that.”

“OoOoOoO~ Favoritism? You naughty boy, Suguuu~”

Megumi suddenly appears between Yuuji and Gojo and *forcefully* removes their clasped hands, shocking the trio of onlookers.

“You gonna cook us dinner or are you gonna keep harassing my friend?” Megumi sneers, his body displayed protectively in front of Yuuji, shielding the slightly smaller student from his two guardians.

“Oh? Hangry already, Megumi? Can’t say i’m too surprised, you always have been extra feisty when you haven't eaten a good meal~” Getou teases lightly, his body already moving away from the two college students. “But, to answer your question, yes–dinner is still being prepared. Your sisters should be in the game room if you feel like visiting with–”

“Yeah, cool, see ya,” Megumi interrupts, already grabbing a hold of Yuuji’s wrist and attempting to haul him away from the two estranged older men. Yuuji can’t help but feel grateful for his knight in shining armor and allows himself to be swept away.

Or, *he would've,* if Gojo didn't cut them off from entering the large, seemingly *endless* hallway.

"Hey! Don't run off just yet! I've got a few words i'd like to exchange with your little friend there megs–"

" *Forget it."*

Yuuji flinches, shocked by the venom dripping from Megumi's voice.

He's, apparently, not the only one. Gojo's joyful facade appears to have faltered at his disobedience, a small crack appearing in the nice porcelain mask Gojo has worked so hard on maintaining.

"Eh? *But why?* " Gojo whines, inching ever so closer to the two college students. "I just wanna give him the ol' shovel talk, y'know? I've never given one of those before!!!"

The scowl on Megumi's face deepens considerably and his grip around Yuuji's wrists tightens, sparking an unpleasant pain from underneath his bandages.

"We won't keep him for long, megumi," Getou joins in from behind them, *trapping* them in a circle of thick tension. "So release your little *boyfriend* before he breaks his wrist again–"

"You guys are extra infuriating tonight. Did the girls say something to piss you two off?"

“What?! Of course not! Why would you–”

Before they can even finish their sentence, Megumi is storming past Gojo with Yuuji in hand, not even bothering to look back at the chaos he left behind. Yuuji, on the other hand, can't help but sneak a glance back to gauge their reactions, unsure if they would continue their interrogation on Megumi or simply give up.

What he finds is something equally unsettling.

Gojo and Getou are simply staring Yuuji down like a couple of wolves, eyes gleaming with excitement and muscles tense, ready to pounce, and *Yuuji has never–in his life–felt so painfully terrified and aroused at the same time–*

The loud slam of the door snaps Yuuji out of his less than innocent thoughts. Gauging his surroundings, Yuuji finds himself in a spacious room with walls filled with books, albums, and games. In the center of the room pushed up against the wall, sits a big plush couch that looks more expensive than Yuuji’s entire dormitory. On the Couch, playing what appears to be mario kart, are three girls–two of which appear to be twins–and the other being tall and slim, apparently dominating the two in *rainbow road.*

The first words that tumble out of Megumi’s mouth is practically the last thing he *ever* wants to hear.

“ *Aside from Getou, you’ve met both of them before, haven’t you?”* Megumi whispers into Yuuji’s ear, sending a whole new kind of terror through Yuuji’s body.

“I–what are you talking about, Megumi?” Yuuji whispers back, trying not to catch the attention of Megumi’s sisters. “This is my first time meeting Go–”

“I’m not an idiot–I instantly recognized the look of terror on your face the moment you saw them,” Megumi interrupts with a scowl, but he releases Yuuji’s wrists allowing him to move away if he so pleases. “You don’t have to tell me now, but–eventually–you’re gonna have to come clean, *got it?”*

Yuuji gulps nervously but Nods his head regardless.

“Good.” and, for the first time since they arrived, Megumi’s lips morph into a smile.

“ *Now let me introduce you to my sisters.”*

Megumi’s sisters are absolutely *nothing* like Yuuji’s grumpy little sea urchin.

For starters, they're relatively friendly towards Yuuji and don't scowl at him twenty four seven, and–secondly– *they're very…bubbly?* Well, Nanako and Tsumiki are for the most part; Mimiko is a bit shy and doesn't talk to Yuuji much, but she still shoots the college student some half-hearted smiles hidden behind her switch controller.

Somehow, during their time together waiting Getou and Gojo to finish dinner, they all found themselves squished together on the couch, competing in a very competitive game of *Super smash Bros;* Yuuji and Megumi are squeezed tight together on the side of the couch, nearly being pushed on the couch cushions as they try their hardest to distract the other from winning. The three girls seem to be doing the same thing–Tsumiki and Nanko engage in a shouting match while throwing pillows at each other's heads, attempting to be the winner– while Mimiko keeps to herself on the other far corner of the couch, absolutely beating the shit out of everyone present.

But the girls aren't on his mind at the moment.

Right here, on the couch, playing a game that could very well determine whether or not Yuuji is the ultimate winner at super smash bros, is focused on the screen before him, his controller, and beating *megumi.*

"Get your *ass* out of my face, Yuuji!" Megumi cries out when Yuuji tries obscuring his friend's vision of the screen by throwing himself in his lap, stradling the urchin's legs with powerful thighs.

"It's a nice ass though, *right* ?!" Yuuji sneers as he button mashes on the controller, watching with wide eyes as his main *kirby* eats Megumi's character *Greninja.*

"BASTARD!!!"

Megumi then traps Yuuji in a headlock with one arm, pulling his friend flush against his chest. Pain *erupts* from Yuuji's neck, the handprint stinging underneath the tight grip, and suddenly everything for Yuuji feels *wrong.*

"Oi! Let me go *Megs!* " Yuuji taunts, making his friend loosen the headlock, but only by a centimeter or two, making the irritating pain subside to a dull ache.

"YOU'RE THE ONE WHO GOT IN MY LAP, YUUJI!!!" Megumi grunts out, his character eventually kicking Yuuji's *Kirby* off the platform by the momentary distraction, earning a scandalized gasp from the young man in question.

"NOOO!!! MY BABY!!!" Yuuji cries out, finally realizing that's made a grave mistake putting himself in this awkward, *intimate* position. Yuuji's grip around his controller tightens as he tries to steel himself, his mind attempting to focus on the screen in front of him instead of how *nice* it feels to be up against Megumi like this.

When was the last time he's ever felt human contact that wasn't just a pat on the shoulder, a hand around the neck, or a slap across the back of his head? Months, he's sure, and Yuuji is terribly pent up. None of Yuuji's friends are very touchy people and his step brothers are always busy with their tattoo parlor, leaving Yuuji with nothing but a couple of creepy stalkers to rely on for attention.

Creepy stalkers who would have Yuuji's head if they saw the position he's in right now.

But what can they do, huh? Hurt Yuuji when there's so many spectators? Would they truly try to make a move on Yuuji when their own ***kids*** *are in the same room as them?*

A small dangerous part of Yuuji wants to find out what they'd do while his more logical, sensible side screams at him to get the hell off Megumi's lap.

But when has Yuuji *ever* been sensible?

When has he ever turned away from the face of danger?

When has he ever chickened out and listened to his senses?

The sounds from the game become background noise as Yuuji situates himself in Megumi's lap, trying to get nice and comfortable, and–distantly–he can feel Megumi's entire body tense up.

"Uh– *Yuuji? What are you–?"*

Yuuji interrupts Megumi by leaning his head back against his shoulder. "If you're not gonna let go of me, then i might as well get comfortable, yeah?" Yuuji says with the sweetest tone he can muster, trying to sound innocent to Megumi's flushed ears.

Eventually, after a few beats of an agonizing silence, Megumi's arm releases Yuuji from his headlock and moves downward, arm tightly weaving around Yuuji's waist to keep him in place. And, to add the cherry on top, Megumi places his chin on Yuuji's shoulder, not a single ounce of space left between them.

Satisfaction travels through Yuuji's body, Megumi's body pressed closely against his own feeling both comforting and thrilling. Their heart beats become one, their breathing patterns slow down to match the other's, their body heat travels from one body to the other, an endless circle that keeps Yuuji sated and happy. Yuuji almost finds himself distracted by the fuzzy

feeling blossoming in his chest, finally happy to cuddle with someone after months of being forced to sleep alone in a cold dormitory.

In Sendai, Yuuji and Sukuna always shared a bed, even deep in their teens, they slept side-by-side, limb-on-limb, head-on-shoulder, their breathing perfectly in sync. They never let the other sleep alone, slowly melting into one another during the night and clasping wildly for the other in a search for comfort only *they* can give.

And, once Yuuji left to be free from the cult, to get to know his extended family and get a taste of city life, that internal warmth left a permanent scar in Yuuji's heart.

He once brought this up with Nobara after being offered plenty of drinks, and she simply laughed and told him " *If you're really that desperate for a cuddle buddy, then hook up with someone."* Yuuji had *immediately* grimaced at the idea and spat in Nobara's face, causing an all out brawl in the night club they were at.

Yuuji's…never actually been *intimate* with someone aside from that one time he and Junpei had given eachother hand jobs in the dead of night, under the influence of some weird drug Junpei had shared with Yuuji (They still refuse to bring it up, thank god.). He knows, deep down, that he doesn't have a personal preference when it comes to gender, something he's tried so hard to deny after years of growing up being told that he had to be given a wife by the time he reached eighteen. Sure, he still digs a tall woman with a nice ass, but–during his time in Tokyo–he's broadened his horizons and began seeing the beauty in things his past self would've been appalled by.

Like, for example, *men.*

Muscles that could easily break Yuuji' apart limb for limb.

Narrow eyes that can see through every lie of Yuuji's.

Beautiful lines that accentuate their older age.

Course lips that Yuuji imagines feeling against his plush ones.

And then lo-and behold- Getou and Gojo walk into his life, two men who embody everything he yearns in a man and– *and they end up being fucking criminals.*

Truly a waste of two perfectly good men, if you ask Yuuji.

The college student smiles, finding a welcoming comfort in being held by Megumi, and goes back to paying attention to the Television screen–

"Dinner is ready kids!" a voice interrupts–one Yuuji instantly recognizes as Getou– right as the round ends, declaring Mimiko as the first place winner.

Nanako throws her controller onto the floor once it reveals that she got last place. "DAMMIT IT ALL! FUCK YOU TSU-TSU!!!" Nanako swears loudly, a manicured finger pointing accusingly at Tsumiki who got second place. Tsumiki looks up at her sister with a menacing grin, her hand going up to flip the honey blonde off.

"Suck my tit, Nanako!"

Yuuji leans back further against Megumi, his body overtaken by an eruption of laughter as he watches the two girls duke it out on the gaming room floor, both pulling each other's hand and grabbing pieces of clothing. Yuuji isn't too upset about his rank; third place *isn't too* bad since he managed to beat megumi!

Megumi drops his controller down onto the couch and wraps his other arm around Yuuji, his entire body slumping over Yuuji as a groan emits loudly from his mouth, the noise sending a shiver up Yuuji's spine. "Fourth place? *Seriously* ?" Megumi scowls into Yuuji's ear. "This is all *your* fault!"

"Eh?! How?!" Yuuji asks, feigning a look of offense on his face which he knows Megumi can easily see through. "I'm not doing anything bad, am i?" he teases lightly, leaning his entire weight against Megumi's chest. He turns his face, ready to gauge his friend's expression.

What he's met with is a red, *flushed* face spreading from the tips of his ears to down his neck. Megumi's averted gaze sends an uneasy feeling in Yuuji's stomach, like he just caught something he isn't supposed to see.

A loud cough echoes through the room, gaining everyone's attention.

When Yuuji turns his gaze, he finds himself lost under Getou's dark eyes–his face that's so obviously pulled back in a fake smile as he stares down Yuuji with so much hatred, rage, *possessiveness*. Yuuji's toes curl inside his shoes, the air nearly knocked out of Yuuji's chest as he's consumed by an evil spell. Getou's lips slowly turn up, a dazzling smile of fury disguised behind bright teeth and luscious lips as he declares loudly:

"Everyone, *dinner is ready to be served!"*

This time everyone clambers to their feet in a haste, the animosity in Getou's voice leaving very little room for argument.

Dinner is as lively as Yuuji expected it to be with Gojo and Getou there to host and lead the whole thing from start to finish.

The food is exquisite, perfectly cooked and served in different entrees, truly giving the five college kids a one in a lifetime experience: Five star cooking. The flavors in Yuuji's mouth truly made his taste buds sing with praise and every time something delicious tastes *just right* , a soft moan would leave his lips, his brown eyes sparkling with satisfaction. The conversations flowed easily from person to person–topics like college, majors, and every day-to-day activities came and went, opening up to another interesting subject.

Yet, the only downside to this dinner is that Yuuji keeps getting stared at intensely by three people at the table.

Megumi keeps throwing interested glances Yuuji's way, his body unusually close to Yuuji for what would be considered Megumi-like. Their hands kept brushing against each other by accident when they reached for a plate of food, their laughter in sync, and eyes always–*somehow*– making their way back to each other with an embarrassed flush across Megumi's face.

Yuuji doesn’t know what to make of this and takes to ignoring all the flags waving in front of him, telling himself that everything is *fine* and that Megumi invited Yuuji to this dinner as his *friend* and *nothing more* and that he doesn’t *like* Yuuji like *that!*

Then there's the two other pairs of eyes that seem to watch Yuuji’s movements with scary precision.

Everytime Yuuji would laugh at something Megumi would say, Gojo would pipe up and add in an embarrassing story about Megumi to humiliate him whilst his shades shimmered eerily under the chandelier lights, a dark shadow falling over his handsome face.

Getou was unusually quiet the entire dinner, appearing to be lost in thought while poking at his meal and staring gruesomely at Yuuji from across the table. The only time he did talk was when he’d ask and suggest his kids to have another glass of alcohol.

While everyone else was having a wonderful time eating, Yuuji couldn’t help but feel like he made the worst mistake of his life.

This thought continues to haunt Yuuji even after dinner when Getou and Gojo suggest they all spend the night since they all had too much to drink.

Nanako and Mimikko immediately pout at the suggestion with drunk– *flushed faces* , saying they could easily call an uber to pick them up while Megumi scowls into the open air– the smell of alcohol dripping from his tongue, already seeming to admit an early defeat. Tsumiki doesn’t seem to have a problem with spending the night however, but that was probably because of how drunk she is at the moment. She happily skips down the hallway of the large manor, somehow knowing exactly where to go with her mind a complete jumbled mess.

Yuuji watches with unease as he realizes, belatedly, that all of the college students are drunk *except for himself.* He's still as sober as can be, mind running perfectly fine, and It's because of this main factor that he suggests he take everyone home, his gut hammering against the lining of his stomach, begging to be set free from his anxiety.

But none of them listens to a word he says.

They all brush Yuuji off, telling him to stop acting sober and find a guest room to sleep in.

In no time at all, Yuuji finds himself agreeing to stay, his heart and mind going a hundred miles an hour.

Time seems to slow down as he roams the hallways, trying to find a guest room to stay in, but his mind drifts and drifts, his breath coming out slower and slower with every moment that passes. His legs slump and drag across the floor, his hand draping uselessly against the walls filled with beautiful paintings. His head begins to pound, his lips gaping open for *something,* and–

Yuuji stops.

Standing in front of him is a large shadow, one that completely looms over Yuuji, a demon so powerful and majestic that Yuuji can't help but stare in awe. Tears appear in the corners of his eyes as his mind slowly catches up with him, his fight or flight instinct kicking in, and a single thought occurs to him when he spins on his heel to escape, only to be grabbed and dragged down the hall like a ragdoll.

Megumi and his sisters have been tricked into getting drunk.

Yuuji's drink was successfully spiked.

And Yuuji can't fight back this time.

He's completely, utterly, defenseless.

The hands around Yuuji's mid-section tighten as the mysterious figure drags his limp body through the halls, passing works of art, beautiful pottery, a big family photo with every person smiling widely, awards raised high and proud on the walls, small scratches and streaks of red along the cracks of the floors. Yuuji's mind phases in and out, fighting with itself to either succumb to the wonder numb feelings that promises Yuuji a welcoming embrace or to keep himself away and fight the demon that's keeping him tight in their clutches.

A choked sob slips past Yuuji's lips, unable to make up his mind. He tries to clench and unclench his fists, trying to regain some sort of control over his body, but he can only move his pinky. He tries his foot as he keeps being moved down the hall and only manages to make his ankle twitch. He goes to open his mouth, perhaps to call out for help, but all that leaves his glossed lips is a soft groan.

There's truly nothing Yuuji can do to escape.

All he can do now is wait and stay awake–to keep fighting off the urge to close his eyes and cuddle up in the demon's comforting arms.

A loud creak makes Yuuji's face twitch.

A door creak , Yuuji's mind supplies uselessly as he's once again pulled into a room. He widens his eyes, trying to take in his surroundings, but his body goes weightless, feeling nothing but a pair of cold hands hoisting Yuuji up from underneath his knees and lower back. Yuuji cries out for help, his arm shooting out for some kind of stability, but as soon as he's in the air, he finds himself being laid down gently against something soft and smooth.

Fabric, he thinks tiredly while forcing his body to roll over, face smooshing itself against the soft texture. He's on a bed, a big, large, comfy bed that Yuuji would love to fall asleep on. He clutches the comforter in his hands, sighing at the pleasant feeling that trails along the palms of his hands.

Something grabs Yuuji by the waist, causing him to squirm and wiggle in fright. His movements immediately stop when a comforting hand runs through Yuuji's pink strands of hair, scratching his scalp *just right.* Yuuji eases into the touch and allows himself to be dragged deeper onto the bed, towards whoever has the hands of a goddess.

"So… *nice…"* Yuuji whispers to himself, delirious and in need of some kind of reassurance that everything is going to be ok.

Laughter rings above his head, but it's pleasant. Not mocking. Not grating to yuuji's ears, but soft and kind. Amused.

Footsteps leave the side of the bed, reaching a part of the room Yuuji was forced into.

A click. *A lock.*

Two people. Yuuji's in a room with two people.

With one small sound, Yuuji's mind catches up to him.

Yuuji's eyes fly open (when did they close?) to reveal a pair of magnetizing blue crystals staring down at him, a big cheshire smile spreading widely across the man's lips.

It's as terrifying to look at as it is *beautiful.*

"N-No…" Yuuji slurs out, trying to gain some sort of control over his body, but nothing is listening to him. Every limb is refusing to follow orders, simply laying there in Gojo's grasp, waiting to be dug into by sharp claws and sharp teeth. " *Don't–don't hurt…me…please."*

The man above Yuuji hums in thought, his hand still roaming deeply into Yuuji's hair, trailing to scratch at the black undercut of his pink hair. " *Don't hurt you?* You don't want us to hurt you after my dear husband saw you all over my dear Megumi's lap like a touch-starved slut?" He sings playfully, but every word that drops from his lips feels like venom against Yuuji's skin.

"I–I was trying to win!" Yuuji cries out, inching closer to the man who could very well make him breathe his last breath. Yuuji urges his head forward against his will, managing to land it somewhere on Gojo's lap, and cries into the fabric of his perfectly unwrinkled pants. "I'm not a slut…i promise! I've never–I've never…slept with anyone, ever…"

The hand in Yuuji's hair tightens.

“Never?” Gojo echoes softly, whispering into the tense air between them. “So little Yuuji-kun is a *virgin* ?”

“...Please don’t make fun of me…” Yuuji whispers back, his voice slightly muffled by the fabric of Gojo’s jeans. Vaguely, he can feel something shifting under the fabric, begging to poke through, but Yuuji is far too anxious and embarrassed to know what it is. “I–I left the commune before… *they* could force me to get married and c-consummate…” he explains softly, hardly coherent to his own ears.

The grip on Yuuji’s hair loosens and begins petting him again as if he were a puppy, but Yuuji *relishes* in it–instantly sinking into the palm of Gojo’s hand. “Oh, don’t be ashamed baby…” Gojo cooes with every stroke of his hand. “There’s no rush when it comes to giving away something so precious, you understand? You just have to find someone who respects and cherishes you, dear.”

Yuuji smiles, feeling his embarrassed flush disappear by the second. “T-Thank you, Gojo…”

The younger watches with big eyes as Gojo’s smile softens upon hearing Yuuji’s words.

“But that still doesn’t mean you’re getting out of your punishment, Yuuji-kun~”

As if on cue, a pair of cold hands grab onto Yuuji’s waist from behind, causing a terrified shriek to leave Yuuji’s lips. His limbs attempt to flail and attack the person behind him, but it's to no avail–his arms and legs are limp, useless, and not listening to his mind at all as he’s forced into sitting on someone else’s lap. A large chest hits Yuuji’s back, scaring the shit out of him, and he’s left to do nothing but beg for mercy, tears trailing down his cheeks as he pleads his case with Gojo.

The white-haired man–for his part–looks a bit sympathetic, but Yuuji can still see the dangerous glint in his blue eyes that tells Yuuji that he's *thoroughly enjoying this.*

Long dark hair pours over Yuuji's shoulders, dropping down his chest and skimming the side of his neck. With his heart in his throat, tongue twisted and tied, Yuuji looks up and is met with the sight of Getou staring down at him, pupils blown and consuming, lips turned up in a menacing smile that sends an absurd heat down between his legs.

Yuuji's completely, utterly trapped, left in the mercy of the two most dangerous men he knows.

And, mixed in with the fear that's causing his breath to come out in stutters, is a small tingle of excitement.

In the blink of an eye, Getou's free hand runs down Yuuji's clothed chest until it lands palm first over his burning erection, the sudden touch making Yuuji arch his back in surprise.

"You can act like you hate us as much as you want, Yuuji~" Getou whispers into his ear, teeth so close and sharp. The long haired man's face closes in, nibbles the outer lobe of Yuuji's ear before heaving out in a husky voice, "But you can't hide the truth from us. *You're as fucked up as we are.* "

"N-No– *that's not…"* Yet, even as Yuuji's voice trails off into the open air, he can't help but get a sickening feeling that he's right.

Why else would Yuuji keep fantasizing about them despite everything they've done to him?

Why does he keep coming back to them?

Why does he still smile around them and talk to them as if they're normal people?

Why can't Yuuji get enough of them even though they've done terrible, terrible things to him?

It's because he's sick in the head, just like Gojo and Getou.

A hand around Yuuji's jaw forces him to look away from Getou's shit-eating grin and–in moments–he's greeted by Gojo just a few centimeters from his face, his lips forming a maniacal smile of triumph.

"You can't even finish your damn sentence, now can you, baby?" Gojo mocks lightly, his other hand reaching up to stroke the side of Yuuji's red flushed face. "You know it just as much as we do. *You belong to us and us alone.* Not Megumi, not to that damn *Zenin,* and certainly not to anyone who thinks they have the right to breathe the same air as you. *Just us."*

The fear that had consumed Yuuji's body slowly subsides and turns into something equally terrifying.

Lust.

Infatuation.

Greed.

With an insatiable burn running through his skin, Yuuji lurches forward, closing the distance between himself and Gojo with his lips.

Yuuji instantly closes his eyes, allowing himself to be completely consumed in the soft pillowy feel of Gojo's glossy lips. There's no sparks, not a single current of electricity shooting up Yuuji's spine like in those stereotypical rom-coms Nobara insists on watching, but–in the dark space of his mind, he feels a *click.* A simple notion that tells Yuuji that he's exactly where he needs to be, in a place where all the puzzle pieces come together to form the big picture:

An all consuming love.

It doesn't take long for Gojo to kiss back and–when he does–Yuuji is assaulted by the sultry movements of lips and tongue. The feeling that had once blossomed from his kiss with Getou arises and Yuuji kisses back in earnest, trying to match Gojo step by step, not willing to be left behind in the dust. With a single tug on Yuuji's bottom lip, the younger opens his mouth, letting the sly man slide his tongue into his mouth, eliciting sinful moans with every swipe and turn of Gojo's sinful tongue. A particular suck on Yuuji's tongue has the college student preening in pleasure, lips gaping open for more, more, *more*–

But, just as quickly as they began kissing, they stopped.

Gojo pulls away slowly, leaving a small trail of saliva connecting their wet lips. Yuuji instantly whines and tries to chase after Gojo, but the arm circling Yuuji's waist keeps him in place.

"Getou– *please–"* when Yuuji turns to plead with Getou to allow him to kiss the man's husband, Getou swipes down and collects Yuuji's wet lips with his own, all the while smiling like the cat who got the canary.

Like his white haired husband, Getou kisses like he was born to do it. He tilts Yuuji's head just right to get the perfect angle, slips his tongue into Yuuji's mouth and runs inconceivable patterns along his tongue, the roof of his mouth, the insides between his teeth, truly exploring and consuming all that Yuuji has to offer. He tries to kiss back, to show that he isn't just some pillow princess who sits back and lets their partners do as they please, but a hand around his throat stops him, keeping him in place–submissive and pliant under Gojo's hand.

The kiss is quick and fleeting, leaving Yuuji yearning for more.

"I want *more~"* Yuuji moans like a wanton whore, staring up at Getou. The long haired man simply looks down at him, his lips left agape, *speechless and motionless,* and–after seeing that he won't give Yuuji what he wants–Yuuji turns to Gojo and gives him the same look. A warm feeling of satisfaction washes over Yuuji when he sees the older man's breath hitch. "Please? I'll be good…" he begs, using the sweetest voice he can muster among the seductive heat taking over his body.

"Awww~" Gojo sighs, his cheeks painted a light pink as he says, "Look how cute he's being with us, Suguru…Yuuji-kun thinks he can actually get out of his punishment by acting all sweet…"

The hand around Yuuji's neck tightens, a terrible reminder of how this all started and where he is now.

“A punishment,” Yuuji heaves out, finding the word disappointing to use on his own tongue, but he sucks it up. Perhaps, if he goes through this punishment, then they’ll finally give him what he needs. “...Ok…Hurt me, *punish me, get it over with.”*

Gojo’s smile widens.

“We’re not gonna hurt you, Yuuji-kun,” Gojo reassures, his eyes staring deep into Yuuji’s big pools of honey brown, staring wide eyed at him, waiting, watching for something to finally happen. Yuuji;s fingers twitch at his sides to reach up and pull Gojo forward by the collar of his stupid white shirt, but he refrains, instead keeping them at his sides.

“But–” Yuuji looks up, glancing at Getou as the other man continues his sentence. “We’ll make you wish that we had~” The long haired man sings mischievously in his ear, rattling Yuuji’s core with a vicious shake.

And, finally, the hand that’s been settling over Yuuji’s crotch finally reaches for the copper-colored zipper. Yuuji’s breath hitches as Getou unzips his pants, unbuttons them, and has Gojo pull them off his muscular legs in one pull, leaving him in nothing but his boxers.

But even they don’t last a single second on Yuuij’s body.

Gojo tears Yuuji’s boxers off his ass so fast that Yuuji swears he hears a rip in the seams, but that’s hardly on his mind. Yuuji’s burning erection springs up into the air, head swollen and leaking with precum and Yuuji can do nothing but watch and blush as Gojo and Getou take in the sight of his raging boner.

“Oh? Is this for us, Yuuji?” Getou whispers huskily in Yuuji’s ear, his free hand reaching up under his shirt to splay his palm along the expanse of his stomach, his hold just as possessive and needy as his dark penetrating eyes. “You look about ready to burst, baby…It’s a good thing we’re here, right?”

Right as the words leave Getou’s lips, an all consuming heat washes over Yuuji’s cock– tight, fleshy, hot, and *good.* The younger gasps, taken completely off guard. He looks down and sees Gojo casually deepthroating his cock, light blue eyes focusing on sucking and pleasuring the hell out of Yuuji.

His boy, His *baby,* His eyes seem to scream with every lick of his tongue.

Yuuji squirms uselessly in Getou’s grasp, unable to handle the pleasure that shoots up his spine every damn time Gojo lifts his head and goes back down to nestle teasingly in his bustle of hair. His cheeks are hollow, keeping Yuuji's erected cock standing on end, a thrilling buzz going straight to the head of his dick the more he stares, and stares, and stares. Getou somehow keeps Yuuji in place and sings beautiful nothings into his ear–encouragement, degrading remarks, reassurance–while the hand underneath Yuuji’s shirt travels upwards, exploring the pink nubs on his chest.

The younger’s body becomes nothing but a vibrating ball of pleasure, ready to explode into a million pieces at a moment's notice. With Getou’s hand tweaking Yuuji’s nipples mercilessly and Gojo’s mouth sucking him off like a lollipop, the heat in his groin grows and grows, seconds from bursting. Pathetic moans leave Yuuji’s lips as he tries to chase his own pleasure, laying pliant in Getou’s arms as the long haired man lets his husband do as he pleases.

Yuuji’s head is thrown back against Getou’s chest, mouth left open to moan uselessly into the air, incoherent “ *Yes”* es and “ *Like that”* ’s escaping his rotten mouth. His body is being picked apart piece by piece by the two men who have the power to dismember him and throw him to the wolves, leaving the poor boy to starve out on the streets without their ever growing affection.

And Yuuji yearns for them.

Yuuji yearns for Getou's smart remarks.

Yuuji yearns for Gojo's teasing words.

Yuuji yearns for the possessive hold they have on him and their dangerous words that promise nothing but devotion to him and *only him.*

A particular hard suck on the tip of Yuuji's head has him reeling back with shock, a silent scream on the edge of his lips.

"I-I'm Close!" Yuuji heaves out brokenly among the long strands of Getou's hair, his hands still pinching and exploring every inch of Yuuji's chest. "I'm gonna cum– *i'm gonna– I'm–"*

Then nothing.

All at once, everything is gone.

Gojo's mouth on his weeping dick? Gone.

The curious hands exploring his chest? Gone.

Yuuji blinks, confused, the heat in his groin slowly disappearing with every second that passes.

"W-What–?" Yuuji's interrupted by a round of laughter caving in on him from all sides. With watery eyes, Yuuji takes in the sight of Gojo throwing his head back with maniacal cackles, the sound pleasant yet grating to Yuuji's ears. And, when Yuuji turns to look at Getou, he's also attacked by an onslaught of chuckles, eyes preening with joy and–

The hands that had once been exploring his chest completely rips his shirt to threads, throwing the pieces of fabric somewhere onto the floor of the dark bedroom. Yuuji yelps, surprised by the rips and tears that reach his ears, and he leans back helplessly, trying to understand *what the hell is going on.*

Why did they stop?

He was so close to finishing.

They *knew* he was seconds away from cumming.

So why?

Why are they–?

The warm, tight heat that had grasped so tightly onto Yuuji's cock returns with a burning passion, making his heart jump to his throat. He looks down, sees the same scene that he did before: Gojo's mouth humming beautifully around his cock while holding his cheeks, taking as much of Yuuji as he can.

Again?!

But Why?!

"I don't– *Ah–GET IT!!!"* Yuuji screams from the overstimulation, his cock feeling like it's going to explode inside Gojo's mouth. His hands fly for something to grab onto, needing to ground himself from this terrible, terrible torture, and finds purchase in Getou's long strands of hair–pulling them down with an agonizing squeal.

"You don't get it?" Getou asks mockingly in his ear as blood begins filling Yuuji's ears, his body a tight string ready to be played by two pairs of merciless hands. " *You were acting like such a cute little slut with Megumi trying to win some stupid game~"* He cooes, his head reaching down to suck and bite into the skin around his bruised neck. "If you figure out the rules and abide by them, then you'll win this game too baby–"

Yuuji's eyes widen, realization hitting him just as Getou sinks his teeth into his collarbone, pulling a strangled scream from his lips.

No.

Is–Is this the punishment–?

And, just like before, when Yuuji knows he's about to spill his load into Gojo's mouth, the white haired man pulls off his cock with an audible pop, lips coating in precum and saliva.

"All you have to do is say a couple of magic words and then we'll give you what you want," Gojo huffs out, his cheeks flushed prettily with a pink blush. "Let the game begin, *Yuuji-kun."*

His mouth envelopes Yuuji's cock again, tearing an agonizing moan from his lips.

Yuuji's mind reels with every suck of Gojo's lips, with every lick around his veins, with every sensual move of his head, and-just as he's about to let himself go–everything disappears and he has to start again, and again, *and again.*

The torture is too much for Yuuji. His cock is weeping along with his eyes, tears trailing miserably down his cheeks as Getou adds more bite marks down his shoulders and collarbones, leaving his brand on Yuuji's red, flushed skin. He kicks his legs at one point, trying to get Gojo off his dick, but all that does is make Gojo pick up his speed, adding a terribly addicting sensation around the poor victim's cock.

He pleads, trying and failing to abide by their so-called rules, but every line of dialogue leaves him gasping for air, so close to climaxing only to have it ripped away from him by Gojo's vicious lips.

" *Please let me cum! I've been good! I've been really good please—!"*

"Wrong!" Getou sings with a maniacal grin as Gojo pops off Yuuji's red dick again, his tongue giving the slit of his head little kitten licks.

" *I'll do anything! I'll be–FUCK–your stupid third, i'll suck your cock, ill be your little plaything—!"*

"Wrong again!" Getou reprimands again, this time bringing a hand around Yuuji's throat and giving it a tight squeeze, making Yuuji gag and choke on his own saliva.

Finally, *finally,* Yuuji takes his pride, throws it out the window and cries out, " *I'M YOURS!!! I BELONG TO YOU TWO!!! NO ONE ELSE!!! NOT MEGUMI, NOT ANYONE ELSE, JUST YOU TWO!"*

Gojo's Lips seem to smile and, instead of pulling off the head of his cock, he deepthroats Yuuji again, taking him in once again.

"Who do you belong to, baby? Say our names baby, *say it."*

"I–I BELONG TO GETOU AND GOJO!!!"

"Our *actual* names–cmon, you can do this yuuji~"

Yuuji takes a deep breath and screams, " *I'M SUGURU'S AND SATORU'S!!!"*

And the hand around Yuuji's neck lets him go with a gasp.

"Good boy."

The tight heat that's been building and rebuilding for the last hour finally breaks. The overwhelming pleasure that washes over Yuuji is too much; he swings his head around as his seed flows rapidly down Gojo's throat, his hands pull and tug on Getou's hair and–when that's not enough–he turns and bites the exposed skin of Getou's collar bone, right below the place Yuuji stuck the syringe into his neck.

Skin and blood rush into Yuuji's mouth and he soaks it all up, humming and sighing in relief as every muscle in his body goes numb. He's spent, gone, exhausted. and, when he releases his teeth from Getou's collar bones, he slumps backwards into Getou's arms, eyes half lidded and on the verge of passing out.

"Well that was fun!" Gojo sings into the sex-filled air around them, his voice nothing but an agonizing screech in Yuuji's ears. "Clean up time~"

Against his will, Yuuji's body is lifted and carried off the bed, separating himself from Getou's arms. "N-No…I want Suguru too…" Yuuji mumbles, his mind fuzzy and cloudy as he reaches out for Getou, his hand reaching nothing but air and he's gone, he lost him and–

Getou gets up off the bed and takes Yuuji's hand in his own, placing a soft kiss along his knuckles. "Don't worry baby, I'm not leaving you anytime soon…" he states firmly with a smile.

"P-Promise?"

“I promise, baby.”

With his body flowing with nothing but pure satisfaction, Yuuji allows himself to collapse in Gojo’s arms, knowing–above all else–that he’ll be safe for as long as they stay by his side.

When Yuuji finally comes to again, he finds himself in…a bathtub?

His naked body is submerged in a large tub of steaming water, cloud of bubbles floating around the surface, the relaxing smell of candles reaching his nose, hi muscle relaxing and–

“Oh? Yuuji’s back!”

E-Eh?!

Whipping around wildly in the bathtub, he sees Gojo and Getou standing outside the doorway of their…oh shit…is Yuuji in their bathtub? Naked? Taking a damn b-bath?!

"It's a shame…subspace Yuuji was so clingy and sweet…" Getou bemoans, like he lost something precious, something Yuuji has *no recollection of–*

And that's when it hits Yuuji.

Being dragged down a hallway.

Ending up in a room with hands in his hair.

The very same hands roaming along his tan skin.

Gojo's mouth around his cock.

Getou's hand wrapped around his neck, telling him *wrong, wrong, wrong–*

Yuuji looks down at himself and gasps at the added marks along his body–bite's and hickies litter the expanse of his collarbones, his shoulders, his chest, down to the inside of his legs. *They're everywhere.* Gojo and Getou's brand is marked into his skin in the shape of teeth, splotches of purple and green, and the redness of his own dick– *that's somehow still hard?!*

WHAT THE FUCK??????

“Hold on Yuuji, try to relax–” Getou says while making his way towards Yuuji, his hands up in a mocking sign of mercy, but Yuuji knows better.

It’s all a trick.

Everything is a trick.

They drugged him.

Made him vulnerable.

Seduced him.

Made him like it.

And threw him in a tub where he could’ve drowned!

Even now, when Yuuji is buck naked, they're trying to kill him!

Yuuji springs out of the tub, dripping wet from head to toe and clocks Getou in the jaw so fast Yuuji assumes he's imagining the image of Getou hitting the ground with a pained groan and a curse on his lips.

"Fuck– *AGAIN?!"* Gojo screams, his face halfway mortified and halfway *enraged.*

But Yuuji doesn't stand around and wait for Gojo to act.

With Gojo caught off guard, Yuuji slams his knee into his stomach, making the unnaturally tall man double over.

Yuuji zooms past the couple, runs into their shared room looks everywhere for a door, a window, *anything*–

There, right above the large queen sized bed, is a window that Yuuji can *easily break through*–

"Yuuji!"

The boy doesn't stop at the sound of Getou's voice.

"Damnit, baby, *YOU'RE ACTING IRRATIONAL!!!"*

Yuuji doesn't stop himself from grabbing a large shirt off the floor.

"FOR THE LOVE FUCK JUST CALM DOWN–!!!"

" *NO!!!"* Yuuji screams back, voice hoarse from a few hours ago, but he pushes onward, throwing the large shirt over his head and glaring at the two of them with narrowed eyes. "THIS IS THE THIRD GODDAMN TIME YOU TWO HAVE TRIE DTO KIDNAP ME AND I'M FUCKING SICK OF IT!!!"

With a running start, Yuuji jumps over the queen sized bed, hurls himself at the window–

And shatters it upon contact.

Yuuji ignores the blades of glass that cut into his skin, ignores the way his knees scrape and bleed upon landing into a rose thorn bush and *runs for his goddamn life.*

He runs and runs, earning scandalized looks from the people around him.

But he doesn't care.

He runs and runs until his feet are painted black from the dirty concrete.

He runs until he's huffing, puffing out of breath and on the verge of passing out.

He runs until–

Until a familiar car rolls up and stops Yuuji in his tracks.

A sense of relief washes over Yuuji as the window rolls down, revealing both *Chousou and Yuki.*

“Yuuji?! What the fuck–” Chousou’s easily interupted by his fiancee who unlocks the door for Yuuji while laughing hysterically.

“I see you boy!!! Gracing the streets with your naked ass!” she says while ushering Yuuji into the backseat of her car.

Yuuji throws the door open, collapses into the backseat, ignores the worried squabble of the couple in front of him and–

And passes out with the feeling of lips around his neck.

Chapter End Notes

Yuuji: 3 Satosugu: 0

cmon yall, ON YOUR OWN TURF?! i swear to god, i could kidnap Yuuji faster than you two horny idiots...

fun facts:
- Yuki proposed to Chousou a whopping twenty times before Chousou turned the tables and proposed to HER. They both cried ugly tears. I want what they have fr.
- Yuuji, Junpei, and Mahito made it to Yuuji's dorm with the help of chousou, eso, and kechizu! I need me some brothers like that lol.
- Mahito ate all of Yuuji's get well soon chocolates while yuuji was at work--thats why i didn't bother to show Yuuji sittiong down riffling through them.
- Kinko-shitsu shuts down a few days after Yuuji quits due to the accusations made towards Mei-mei for grooming her own little brother. GET GOT BITCH (insert angry middle finger)
- The shirt Yuuji picked up before shattering the satosugu husbands window was Satoru's.
- Later that day, when Megumi asks Suguru and Satoru about the broken window in their room, Suguru teases them by saying that Gojo threw their bondage rope through the glass. all the kids left promptly afterwards in disgust lmfaooo

I hope you guys enjoyed this ultra long chapter! feel free to leave me feedback in the comments my lovely readers~~~ <3

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PART 4: I Don't Know How To Make it Stop

Chapter Summary

The aftermath of running through Tokyo with nothing but your kidnappers shirt.

Chapter Notes

i deeply apologize for the long wait, but chapter four is finally here!!! I've been real busy with College as of lately as well as some private family issues, but--with christmas break around the corner--i'll have more time to spend on updating my fanfics! For those of you who live in the states, i hope you guys had a wonderful thanksgiving!

anyways, i hope you lovelies enjoy the new chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Playlist: Back To You

4

The smell of fresh autumn leaves brings Yuuji back into the living world.

He can’t quite bring himself to properly survey his surroundings at the moment, his mind still a jumbled mess from before he found himself half naked in Chousou’s car. The bottoms of his feet sting like he stepped on something sharp and painful, and beads of sweat still line the inner sides of his forearms and the backs of his knees. The shirt Yuuji had stolen before jumping out of his perpetrators window is no longer clinging onto his skin and is instead replaced by a nice brown sweater that smells of cigarette smoke and fall incense. His legs and ass are no longer bare for the world to see and are covered up by a pair of gray sweats.

The college student sighs, his entire body relaxing against the soft cushions beneath his frame, the fear and adrenaline leaving his body like a soft breeze against his skin.

He feels exhausted. Spent. A hundred times heavier than he normally is. His muscles feel sore in ways he doesn't know were possible.

Yuuji attempts to close his eyes and sink back into the cushions of the couch his body is on, not bothering to ask himself reasonable questions like: where is he? Who do these clothes belong to? Is he safe?

He’s truly, completely, utterly too exhausted to be reasonable.

If Getou and Gojo were to jump out of nowhere and kidnap him, then Yuuji would–without a doubt–let them so long as they promise him a nice bath.

A familiar mix of voices reach Yuuji's ears from a distance, causing a relieved smile to tug sheepishly on his lips.

"--molested?! Or raped?! Or *worse?!* As an older brother, I have one job: keep my little brothers safe, *and I failed!* " Chousou's worried voice carries from another room, his tone frantic and panicky.

"Look, I understand that you're worried babe–trust me, I am too–but working yourself up over something that could be *nothing* doesn't help you, me or *Yuuji.* We both–We both just need to take a deep breath and calm down, ok?" Yuki consoles from afar, tugging Yuuji's heart strings at the thought of working them both up over something so stupid. "For all we know, he could've been on drugs! I remember streaking the streets half naked when i was his age under the use of–"

"DRUGS?!"

Yuuji cringes, unable to handle hearing Yuki's poor attempts at reassuring his overprotective older brother.

Fighting off the fatigue and aches that cling to his skin and muscles, Yuuji sits up on the couch and cups his hands around his mouth, shouting " *I'm not doing drugs!!!"*

On cue, the couple scramble out of the room they were in (The kitchen, he thinks belatedly) and trip over themselves to get to Yuuji's side. The sight itself would've made Yuuji laugh if his body didn't feel like it was seconds away from caving in on itself.

A pair of muscular arms wrap themselves around Yuuji's body, squeezing a surprised huff out of Yuuji's lips. "Yuuji! Oh, my poor baby brother!" Chousou cries, drops of tears sinking deep into the sweater Yuuji is wearing. "Please tell me you weren't raped, or molested, or assaulted, or taken advantage of, or–"

Yuuji interrupts his older brother by grabbing Chousou by the shoulders and pulling him back far enough to reveal his older brother's tear stained face.

"I promise, none of that happened," Yuuji reassured lightly, his thoughts momentarily taking him back to Gojo and Getou's room, the hands that played with his sore buds, and the warm mouth that kept torturing his poor dick.

Was he under the influence of *a* drug?

Most likely.

Does Yuuji consider this sexual assault despite all of the red flags shoved right into his face?

Surprisingly, *no*.

A part of him *wanted* the pleasure he received from the two grown men despite how questionable the consent might've been. If he really didn't want to be touched by Gojo and Getou, then Yuuji would've said so or made some sort of indicator that he didn't want to proceed with the sexual encounter.

Gojo and Geto might be criminals, but they aren't rapists, that's something Yuuji himself is absolutely sure of.

They might *say* that Yuuji doesn't have a choice when it comes to being in a three way relationship with them, but they would never, in any way, *force* themselves onto him.

…he thinks…

"Then what the *hell* happened?" Chousou asks, his voice carrying a level of concern that makes Yuuji squirm nervously in his seat. "You had hickies *everywhere* on your body, your feet were covered in blood, and those bite marks…Oh shit, *did you lose it?"*

Yuuji tilts his head, confused.

"Eh? Lose what?"

"Y'know, your virginity?"

Yuuji's face turns a bright shade of red at his older brother's assumption.

"W-What?! No! We–We just–" but Yuuji can't even form the proper words to tell his older brother the truth.

Or, atleast, a *fraction* of the truth.

If Yuuji were to tell Chousou what really went down that night at Gojo and Getou's house, Chousou would personally make his way over there, break in, and beat the living shit outta them with his bare fists.

…but isn't that what Yuuji wants?

Doesn't he want Gojo and Getou to pay for the stress and torture they've been putting Yuuji through?

While Yuuji's mouth is gaping open and close, Yuki– who had been standing behind Chousou the entire time he was hugging and crying into Yuuji's shoulder–moves Yuuji's legs, sits down on the cushions, and places his legs over her lap–soft hands coming up to massage his ankles in soothing motions. "Take your time, yeah? Me and Chousou took off of work to take care of ya so you've got all the time in the world to confess to us."

A heavy wave of guilt washes over Yuuji at her words. "You–you guys took off? But aren't you two close to having enough money for your marriage ceremony and honeymoon–?"

Yuki instantly waves him off, an easy going smile tugging on her plush lips. "I swear, Yuuji, you worry about the silliest things…" She teases with a shameless wink of her eye, lashes fluttering in a mock form of seduction. "But me and Chousou need a little break from work anyways, so it works out!" She admits with a cheerful clap of her hands.

"Ah, I see…"

“But, seriously, enough about us–” Yuki then slightly pulls up the ends of Yuuji’s sweatpants, revealing the white bandages wrapped around his foot. Actually, now that Yuuji is more awake and coherent, he could feel the familiar tight material on *both* of his feet. “If me and Chousou hadn’t been on our way to work this morning, then we never would’ve witnessed you running the streets in nothing but–but some *luxury brand shirt!”* She exclaims, interest sparking from her brown eyes.

Yuuji, once again, feels beads of sweat roll down his face at the reminder that he had literally ran through Tokyo naked save for the oversized shirt he picked up off the insane husbands” bedroom floor. The nervous college student turns his gaze back to Chousou, hoping that he’ll intervene and tell Yuki to stop pestering him with questions, but his older brother had gotten comfortable on the floor right beside the couch Yuuji is resting on, purple eyes boring into the sides of Yuuji’s head.

Well shit.

Should Yuuji explain himself?

Tell them the truth?

Lie to them?

He should definitely tell the couple the truth; Yuuji has no doubt in his mind that they’ll believe him–they might be a little skeptical at first, but after further explaining himself, Yuuji knows they’ll take his words as law. They’ll most likely storm their residence, tackle Getou and Gojo onto the floor and go absolutely *ham* on them, but…

(But Yuuji is a sick freak who doesn't want this little game of theirs to end.)

Yuuji blatantly ignores the evil whisper in the back of his head and goes along with his gut:

Telling them only fractions of the truth sprinkled in with a couple of lies.

"I–I was visiting a friend's family for dinner and…got drunk. When I woke up, I didn't really know where I was, so I freaked out and–and *jumped out of their window."*

It's far from reasonable, but it definitely sounds like something Yuuji himself would do.

In a matter of seconds, Yuki and Chousou's demeanor changes from tense to relaxed, sighs of relief echoing loudly in the air at Yuuji's explanation.

"So you're *not* doing drugs?" Chousou asks with narrowed eyes.

Yuuji immediately shakes his head no–sure, he'll dabble in *some* drugs that Junpei buys from Hakari, but that only occurs when both Junpei and Yuuji are having a tough week which *rarely happens.*

"So if you weren't doing drugs…and you weren't molested in any way…"

Suddenly, the hem of yuuji's sweater is lifted up by Yuki, revealing the patches of hickies littering the wide expanse of his stomach and chest.

" *Then who the hell mauled you like a tiger boy?!"* Yuki practically screams with glee, causing a bright embarrassed flush to cover Yuuji's face from ear to ear.

"Y-YUKI?! HEY, DON'T TOUCH THOSE!!!"

Yuuji is then surrounded by a round of laughter, turning the poor college kid into a tightly strung string, his face overheating with the magnitude of humiliation he is forced to endure by his future sister in law and step-brother.

But hey, at least they were the ones to find him in such a vulnerable state than someone like Nobara or Junpei…

After a while of enduring the teasing remarks from both Yuki and Chousou about the marks scattered everywhere on his body (Which Yuuji tried to avoid as much as possible), Chousou eventually grabs teh remote to the T.V. and sprawls himself out on Yuki's lap, but not before lifting Yuuji's bandaged ankles and placing them over his thighs.

The couple spend the rest of the day daunting over Yuuji while Yuuji is left to his thoughts.

Or, more specifically, the two men who have completely flipped his entire world on its head.

Yuuji ends up leaving Chousou's and Yuki's apartment later that afternoon after reassuring them that he was lucid enough to walk back to his dorm.

They tried getting Yuuji to stay longer but, after admitting that he still has a few assignments to work on, they receded, letting the young college student leave with concealer to help cover up the marks painted along his body. He accepted the gift with a grimace, hating the knowing smiles on both Yuki and Chousou's faces when he quickly snatched the bottle from their hands.

The journey back to his dormitory was a boring one.

He passed by the same old cafes.

Said hi to some familiar faces he'd see every now and then in his classes.

Stopped by the comic book store to check out the new manga issues.

Arriving at the building he and many other college students were being forced to live in.

Went up the same set of stairs.

Knocked on the door, waiting for Junpei to unlock the door for him since all of his stuff was *still* at Getou and Gojo's place, and–

And when the door swings open, he's met with a miserable looking Junpei.

His roommate's face is teary eyed and red, traces of snot still running down his nose as his lips wobble and shake, his limbs trembling with every move he makes.

Yuuji doesn't even waste his time gaping at the view before him.

He launches himself at his roommate, wraps his muscular arms around Junpei's frame, and tugs him in close for a tight embrace.

And Junpei shakes, crying loudly into the sweater Yuuji was borrowing from Chousou. Yuuji's heart tightens as he pushes Junpei further into their shared dorm, his foot absentmindedly pushing the door close as he steps into their main room. Yuuji holds him close, hushing his best friend and rubbing soothing circles into his back, hoping that it'll be enough to calm him down enough to get him to explain what all of this is about.

It ends up working, to some extent.

When Yuuji gets Junpei to sit down on the couch, his roommate's arms never let go of Yuuji, causing the muscular college student to clumsily fall over his crying roommate, but Junpei doesn't seem to care or mind in the slightest. He just continues to cling onto Yuuji, his fingers digging deep into Yuuji's skin through the thin fabric of the sweater, and Yuuji allows Junpei to hold onto him. Yuuji holds him in turn, softly moving Junpei's head to the crook of Yuuji's shoulder where Junpei can finally breathe in fresh air and cry his sorrows away all the while tugging and clawing his marked up roommate.

What on earth happened to Junpei to cause him to shatter into a million pieces?

Did it have something to do with his mother that lives a little ways out of Tokyo?

Perhaps he was watching a show and his favorite character died?

Heartbreak maybe?

Did something happen with Mahito or one of their friends?

There's truly no telling.

All Yuuji can do is comfort his roommate as best he can and soothe his nerves enough to allow him to form coherent words.

By the time Junpei calms down enough to tell Yuuji what has him so downhearted and miserable, Yuuji had propped his roommate up onto his lap and kept his head placed comfortably in the junction of his neck, allowing Junpei to match his breathing to Yuuji's ever beating pulse. Yuuji's hands have yet to cease their relaxing motions, carrying-on the process of rubbing circles into his back and massaging the back of Junpei's neck, quiet sniffles being the only sound pervading through the air.

A sudden jolt from Junpei's shoulders is all it takes for Yuuji to know that his roommate is ready to talk.

He waits patiently, ignores the ever anxious beat of his own beating heart, and tries his best to–

"M-Mahito is a lying, blackmailing *bastard!"* Junpei seethes into the crook of Yuuji's neck, his words muffled and nearly incoherent through all the tears and sniffles. "I knew something w-was up, but I ignored it! I-I'm *such a fucking i-idiot!!!"*

Yuuji's grip around Junpei tightens, his own heart hammering loudly in his ears as the realization that *Mahito is behind all of this.* That sick freak is behind these tears Junpei is shedding. He's the bastard responsible for Junpei clinging onto Yuuji like he's his life line. All of this is because of that disgusting creature who Yuuji *and* Junpei had their reservations about, but wanted to give him the benefit of the doubt..

And look how good that turned out.

"Junpei, what did he do? What is he blackmailing you over?" Yuuji asks, trying to keep his voice as calm as possible even though every ounce of his body is begging to run out the door and pummel Mahito into a bloody piece of meat.

“He– *he tricked me!”*

“How?”

“He…He told me he was in college, that he had just moved out of his parents house to pursue a-an education… *but it was all a lie!”*

“What do you–”

Junpei leans back, his hands moving from around Yuuji’s back to the pink haired man’s shoulders, bracing his roommate for the next words that would spill from his lips.

“Mahito isn’t even our age, Yuuji! I w-was going through his t-things one night and found his I-ID… *He’s fourteen!”*

Yuuji’s jaw fucking drops.

“F-Fourteen?! NO WAY! HOW IS THAT EVEN POSSIBLE?!” Yuuji shouts, trying to wrap his head around the fact that Mahito–the man he shared drinks with and talked to about achieving their goals–was a fucking kid this entire time. “But He–”

“ *Plastic surgery* ,” Junpei supplies, red snotty face as grim as ever. “He told me he had connections to a family friend w-who dabbles in illegal plastic s-surgery…that's how Mahito was able to make himself look older.”

"...What the fuck…" Yuuji mumbles, his head spinning with the information he's been given.

What were the odds that a fourteen year old would find themselves a plastic surgeon willing enough to perform surgery on him? And how did he manage to act mature enough to trick more than a handful of college students, as well as yuuji's own older brothers?! Yuuji's step-brother's have experience with picking out underaged kids who try to make themselves look older than they actually are at their tattoo parlor, but even *they* were terribly tricked by the one and only Mahito!

"...Yeah…and, when I said I wanted to break up with him, he threatened to go to the police and report me for having underage sex with a minor!" Junpei adds, causing Yuuji's face to turn ghostly pale.

His fingers begin to clench and unclench around Junpei's shirt, trying and failing to be rational and calm through this whole fiasco, but he's nearly seconds away from snapping.

Mahito, that damn prick, had the audacity to *lie* about his age to Junpei, and now he's using his *actual age* as a way to keep them together?! This is all kinds of fucked up.

For a moment, Yuuji entertained the idea of killing the little bastard.

It wouldn't be hard so long as he played his cards right.

Yuuji still has Mahito's address in his phone from the one time he delivered food over to his apartment so he and *Junpei* didn't have to interrupt their star wars marathon. All he would

have to do is take the sharp pocket knife from their shared kitchen, take a subway over to his location, put in the four digit code to his room, and slice his fucking neck open.

If he's dead, then Junpei will no longer have to live with this terrible sin he accidentally committed.

If he's dead, then he and Junpei can go about their lives like nothing ever happened.

If he's dead, then Junpei will be happy again.

And that, more than anything, was important to Yuuji.

"Please…Yuuji, don't do anything, *please!"*

Yuuji breaks out of his trance to glare down at Junpei, his arms loosening their embrace around his roommate.

" ...*Don't do anything* ?" Yuuji repeats, the words a dangerous toxin on his tongue. "Junpei, from what i understand, he made you commit statutory rape and is holding that over your head when you *and everyone* were under the impression that he was *our age.* He's a sick possessive cunt who'll keep using this against you, turning you into his own personal slave. *Getting rid of him is the only way to–"*

"G-Getting rid of him?! You can't be serious, yuuji–"

“I am,” Yuuji interrupts, his brown eyes boring holes into Junpei’s skin. “It’ll be easy, Junpei–no one will have to know. I can make it out to look like an accident…or i can make it look like *the basher* did it–”

A sharp pain explodes from the side of Yuuji’s cheek.

He almost falls off the couch from the force of the blow, but thankfully, Junpei keeps him upright, stopping him from tumbling onto the floor.

Not because the slap across the face was powerful.

No, it just took Yuuji by surprise.

It stings, sure, but it wasn’t nearly enough to make Yuuji do something dramatic like falling onto their coffee table or some over-the-top shit like that.

But still, it’s hard to deny the feeling of *betrayal* and *hurt* rising up from Yuuji’s gut as he turns his gaze back to stare at Junpei in astonishment, surprised that his own roommate would raise a hand to him.

Yuuji hides the pain by pouting childishly, his hand moving away from Junpei to rub his sore cheek. “The hell was that for?” Yuuji whines, his brown eyes staring down at a baffled Junpei.

“Are you kidding me?! You–You were talking about committing murder, Yuuji! That’s not–That’s not something that can be erased!”

“Neither is involuntary statutory rape, *Junpei!”*

Junpei opens his mouth like he’s prepared to strike back at Yuuji’s words, but he stops; he clamps his mouth shut, closes his eyes, and takes a deep breath as if he’s trying to rein in all of his emotions from exploding out into the open. It makes quite the sight, especially since Junpei only does this every blue moon when he gets completely overwhelmed.

And, when he does open his mouth and eyes again, he fixes Yuuji with a look the college student has only seen once when Junpei and Yuuji had their first argument.

It’s stern, leaves no room for questioning, and is eerily calm despite the circumstances.

“Yuuji, i’m begging you–as your friend and roommate–that we keep this between ourselves,” Junpei pleads quietly, his voice barely rising higher than a whisper. “Mahito will eventually get bored of me and throw all of this away so…I just have to play the waiting game until then. If you make any rash decisions, then he’ll know that I told you and he might–” he cuts himself off, letting the silence in the air speak for himself.

If Yuuji so much as hints at the fact that he’s aware of Mahito’s deception, then Mahito will go to the police and report Junpei, effectively ruining his life.

The tears return, but they’re quiet. Steady. Flowing down on stream one side of his face as it drips lightly from Junpei’s chin.

Complete contempt. Reassurance in false hope. Pinning himself on a cross with nails until the right day comes for him to set himself free.

But Yuuji isn't nearly as patient as Junpei.

The college student softly wipes Junpei's tears away and promises his best friend that everything will stay between them.

Yuuji finds himself feeling guilty as Junpei smiles up at him, full of gratitude and love, completely blind to the blatant lies that laced through his own words.

After what felt like countless hours of trying and failing to get ahold of one particular friend of his, Yuuji's phone finally picks up, a familiar name running wildly across the screen as an annoying ringtone dances through the air.

Yuuji wastes no time in picking up his phone and sliding the green button, placing the device to his ear and heaving out an excited, "Maki! Finally, what took you so long to call me back?"

The girl on the other side scoffs at Yuuji's words, seeming to find his never ending persistence annoying, not that he could blame her for thinking such a thing. "You spam my phone like that again and i'm blocking your number, you understand?!" she threatens loudly, almost tearing Yuuji's eardrums apart with her voice alone.

"A-ah, yeah, of course! Sorry, I just…need some help," Yuuji apologizes, not quite bothered at the fact that Maki decided to keep her day-to-day activities private from Yuuji. He'll wrangle the truth out of her later through the magic of alcohol.

"Eh? Help with what? Smashing your married professor? If that's the case, then you don't need my help at all," Maki says absentmindedly, *completely* misreading the situation. "All you need to do is show up to class in a skirt and Professor Getou will jump your bones in under ten seconds–"

"T-This isn't about Professor Getou– *and i dont want to fuck him!"*

"Right, my bad, I forgot you're a bottom. You wanna get *fucked* by him–"

Yuuji clears his throat loudly, hoping to wash away his red blush that has spread from his ears down past his neck. "I called to ask you about the website you were on! The one you used to like…try and call a hit on your…uncle?"

" *Cousin* ."

"Right, *cousin,"* Yuuji corrects, glad that they're finally on the same page. "Is the website like…legit? Does…does *the basher* really take requests off of the dark web?" Yuuji asks as

his mind drifts to junpei's face drenched in snot in tears, a look of unhidden resolve twisting his features into something unrecognizable and heart wrenching.

Maki hums thoughtfully from the other line and doesn't give Yuuji a firm answer until a few beats later when she clicks her tongue, grabbing Yuuji's attention. "There's no telling if it's actually legit or not–so far, it's only been pure speculation," she admits, her tone dropping grumpily in disappointment. "Yuuta told you what happened to my uncle right? Naobito Zenin? Well I typed his name on the website a week before he was found dead with his head smashed to bits…but honestly, it totally could just be a coincidence," She relents.

Yuuji tries to suppress his shiver at the terrible reminder that the old man that had been hitting on him that fateful night was not only Maki's Uncle, but also a victim of the *The bashers–*

His heart stops abruptly, his mind suddenly seeing the connections set before his very eyes that he was too blind to see.

If Yuuji remembers correctly, *Getou and Gojo* were one of the last people to have supposedly interacted with *Naobito Zenin.*

"Remember the guy you were supposed to be going on a date with? Well me and Satoru just so happened to run into him earlier today and–when we asked him how his date with you went–he said he had no idea who you were."

Then, a few days later, said man's body was found dead in an alley with his head smashed in. The detectives who had found his body said that the corpse must have been there for quite some time.

Not to mention that Getou and Gojo are already batshit insane, so them committing murder wouldn't surprise Yuuji in the slightest.

But…if everything *is* truly as it seems then…

Does that mean Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru are the infamous serial killer "The basher"?

And, like a flash of light, another memory surfaces from within the confines of Yuuji's own mind–the hallway Yuuji was dragged down when he was severely drugged and clearly out of his head.

The hands around Yuuji's mid-section tighten as the mysterious figure drags his limp body through the halls, passing works of art, beautiful pottery, a big family photo with every person smiling widely, awards raised high and proud on the walls, ***small scratches and streaks of red along the cracks of the floors*** .

Yuuji knows for a fact that he didn't imagine the red streaks line across the nice wooden tiles. He remembers how out of place the color was compared to the rest of house, like how it never belonged in the first place, but now–

But no, all of this is just speculation!

Yuuji won’t know unless he…

Unless…

“Hello? Yuuji? You still there?”

Yuuji grips his phone tightly in his hands, his thoughts spiraling and spinning into a tornado, destroying every part of his brain that helps it function properly. He purses his lips, contemplating the information set before him, the ideas running across his mind at how to proceed, and picks the one that could get him concrete results…

And it’s a ridiculous one–a plan that could easily tear his own pride apart from the inside out.

“...Uh maki, I have another question.”

Another groan greets him from the other side.

“Yeah? What is it?”

“...do you really think I'd look good in a skirt?”

"...excuse me?"

One more phone call from Nobara and a shopping trip later, Yuuji finds himself staring owlishly at the new clothes on his bed, contemplating if he should really go through with his terrible, *terrible* plan that sprouted from a damn *joke.*

"All you need to do is show up to class in a skirt and Professor Getou will jump your bones in under ten seconds–"

The thing is, Yuuji *knew* Maki was just pulling his leg in the beginning–she's always been absurdly blunt with her teasing remarks which are normally nothing but senseless air, holding little to no meaning. However, the *skirt* grabbed Yuuji by the head and screamed into his ear, telling him to *do it, do it,* ***do it.***

If there was a possibility that wearing a skirt could make Getou act irrational, then maybe Yuuji could get some answers out of him by wearing it and displaying the bitemarks and hickies both he and his husband gave him!

It's a terrible plan, but it also leads to one of Yuuji's untouched secrets.

He'd be lying if he said he hadn't thought about crossdressing before; Inumaki introduced the concept to him one day when he showed up to their shared english class wearing a long flowy skirt with an oversized turtleneck, the collar high enough to cover the bottom half of his face, and Yuuji had been absolutely *fascinated* by the look before his eyes. Sadly, Yuuji never really thought he of all people would be able to pull it off due to his muscular figure.

When Yuuji voiced this thought aloud to Nobara during his shopping trip, he had received a harsh scolding from his best friend.

" *Yuuji, i love you, but i also despise you with my entire heart,"* She had hissed from Yuuji's phone. " *Your 'muscular figure' is perfect for skirts, especially the form-fitted ones! You got the ass of a god and a small slutty waist I would honestly* ***kill*** *for. If any guy in our group could pull off a skirt, it'd definitely be you, you self-conscious oaf!"*

So, with some assistance and encouragement from Nobara, Yuuji picked out an outfit to wear the next time he had Professor Getou's class.

Laying before him sits a form-fitted black and white sweater with an exposable v-neck paired along with a white high-waisted tennis skirt. As well as a pair of white knee high leg warmers and a pair of black doc martens, the outfit is practically complete.

And, when Yuuji tries the outfit on in the comfort of his own dorm, he finds himself staring blankly at his mirror, surprised by the sight that greets him.

The sweater exposes the faint hand-shaped bruise around his neck and recent hickies along his collar bones, making him look like a scavenged piece of meat, tasted and savored by a pair of lips and sharp teeth. The blue and white sweater drapes over the top half of the white tennis skirt, but does nothing to hide the salacious bite marks and hickies on the inner side of his upper thighs. And, upon spinning around slowly with an awe expression on his face, Yuuji finds that his figure *does* look nice in a feminine outfit.

Something he hasn’t felt in months begins to bubble up within his core, causing him to smile giddily at his own reflection.

Confidence.

Self confidence.

As soon as the feeling arises, Yuuji shuts it down.

He isn’t doing this to be fawned over by Getou, *no,* he’s doing this to lower the older man's guard into revealing if he is *or isn’t* one half of *The Basher.*

If he and Gojo end up having nothing to do with being *The Basher,* then…

Yuuji will just have to get his hands a little dirty.

On monday, Yuuji brings his plan to life.

The college student is accompanied by Nobara as they stroll through the halls of their campus–however–today they are gaining more attention than usual. Yuuji pretends not to pay it any mind as he engages in the conversation with his best friend as she rambles on and on about the different stores she wants to take Yuuji to so he could be her own personal barbie doll. Yuuji nods and smiles, agreeing without a second thought knowing that Nobara would drag him into her schemes regardless if he consented or not.

He makes sure to keep half of her attention on Nobara and half on the people around them as they walk down the halls, his heart hammering loudly in his chest as more and more people begin to stare at Yuuji, his feminine outfit, and blatant hickies along his neck and inner thighs. Some try to be discreet with their staring, but–with Yuuji keeping most of his attention on Nobara–they take advantage of his fake obliviousness to look him up and down, completely shameless.

Some people smile and turn to their friends, pointing vaguely at Yuuji's outfit with red tainted cheeks.

Others lean towards their group of friends to hide their reactions, but the signs of a tantalizing pink crawling up their ears is more than telling for Yuuji.

And a couple wave at Yuuji, giving the college student a short compliment before going on their way to their next class.

By the time Nobara and Yuuji make it to Professor Getou's classroom, Yuuji's face is warm and heated; his body temperature suddenly skyrocketing as he stares up at the imposing door before his brown eyes.

Nobara follows his gaze, a knowing look twinkling in her orange eyes as she shamelessly slaps Yuuji on the ass, launching him towards the door a couple of inches.

“Perv!” Yuuji squawks out, the blush running across his face turning up a few notches at her sly smirk. He tugs the white tennis skirt a tad, hoping to save at least an ounce of his pride, but Nobara reaches forward and grabs Yuuji by the wrist, stopping him from making another move.

“Oh, but you love it~” she teases, gesturing to the onlookers who are still loitering the halls, staring unabashedly at Yuuji. “If you wanna *get it on* , you gotta *show it off* !”

Yuuji pouts and shakes his hands out of Nobara’s relenting grip, unable to truly understand how someone so rambunctious has little to no regard to what leaves their mouth.

“I have no idea what you're talking about…” he mumbles despite the way she blatantly rolls her eyes, seeing Yuuji’s lie for what it is– *embarrassment.*

“You look sexy, Yuuji, so relax a little, yeah?” she says, somehow allowing a hint of softness to seep into her rather blunt tone. “And, if Professor Getou doesn’t tap that ass, then visit me and Maki later–we’ll treat you to a good pegging session~”

A red flush erupts from the tips of Yuuji’s ears down his neck at her words.

“You–You’re a tease, Nobara!”

“I’m serious! If you don’t believe me, then visit us after class! We’ll be in Maki’s dorm if–”

Slam!

The two college students’ jump, both surprised at the sudden sound of the large door opening before them, revealing a very annoyed, *good-looking* professor.

“Would you two stop your loitering and get to class? Your loud voices are disrupting my lecture–” Getou’s frustrated words are effectively cut off when he lays his gaze on Yuuji, his dark eyes widening in surprise.

Yuuji gulps, feeling countless drops of sweat already rolling down the nape of his neck as he endurs his professor's heated gaze, wondering–to himself–if this was all just a terrible idea. He tugs anxiously at the v-neck of his blue and white sweater, unknowingly drawing attention to the obvious bitemarks and hickies delivered by none other than the man looming over him. He shifts from foot to foot, staring up at Getou as he watches the older man’s eyes trace up and down Yuuji’s body, his eyes lingering on the white tennis skirt a tad second longer than what would be considered usual.

The air surrounding them is stuffy and suffocating, a heated sauna that threatens to make Yuuji pass out from the pure wave of warmth that hits his entire body. His stomach turns excitedly, heart doing backflips and somersaults as Getou trails his gaze back up to Yuuji’s face, looking unreadable yet *obvious* at the same time. Yuuji licks his lips, suddenly feeling parched and in need of a cup of water, and it takes everything in his body not to gasp when he catches the way Getou’s dark eyes shift to his saliva slicked lips–

A hand on Yuuji’s ass jerks him out of his own little world.

“Sorry professor! I was just giving my baby girl a little pep talk! Isn’t that right baby?” Nobara teases shamelessly as she makes a show of squeezing his ass cheek, causing the young man’s breath to hitch– *completely scandalized by Nobara’s behavior.*

Is Nobara trying to help him or trying to get him killed?!

Not knowing what else to do, Yuuji gives Nobara a shaky smile, left with no other choice but to play along with Nobara.

“R-Right! Yeah that's right… *baby…” Yuuji* grumbles for Nobara’s amusement and nothing else.

His friend laughs and gives his ass a final squeeze before pushing him towards Getou’s tall looming figure. “Don’t forget about our pegging session!”

With just one sentence, the tension in the air thickens.

Yuuji nods rapidly, pretending to go along with his terrible friend as tries not to shiver under the force of Getou’s glare.

“...I won’t…”

After causing more trouble than was necessary, Nobara skips away, a little too pleased with herself with the outcome.

Yuuji watches her leave, silently wishing he could muster up the courage to ditch this class and follow her like a lost dog… *but he has a job to do!*

He holds his breath as he turns back to face Getou and his penetrating glare.

"...perhaps it's about time you start putting your efforts into attending class on time rather than into dressing yourself up for a nonexistent fashion show…" Getou states firmly, his tempting lips turning down in an obvious frown–his professional facade plastered back onto his face. "I've tried being as generous as I could in the light of your situation, but i will reduce your grade if you keep showing up late, you understand?"

The stern voice that reaches Yuuji's ears rattles him to the core; his stomach clenches and tenses up in anticipation, his hands fisting the hem of his skirt as he continues to battle Getou's sharp dark eyes with his own honey brown ones, his heart spinning and screaming for the man before him. Yuuji gulps, his palms growing damp with sweat, an illegal heat traveling down *south* .

Why does Professor Getou have to sound so attractive when he's trying to act upset?!

"I–I understand, Professor," Yuuji says after a few beats, his brown eyes shifting from the older man's eyes to his disappointed frown, wondering silently to himself if Getou would accept a peck on the lips as an apology–

Getou breaks Yuuji's train of thought by widening the door to his classroom where many nosey students await, all of them eyeing Yuuji with a teasing smile on their lips. Yuuji is unable to hide the ever growing blush that's made itself acquainted on his face.

“Good, now take your seat.”

Yuuji immediately complies–his head ducked and face set aflame as he travels through the open space to get to his desk, many pairs of eyes following his movements with amusement lit expressions.

He doesn’t waste any time in sitting down, his eyes still refusing to look up from the wooden surface of his desk…but, at the telltale sign of the door closing, Yuuji chances a glance–

And finds remnants of a light blush roaming curiously over Getou’s cheeks.

In Yuuji’s mind, the lecture was over in the blink of an eye.

Sure, even if his professor is a wanna-be-kidnapper and possibly a serial killer, Yuuji still decided to take as many notes as he could. Kinesiology wasn’t a subject to slack on afterall,

especially for someone like Yuuji who always finds himself distracted by the tinestest of things. He managed to get a good amount of work done, conjured up some *questions* to ask Getou after class was over, and found himself immersed in the subject at hand.

Still, none of that stopped the loud bell from ringing loudly in his ears, a sign that class was not only over, but that Yuuji had a job to do.

A job starring himself and Getou that could end with him getting some answers or killed, depending on how much Getou *really* liked Yuuji.

The college student stays in his seat while his fellow classmates gather their belongings and leave the classroom, his clammy fingers playing with the frills of his tennis skirt. He smiles to himself, glad that Nobara was able to talk him into wearing a skirt such as this one; it's flowy and cute, simple and comfortable for someone like Yuuji who has always hated wearing constrictive clothing–not that he *wouldn't* wear skin tight clothing! It just…isn't as comfortable for him.

In a matter of minutes, the classroom slowly becomes void of any students, leaving just Getou and Yuuji and the tense silence hanging patiently in the air.

Yuuji lifts his gaze and watches the man walk back over to his desk, a tired expression painted all over his face. Getou takes a seat in his chair and leans back, a long drawn out groan leaving his perfect lips–the tired creases under his eyes seemingly ten times longer than usual. Seeing as Getou isn't going to be the one to address Yuuji's presence, the college student stays put in his chair, his brown eyes taking the time to observe the exhausted man seated before him.

He finds himself frowning at the faint purple bruise stretched across the man's right side of his jaw, reminding the college student of that fateful morning where Yuuji woke up completely naked in a bathtub that wasn't his own; Yuuji can still feel the panic that had

coursed through his veins when he had opened his eyes only to see Getou and Gojo staring down at him like a piece of meat, their intentions the least bit subtle.

Yuuji knows he shouldn't feel bad for striking Getou–it's a natural reaction to waking up in an unfamiliar environment surrounded by the two people who have been prone to kidnapping attempts…but the feeling still eats away at Yuuji.

…Is Getou upset with him for hitting him?

…Would the man feel better if Yuuji allows him to punch him back?

…should Yuuji bring it up with the man or sit here in silence, letting his thoughts overflow through the top of his head until his brain explodes?

Thankfully, Getou breaks the ever growing silence between them, his attractive gruff voice stretching across the empty classroom.

"...Sorry about what I said earlier."

…what?

Yuuji perks up, surprised to hear an *apology* of all things leave Getou's lips.

“Eh? What are you talking about? I don’t remember you saying anything bad to me…” Yuuji mumbles whilst sitting up straighter in his seat, his legs unconsciously spreading obscenely in an attempt to get comfortable in his chair.

Getou’s face twists up into something regretful and vulnerable, dark eyes eventually landing on the younger man–his gaze softening at the sight of him from across the room.

“I made an insensitive comment about your outfit in an attempt to scold you for being late,” Getou explains, his frown deepening as the words hang heavy in the air. “That was… rude of me.”

Yuuji tilts his head, his interest severely piqued by the conversation unfolding between the two of them. “I didn’t–I didn't think you were being rude, Getou! You had every right to get onto me for being late and loitering outside the door…” *besides, as much as Yuuji doesn’t want to admit it, he was thoroughly aroused by his stern tone…*

“Ah…but the truth is I could care less if you’re late, Yuuji, so long as you actually attend the class–it was your little *friend* that was pissing me off.”

“Nobara?”

“Yeah, sure, *Nobara–the ginger.”* Getou says her name with so much distaste, his eyes turning dark and ominous once the conversation turns towards the mischievous young lady who had been a tad too touchy with Yuuji before sending him off to his doom. “If you don’t tell her to keep her pretty hands to herself, then I might have to intervene, you understand?”

Yuuji gulps, a thrilling chill running down his spine at the man’s dark possessive tone, and he silently thanks Nobara for being so touchy with him before class.

Despite the threat that slipped past Getou's lips, Yuuji feels a rush of confidence running through his veins. Is he worried about what he might do to Nobara if she doesn't keep her hands to herself? Just a little; she's pretty handsy with every one of their friends, not making Yuuji special in any way. In their group, Nobara's been known to slap one or two asses once a day, some of them being Megumi's or Yuuta's or– *god forbid*– maki's, but she doesn't mean anything by it except for causing some harmless fun. If Yuuji told Nobara to cut back on all the touching, she'd probably give him a disgusted look before conceding, a witty remark leaving her mouth in a snarky-like fashion.

However, the fact that Getou found it necessary to *threaten* Yuuji over something so small… *does something to him.*

Yuuji's lips turn up in a smile as he gets out of his seat, a small creak of the chair echoing loudly through the air. Dark purple clashes with honey brown as the college student stalks towards his teacher, each step filled with unconstrained anticipation. Neither break eye contact as Yuuji travels across the classroom to meet his *grump* professor. Out of his peripheral vision, he catches the sight of Getou's finger's clenching and unclenching, his chest slowly heaving beneath his tight-fitted black turtleneck sweater.

When Yuuji finally manages to get to his professor's desk, he decides to throw caution to the wind–all sense of rationality being tossed out the window as he grabs the piles of papers on Getou's desk, sets them aside, and sits down on the wooden surface directly in front of the older man. His legs simply swing lightly in the air as he stares down at his professor, his dangerous man, with a mischievous smile on his lips. Getou gapes up at him, his purple eyes widening in shock as he looks up at Yuuji, a pretty blush coating the man's cheeks.

He doesn't know where this sudden surge of confidence came from, but he'd be damned if he doesn't take advantage of it.

"Intervene? Like cutting off her hands? Good luck with that, Professor–she'd still try to find a way to touch my ass without them," Yuuji teases with a tilt of his head, savoring the

way Getou's face twists in conflict, like he couldn't decide on what to do or say. "But don't worry, she was only doing that to rile you up."

At Yuuji's blunt explanation, Getou snaps out of whatever trance he's in and smirks. "Rile me up, huh? What a menace…" he sighs tiredly while scooting his chair closer to Yuuji until he's centimeters away from his white leg warmers and doc martens. The older man surprises Yuuji by grabbing hold of his ankles and placing his feet on his own lap, causing a dark blush to envelope across Yuuji's face. Getou's dark eyes finally leave Yuuji's to trail shamelessly up and down Yuuji's figure, not leaving a single thread unseen. "Do you know how pissed I was to see her disgusting hand on your ass in this slutty skirt? It made my fucking blood boil." At his words, Getou trails his hands up past Yuuji's leg warmers, settling them nicely around the knob of his knee.

Yuuji's breath hitches at both the action and the confession–he had a suspicion that Getou was more than a little upset with Nobara, but to actually have them confirmed is another thing. It causes Yuuji's heart to speed up, his pulse thrumming wildly beneath his skin as Getou's sly smile spreads along his beautifully plump lips.

"I–I had a feeling you were…y'know… *upset,"* Yuuji mumbles, his confidence slowly slithering away with every second that passes. "But um…if it makes you feel better…I dressed up for you…"

The grip Getou had on Yuuji's knee tightens.

"All of this is for me?" Getou says aloud, his voice full of wonder and adoration as he slips his hands up further, coarse fingertips dancing lightly along Yuuji's tan thighs. Yuuji has to stifle a gasp when Getou pinches the hem of Yuuji's skirt, purple eyes impossibly dark with desire as they trail back up to Yuuji's face. "Oh yuuji…my sweet boy, you never fail to amaze me," he sighs, the sound going straight to Yuuji's groin.

With trembling fingers, Yuuji reaches forward and lightly touches the bruise along Getou's jaw, inspecting the damage he had done a few days ago. "I felt bad for freaking out on you and Gojo and I um…wanted to make up for it…" Yuuji lies through a sigh, his heart hammering wildly in his chest. Getou's dark eyes seem to sparkle at the explanation, his smile somehow growing wider.

"That's awfully sweet of you, dear, but we both know you didn't dress up because you felt *bad* for us," Getou interrupts, cutting a clean knife through Yuuji's pitiful half-hearted explanation. "You want something from me so you thought it'd be easier to get what you want by dolling yourself up…" Even as the words escape the older man's grasp, he doesn't sound the least bit upset or disappointed. Instead, he appears amused, interested and excited by Yuuji's new approach. And, to add gasoline to the fire, Getou tilts his head, mocking Yuuji, and sings pleasantly, "You're a good boy, Yuuji, but I've learned not to take all of your words to heart. Remember the old man? The disgusting piece of trash at the club you said you had a date with? I don't plan on making the same mistake in believing every word you say~"

Yuuji can't stop himself from pouting, a mixture of arousal and disappointment flowing through him as Getou continues to pick Yuuji apart with both his words and his eyes.

"So?" Getou inquires, his hands roaming down from Yuuji's skirt to the back of his calves, pulling himself closer to the student sitting upon his desk. He places his chin in Yuuji's lap, bringing forth another inappropriate rush down south. "How about we help each other, yeah?" he suggests, purple eyes gazing up at Yuuji with a sense of darkness, bringing a buzz of excitement to run along the knobs of Yuuji's spine.

"...I'm not letting you take me home again," Yuuji states firmly with the most serious voice he can muster. Getou chuckles, amusement wafting through the air around them.

"I know, believe me, Satoru and I have learned our lesson," He eases lightly, a mischievous glint dancing in his purple eyes. "I just want to satiate my curiosity."

Oh.

Well, if that's the case–

"I do too," Yuuji confesses easily, glad that they both seem to be on the same track.

"Oh? You have a few questions for me?"

"Ah, just one–maybe two."

"As do I, what a coincidence!"

Yuuji rolls his eyes, trying to fight off the thrilling bubbles rising within his core with every second he spends with the older man.

"So? What are you curious about?" Yuuji asks, deciding to listen to the man's question before fully throwing himself to the wolf laying patiently in his lap–

"Are you wearing panties under this skirt?"

PAUSEEEE?!!!

“H-HUH?!” Yuuji squeals, trying to lean away from Getou’s sly smile, but the man’s hands tighten around Yuuji’s calves, keeping him in place. “WHY–WHY WOULD YOU BE CURIOUS ABOUT–ABOUT *THAT?* ”

Getou heaves out an amused chuckle, the sound making Yuuji’s groin throb with need. “Because I'm a dirty old man who can't get enough of seeing his precious boy dressed up, showing off the hickies me and Satoru gave you like a medal~” he explains, his face inching ever so closer to Yuuji’s stomach.

Yuuji’s face feels like it's been set aflame, completely doused in gasoline and lit with the flick of a lighter. He should’ve expected something like this to happen, but–for some reason–he hadn’t. And didn’t Nobara ask the same question too? Right before they left his dorm? Something about how wearing a pair of panties would up the *getting banged* rate?

Biting his lower lip, Yuuji trembles under Getou’s gaze, not sure how he should proceed.

Will the man be disappointed when he hears his answer?

Perhaps he won’t like what he sees underneath?

AND WHY IS YUUJI WORRYING ABOUT SOMETHING SO STUPID?!

Yuuji sits up straighter, tries to will the aroused tremble in his limbs to a slow, and manages out a small, “I-I’ll let you find out for yourself if you answer me honestly.”

Nails begin digging into the backs of Yuuji's calves, somehow causing a dull sting to rise from the skin despite the leg warmers in its way.

Getou's face lights up like Yuuji had given him the greatest gift of all.

"I'll tell you anything you want to know, baby, just ask the damn question," he grumbles excitedly against the white and blue fabric of Yuuji's sweater.

Yuuji takes a deep breath, knowing that–if he died in this position–he wouldn't be too upset. However, whether that's his brain's decision or his dick's, there's no telling.

"Are you and Gojo the *Basher?"*

The college student expected the professor before him to reveal his fangs at the question, to bite savagely into yuuji's stomach and tear his clothes off in a wild rage.

But, what he gets instead, is a closed eye smile–the older man shamelessly nuzzling his cheek against Yuuji's stomach.

"So you finally completed the puzzle, eh?" Getou mumbles happily, his grip around Yuuji's calves loosening, simply massaging the skin through his leg warmers. "But, to answer your question, *yes, we are,"* he affirms not a moment later, his purple eyes looking up at Yuuji with amusement. "Now will you let me see what's under–"

But Yuuji doesn't let Getou finish his sentence. The answer the older man had given him had sent both an excited and terrifying thrill up his spine, making him sit up impossibly straighter, as he came to the realization that the man behind those smashed in heads and gruesome deaths were none other than Yuuji's own professor and darling husband.

Before Getou can even flip up Yuuji's skirt to take a peek underneath, the younger man grabs onto Getou's long strands of hair and pulls his head off his lap. It doesn't seem to anger the man, but it definitely appears to annoy him to some degree if the twitch of his eye is any indicator.

"Are you not the tiniest bit worried about me knowing you and Gojo's alter ego?!" Yuuji exclaims a tad bit loudly for someone who is just a few inches away from the object of his affections. "For all you know, i could run out of here and scream this information to the fucking rooftops! Why are you telling me this—this so *nonchalantly?!"* he finds himself asking despite the many, *many* questions rolling around in his head that no one other than *Getou* can answer.

Getou makes a show of narrowing his eyes in annoyance–his eye twitches, lips begin forming a straight line, before–finally–he heaves out an irritated, "Ah, no one will believe you, Yuuji. Did you not learn your lesson at the hospital?"

Yuuji's eyes widen, surprised that Getou found out that the younger man was going around the hospital attempting to tell the truth behind his injuries.

"You got ignored, *ridiculed* by those despicable nurses who are supposed to care and listen to their patients," Getou reminds him, his gaze turning serious for whatever reason. "Who's to say it won't happen again? What'll your friends think if you suddenly spout a bunch of nonsense about how me–a well-respected professor–and Satoru–a famous entrepreneur–are allegedly serial killers? They'll think you've officially lost your damn mind!" he laughs with a sinister smile, causing Yuuji's heart to drop to his stomach.

He’s right.

For all his self-proclaimed confidence and assumptions, the man before him speaks the truth.

If Yuuji were to suddenly speak ill of the two people he had once respected more than his own twin brother, his friends and family would suddenly assume he’s grown a second head.

But exposing Getou and Gojo for their combined crimes isn’t Yuuji’s objective at the moment.

He’s got something more selfishly driven in the inner workings of his own mind.

“You’re– *You’re a menace…”* Yuuji mumbles in defeat, reluctantly releasing his grip on getou’s hair. The older man hums in satisfaction, seemingly happy to finally be free to do as he pleases. With his face still flushed a dark red, Yuuji places his hands on the sides of the desk, leaning slightly away from Getou as he grumbles an embarrassed, “Just take a peek already…”

Getou’s face lights up instantly.

“Don’t mind if I do, my love~” he teases, coarse hands going back up to play with the ends of Yuuji’s skirt, simple twisting and feeling the fabric beneath his fingertips. Yuuji watches with his heart in his throat as Getou continues to tease Yuuji by stalling, truly taking his sweet time before revealing what’s beneath the flimsy fabric.

Yuuji huffs to himself, unable to understand the allure behind something so… *stupid. Childish, even.*

"Any day now…" Yuuji grumbles impatiently, the red on his face intensifying by the second.

Getou just laughs, finding great interest in torturing the young college student sitting spread legged on his desk.

"Oh? Is that *excitement* I hear?" Getou teases with a smile, his fingers finally inching beneath the skirt to travel up the expanse of Yuuji's upper thighs.

Yuuji's breath hitches at the feeling of his fingers dancing along his marked, sensitive thighs, and shakes his head no–not wanting to add more fuel to the flame. "It's *dread* , actually…" Yuuji corrects through gritted teeth, his knuckles turning white from how hard he's gripping the sides of the desk.

Finally, *finally,* Getou grants Yuuji mercy and moves his hands up to grab the fabric from underneath, flips it up to land on Yuuji's sweater, air welcoming the younger man's lower bits, and feasts his eyes on–

Yuuji finds himself relishing in the frown that forms on Getou's lips. " *Calvin Klein boxers? Really?"* Getou huffs out in clear disappointment, his narrowed purple eyes peering up to glare at Yuuji. "You got me all excited for nothing, Yuuji! Shame on you!"

Yuuji chuckles, his heart rapidly beating heart slowing down, glad that he was finally able to beat Getou at his own game. "What? Does spandex not turn you on?" Yuuji teases as he reaches down to grab Getou's hands–making him release the ends of Yuuji's skirt. The college student flips his skirt back over his thighs, hiding the plain old boxers underneath.

Getou rolls his eyes and turns his head, laying his cheek along Yuuji's knees. "Of course it does! But a pair of panties would be…"

"Better?"

"Oh, *so much better…"*

Yuuji throws his head back and laughs at the ridiculousness of the situation.

Getou, his professor, who's tried to kidnap Yuuji on three different occasions, *and* had just revealed himself to be Tokyo's most wanted serial killer, is laying his head on Yuuji's lap *complaining* that the young man isn't wearing a pair of panties.

It sounds exactly like a story an old drunkard would tell at a bar to gain some attention, but–lo and behold–the exact events are happening to Yuuji *in that exact order.*

Talk about insane, right?

But that's not what Yuuji's here to do. He didn't just come here to Getou's class all dressed up to ask if he and Gojo are *the basher,* but rather to make a very absurd request–one completely inappropriate for someone like Yuuji.

"...You have another question you wanna ask me?" Getou guesses with a smirk, his hands reaching underneath Yuuji's skirt to caress the backs of Yuuji's thighs.

A groan involuntarily leaves Yuuji's lips at the heated touch, relishing in the feeling of Getou's rough palms squeezing his muscular thighs. The overwhelming sensation is almost enough to make Yuuji forget his question.

"It's a–a request."

"Hmmm…well i can't grant your request if you don't offer me anything in return," Getou states with a smirk.

Yuuji glares down at the older man, reading his facial expressions like an open book, and states firmly–"I'm not having sex with you or Gojo."

"Not even second base?"

"No–especially after what happened a few days ago? *Hell no."*

Getou huffs out a breath of disappointment, but he doesn't look deterred in the slightest. "Then what about dinner?"

Yuuji raises a brow, curious as to what Getou is suggesting. "Dinner? For whatever I want?" Yuuji finds himself asking, his hands twitching uselessly at his sides in anticipation. It seems too little a request for what Yuuji plans on asking for…but if Getou stays to his word then…

“A dinner date with you, me, and Satoru,” Getou reaffirms with a smile on his face. “I find it absurd that you’ve been on a date with my husband, but not with me. Rude, isn’t it?” he teases, his fingers suddenly playing with the ends of Yuuji’s form-fitting boxers. “We’ll pick you up, take you somewhere nice, chat–wine and dine you, maybe even dance a little–then we’ll take you home– *in exchange for whatever you want* .”

“So just a dinner date? That's…really all you want?” Yuuji questions dubiously. “And… your request won’t change even after hearing what I have to ask?”

“Not at all sweet heart–just ask away.”

Yuuji presses his lips together, his brown eyes roaming over Getou’s facial features before leaving his heart out in the open. His face is completely relaxed on Yuuji’s lap, his smile turning soft and reassuring–purple eyes appearing to glisten in delight. He doesn’t rush Yuuji to ask his question and seems more than a little content to wait as long as Yuuji wants. He looks happy, at ease, with his cheek squished along the top of Yuuji’s upper thighs, fingers fidgeting with Yuuji’s own boxer briefs.

The sight looks too domestic in Yuuji's eyes, especially considering the offputting and blunt question that’s moments away from Yuuji’s lips.

But hey, if Getou really is one half of the basher’s then…surely this request would be one he’d be willing to carry out?

Well, there’s only one way to find out.

Yuuji finally opens his mouth, his voice barely above a whisper as he asks:

“Will…Will you two *kill* someone for me?”

And, without missing a beat, Getou responds with a blunt, “Of course. Who do you have in mind?”

“...A boy named Mahito, lives on the outskirts of Tokyo,” Yuuji confesses, finding it surprisingly easy to call a hit on a boy he’s only met a handful of times. “He’s blackmailing my roommate into being in a relationship with him–tricked him into committing statutory rape when–when my roommate was under the impression that they were the same age.”

“...Consider it done, my love~” Getou sings into the air, his head suddenly removing itself from Yuuji’s lap.

Secretly missing the warmth in his lap, Yuuji raises a brow–surprised by the older man's compliance. “Really? Just like that? Even though he’s–?”

“A kid? Yuuji, I would kill *newborns* for you.”

Yuuji’s eyes widen, not finding Getou’s words attractive or comforting in the slightest.

“Don’t ever say that again,” Yuuji orders with a glare, his legs turning to jump off the desk.

Getou chuckles, the beautiful sound a soothing melody to Yuuji's ears. "Does Saturday night sound good to you, dear? Nine o'clock?" He asks, completely disregarding Yuuji's statement.

The college student finally heaves himself off his professor's desk and sends the man a smile. "Saturday works for me," Yuuji affirms, his heart speeding up in anticipation for what's to come.

"Wonderful! I'll have Satoru drop your outfit off at your dorm–"

Outfit?

Yuuji spins around on his heel, goes back to facing Getou, his face twisted in disgruntlement. "I don't need you two to get me an outfit–"

"But it's a fancy restaurant! You gotta dress with the crowd!" Getou exclaims with a mischievous glint in his eyes. "And I doubt a broke college student like yourself even has anything nice to wear."

Yuuji can't stop himself from bristling up, offended by the bold *but correct* assumption. So what if Yuuji doesn't have a so-called nice outfit to wear to a stupid restaurant? He'll show up in a t-shirt and ripped jeans for all he cares! Hell, he might just do that to spite the insane murderous couple!

"I thought we agreed that you or Gojo wouldn't send me any more gifts…" Yuuji grumbles, reminding the man of their agreement.

“But this isn't a gift,” Getou explains, his sly smile returning back full force onto his lips. “It’s just a part of my request!”

Yuuji furrows his brow, seeing Getou’s words for what they truly are: useless air.

He’s just doing this to amuse himself…

Despite knowing the intentions behind Getou’s actions, Yuuji relents and nods his head reluctantly. It’s the least he could allow considering what Yuuji’s asking the two older men to do for him. It’s just a small price to pay.

“Ok, yeah, fine,” Yuuji sighs defeatedly. “Just–don’t dress me up in something ridiculous, ok?”

Getou throws Yuuji a thumbs up, sparkles practically swimming around the man’s lit up face.

“Promise!” Getou shouts as Yuuji turns back on his heel, his eyes trained on the door ahead of him, his mind suddenly filled with nothing but his future date.

…And, in spite of who he’ll be going on a date with, Yuuji can’t help but be a little bit excited…

To Yuuji's dismay, Mahito still visits his dorm to hangout with Junpei.

And, everytime that despicable boy steps through his door, it takes everything in Yuuji not to body slam him against the kitchen counter and cut off each of his fingers with the pocket knife always sitting untouched along the white wooden surface.

His fingers itch with every inappropriate touch Mahito gives Junpei.

His brain screams to act when Mahito would force Junpei into his lap and whisper filthy things into his ear.

The urge to walk over and strangle Mahito until he's a sobbing mess is almost too strong to resist, especially after witnessing the state he leaves Junpei in after his impromptu visits.

Whenever Mahito leaves the dorm, Junpeu reverts back into a ball of depression; his own body curling in on itself as he cries quietly into the cushions of their shared cushions. Yuuji does his best to comfort his roommate as best he can without triggering him further, but even

his small efforts aren't enough to revert his best friend back into his cheerful, movie obsessed maniac.

" *It's ok,"* Junpeu would mumble against their cheap cushions. " *He'll get bored of me eventually."*

The pink haired college student highly doubts that, especially after witnessing how excited Mahito gets whenever he's around Junpei–all smiles and light coated blushes–like a *kid with a stupid crush* .

Yuuji doesn't know how Junpei can stand to be around the younger boy after witnessing his true colors, much less not squirm away from his clingy hands and disgusting lips. The college student can see the way Junpei's eye twitches every time a teasing remark slips past Mahito's lips, catches the slight frown of Junpei's lips whenever Mahito makes a show of being *sweet and kind* to his *boyfriend,* spots the flinch in his roommates shoulder's at the younger's touchiness. But, even after witnessing all of these appalling reactions from the other side of the dorm, Junpei doesn't make a move to disobey his *boyfriend.* He just sits there and takes it, listens with a forced smile and talks when he's prompted to.

It makes Yuuji's blood boil, causing him to grind his teeth together until his jaw is sore and aching. To see his best friend reduced to an ass-kissing doll for Mahito's amusement is like a slap to both of their faces. It's inhumane. Sick. disgusting. Shameful.

But he's unable to do a single thing.

If Yuuji so much as raises a hand to Mahito, then the boy will go to the police.

Junpei will get sent to jail.

Yuuji will lose his bestfriend.

And Mahito? He'd without a doubt go on with his life and find something new to obsess over.

Thankfully, all of that is about to end, so long as Yuuji plays his own cards right.

He has Japan's most notorious serial killers in the palms of his hands at this point, and–if he does what they want during their dinner date–then Mahito will be as good as *dead* by the time Yuuji gets home from his date.

The thought makes him disgustingly giddy, knowing that he has two dangerous men at his beck and call. It's an ego boost, that's for sure, and a tad bit unhealthy for Yuuji psyche.

Is this how Sukuna feels when he leads his cult? The adrenaline rush from the fact that all of his followers are loyal to him alone? That he could make them do whatever he wanted in the blink of an eye, a single word from his lips, a wave of his hand?

Yuuji used to find his twin's obsession with control strange and narcissistic, but now… *now he–in a way–kind of understands his fascination.* He'd never admit to it outloud of course, especially to Sukuna of all people, but keeping it close to his chest and nowhere near the outside world is more than enough for him. No one needs to know his every thought after all.

"Hey, Yuuji–" Junpei's voice breaks through the college student's inner thoughts, interrupting him from completing his English homework. Yuuji looks up and sees his

roommate standing beside the coffee table, his hands occupied with a large cardboard box. “You got a package from… *G.S?”* he inquires, a question laced in his voice as he sets the package down on the table beside Yuuji’s stack of papers.

Yuuji’s eyes widen, his heart suddenly lodged in his throat as he stares at the package before him.

It’s actually happening.

He’s going on a date with Satoru Gojo and Suguru Getou.

This is the *outfit* he’ll be wearing for the occasion.

It's set in stone before his eyes, yet…

“Woah…I can’t believe he was being serious…” Yuuji mumbles to himself, ditching his homework in favor of grabbing and placing the cardboard box on his own lap.

“ *He* ? Who the hell is *G.S.* , anyway?” Junpei asks aloud with a raised brow.

The college student gulps, unsure of how to explain himself. How does one say that they’re going on a date with their professor and husband to a fancy restaurant in order to get his *boyfriend* killed? You *can’t*– well, not without looking like a maniac.

“Um, just a friend I made online!” Yuuji lies through a smile, a smidge of guilt accompanying his being at the thought of being dishonest with his best friend.

But it’ll all be worth it in the end.

“An online friend? You’ve never mentioned them until now…” Junpei mumbles, his voice laced with suspicion.

Yuuji heaves out a nervous laugh, waving his friend off with a bright smile. “I haven’t? Ah, that’s my bad,” Yuuji apologizes, practically digging his own grave. “I’ve just been–been pretty occupied with school work to tell you about the– *him.”*

Junpei hums nonchalantly, his dark eyes switching from Yuuji to the cardboard box in his lap.

“...Ok.”

…ok? That’s all?

Yuuji watches in amazement as Junpei gets up off the couch, dusts his jeans off, and moves across the room to grab his keys off the kitchen counter.

Did it work?

Is everything ok for now–?

“When I come back from my date with *Mahito,* I expect an *actual* explanation as to who *G.S.* is, got it?” Junpei declares scarily, his dark eyes glaring right into Yuuji’s soul.

An audible gulp goes down Yuuji’s throat at his roommate's words, shame clouding his face at getting caught blatantly lying to his roommate and best friend.

Of course Junpei would be able to see through the lines and pick apart Yuuji’s words to see that he’s full of shit! Why did he even bother lying to his face in the first place?! Because he couldn’t think of a reasonable explanation off the top of his head? Ah, regardless of whatever leaves his lips, Junpei would be able to tell it's all false–he’s always had a knack for spotting Yuuji’s carelessly made-up lies, and this time is like any other.

“...Yes sir!” Yuuji says with a wavering smile, attempting to ease the thick tension in the air by playfully saluting his roommate.

Junpei, however, clearly isn’t in the mood for Yuuji’s nonsense.

“I’m serious, Yuuji!” Junpei exclaims loudly, his dark eyes narrowing at Yuuji from across the room. “I’m sick of being lied to. I just want the truth, no matter how stupid, embarrassing, or gruesome it is,” he states plainly, his grip tightening around the keys in his hand. “You told me about all the cult shit you used to be involved with and I'm still here. We’ve shared dark thoughts with one another, the kind that would make someone like Megumi bristle up, but I'm still here *calling you my best friend,* so just be honest with me, ok?”

The hurt and pain in Junpei’s voice is undeniable–its twisting up his voice, turning it into something heavy and poisonous on Junpei’s tongue. And Yuuji was the cause of it–because he *allowed* Getou and Gojo to get inside his stupid head.

Nishimiya and Sukuna figured it out, didn’t they?

They know about the couple, see them for what they are…so surely adding Junpei to that list of people wouldn't hurt, right?

“You’re right, I’m sorry,” Yuuji whispers into the quiet space between them. “I’ll tell you everything when you get back.”

The corner’s of Junpei’s lips quirk up for a moment before morphing back into a serious frown.

“You fucking better, Yuuji.”

Junpei opens and closes the door with a surprising amount of furocity, the kind that Yuuji can’t help but find himself admiring.

When Junpei came back after his date and once again inquired about the initials *G.S.* , Yuuji told him the entire truth.

From the attempted kidnapping at the nightclub to cutting a deal with the fucking *Basher,* he told Junpei everything, not leaving a single detail amidst.

And…he was surprisingly calm during the whole explanation.

He just…simply sat on the couch next to Yuuji and listened to his pink haired roommate, either nodding his head or adding commentary when necessary, but other than that–he didn't react much.

Yet, Yuuji could still tell that there was a bundle of questions festering up inside his roommate and he's thankful he didn't interrupt his explanation until after everything was said and done.

"--and the outfit is supposed to be a part of the deal i made with Getou so…yeah," Yuuji finishes up, his brown eyes darting nervously across Junpei's face, waiting for the moment his roommate would explode. "That…pretty much sums everything up."

"...Yuuji?"

The man in question perks up, instantly taking note of the nervous crease in Junpei's brow. "Yeah? What's up?"

The dark brown haired college student inhales sharply, his hands collapsing together tightly until his knuckles turn white and–

And he hangs his head, hiding his expression from Yuuji.

"You've…you've been going through so much without telling a single soul…" Junpei mumbles, his voice barely above a whisper. "You've been suffering, played with, *manipulated* yet you still manage to smile and act like everything's fine…i don't get it…" Yuuji watches with wide eyes as Junpei;s nails start digging into his own skin, leaving bloody crescents in its wake. "You…you must've felt so lonely, Yuuji, thinking that no one would believe you or be in your corner…and I'm so sorry you felt that way."

Yuuji's throat tightens, the words *But I'm ok* on the tip of his tongue, but he can't get himself to mutter that outloud.

The truth of the matter is that Yuuji *was lonely.* He felt trapped. Confused. His heart and mind felt like they were being torn in two different directions, telling him to do one thing and then something else that completely contradicts his last decision. And he had no one else to go to that wasn't Gojo or Getou, his two main perpetrators for Yuuji's suffering and confusing thoughts.

Finally, Junpei lifts his head, revealing copious amounts of unshed tears glistening around his dark green eyes.

"I-I'm so sorry i didn't notice you were struggling this entire time! I should've paid attention to what was happening to the world around me instead of wallowing in self-pity! You've been there for me when I was down, and–the one time you needed help–I wasn't there to help you back onto your feet. Even now, you're risking everything to get rid of Mahito *for me!"* Junpei cries out, his shoulders trembling with every tear that runs down his cheek.

Yuuji's heart cracks at the admission, his body immediately acting on its own. His arms reach out and pull Junpei in close, wrapping the thin college student in a warm embrace. Junpei cries harder, his tears staining the collar of Yuuiji's shirt, but he couldn't care less.

"Stop apologizing, please! I didn't–I didn't want anyone to know, ok? Not even Chousou knows about all of this," Yuuji confesses, his grip around Junpei tightening when he feels him trying to pull away. "I didn't know how to make sense of all of this–even though Gojo and Getou are fucking bastards and deserve to be locked away for the crimes they've committed…*they make me feel special. Treasured. A person worth cherishing without truly wanting anything in return.* I couldn't—no–*I didn't know* how to tell someone, *anyone* this without looking like a madman…but that shouldn't have mattered," Yuuji then moves his hands to junpei's shoulders and slowly pulls him away, leaving the both of them terribly exposed. "I should've known to confide in you in the start. *You're my best friend, Junpei.* Not Nobara, not Megumi, *you.*"

"I–I would've never judged you, Yuuji! I told you, didn't i? That I was fascinated by how obsessed Mahito was with me? I *loved* the way he makes me feel like the center of his universe, even now, after everything, I can't help but enjoy it," Junpei shares whilst wiping away his own tears. "You're my best friend too, Yuuji. I've–I've never met anyone who understands me as much as you do, someone who can see me for who I truly am without judging a single part of what makes me, *me. I love you, Yuuji."*

A tear rolls down Yuuji's cheek at the admission and he finds himself crushing Junpei in another embrace, his throat and heart tightening with the love and care overflowing from his being. "I love you too, Junpei…"

They stay there for a bit, basking in eachother's warmth, sharing apologies and words that are quickly brushed off with more tears and smiles.

A weight has been lifted–not enough to completely rid Yuuji of the burden that falls upon his shoulders, but enough to make his decisions more bearable to live with.

And he has Junpei to thank for that.

Yuuji has never wanted to kill someone more badly in his life.

Yeah, there were times where he and Sukuna would get into arguments that would cause them to throw hateful, mean comments at each other, but Yuuji never allowed himself to think such sinful thoughts. And sure, Nobara and Maki might get on his nerves at times with how mischievous and hard headed they are, but he's never indulged in thinking anything violent against them. And, of course, he *does* want to kill Mahito for what he's done to Junpei, but that's more out of a sense of duty for his friend than anything else.

But Gojo and Getou?

Oh, if Yuuji could wring his hands around their necks right about now, he'd squeal with joy.

As he continues to stare down at the open package before him, Yuuji can feel Junpei peeking over his shoulder, his face just as appalled as Yuuji's.

"is…Is that a–"

"Yeah…i think it is…"

With careful hands, Yuuji reaches into the box and pulls out a long red satin dress, a long slit running down the side of the bottom, the quality silky and expensive to the touch. The straps are thin, the neckline dangerously low, and *without a doubt too small for Yuuji's large masculine frame.*

"...A dress…" Yuuji mumbles, his blood boiling at the sight of such an expensive dress hanging from his fingertips.

Junpei nods, just as much in a daze as Yuuji is. "A dress," he affirms stupidly, his hand reaching out to prod the red fabric. "Is this like…a joke?" Junpei mumbles as he keeps touching and messing with the red dress in Yuuji's hands.

"I don't think it is…" Yuuji groans frustratedly while draping the long red dress along his bed, his eyes traveling back onto the package gifted by *G.S.*. At the bottom, beneath what had been the red dress, sits a box reading *Tiffany's* and a shoebox with the brand *Dior* on the lid. The college student holds his breath as he takes both boxes out of the package, revealing yet *another* gift planted at the very bottom.

A white fur coat.

Expensive and pretentious.

The kind a classy rich lady would wear to fancy restaurants while holding a glass of red wine.

Yuuji pulls his eyes away from the coat and instead focuses on the *Tiffany* and *Dior* boxes. He lets Junpei gawk and freak out over the white bundle of fur while Yuuji opens the two new boxes.

And Yuuji nearly throws both boxes to the floor at what he sees.

The *Tiffany's* box opens up to reveal a multilayer pearl necklace while the *dior* box unveils a pair of silver heels with lace up sequins that would be traveling up the expanse of Yuuji's shins if he were to wear such over-the-top shoes.

How much was all of this?

Is any of this even gonna fit Yuuji?

What if Yuuji's large frame causes the fabric, sequins, and pearls to rip?

Would the deal be called off?

“They might as well add a wig to– *oh fuck is that a g-string?”* Junpei squeaks out in surprise, his hands nearly dropping the expensive fur coat onto their dirty dorm room floor.

Yuuji heaves out a sigh and gathers all of the materials into his arms–even the damn g-string– his face twisted up in resignation and determination.

If none of this fits, then Yuuji will have no choice but to send all of this back to Gojo and Getou, and then–maybe–they’ll send him a simple tuxedo, pants, and shoes to wear to whatever restaurant they have picked out for their *dinner date.*

It’s this thought alone that convinces Yuuji to try all of the clothes, jewelry, and shoes on, his brown eyes set on finishing the task at hand.

With Junpei’s help, the two figure out to put on the damn *g-string,* shave his legs, pull down the red satin dress to sit comfortably around Yuuji’s small waist and hips, ties and clip the heels onto his large feet, lock the necklace around his neck, and toss the fur coat along his shoulders, and–

And when Yuuji looks in the mirror with Junpei at his side, he looks like a completely different person.

The red dress sits nicely along his figure, revealing his collar bones, small waist, and full hips. The slit of the dress opens up at Yuuji’s right upper thigh, revealing his long muscular legs and fancy heels. The necklace hugs his neck tightly like a collar, reminding the college student of Gojo’s threatening hand, and the fur coat covers and warms him up like Getou’s large figure.

Everything–surprisingly–fits him to a tee.

Both he and Junpei gasp at the sight before them, both in a state of shock.

"Wow…I look–" a flash shines off the mirror before Yuuji can finish his sentence. He whirls around and comes face to face with Junpei's phone, the flash on bright and without shame. "P-PUT THE DAMN PHONE AWAY!!!" Yuuji shrieks, his face almost as red as the dress he's wearing.

Junpei ignores Yuuji, continuing to snap pictures of Yuuji in his expensive *feminine* outfit. "Like hell I am when you look like hot shit!!!" Junpei declares while crouching onto the floor to get better angle shots of Yuuji's outfit. "We gotta get Nobara to do your makeup, Yuuji! Think about it– red lips, blush, eyeliner and eyeshadow? You'd look absolutely breathtaking!!!"

Yuuji blushes even harder at the compliment, shocked to be hearing *praise* of all things from Junpei's lips. "You don't—you know… *think I look weird?"* Yuuji asks self-consciously while tugging the fur coat tightly around his chest, attempting to cover up as much as he can.

His roommate's incredulous laugh shatters the doubt in Yuuji's mind, his face so open and real that Yuuji can't help but think that he truly, *indubitably,* looks good in what he's wearing. "Yuuji–how can you even ask that question?! You–You're breathtaking! Absolutely jaw-dropping!" Junpei compliments with a rosy blush on his cheeks.

A giddy smile spreads across Yuuji's lips, his heart fluttering wildly at the pure honesty of Junpei's words.

"I don't know what i would do without you–"

“If i didn’t see you as my brother, i’d definitely let you hit.”

Yuuji then promptly stuffs the fur coat in Junpei’s face, further silencing him for the rest of the night.

Aside from the constant teasing from his friends, Yuuji’s week up until Friday was pretty boring.

Classes were all the same.

Tutoring sessions with Getou were surprisingly mundane–they’d tease and threaten each other, sure–but that was slowly becoming the new norm between them.

Mahito still walks the streets with a beating heart.

Junpei is still miserable despite the facade he tries to put on around Yuuji.

And, when Saturday comes around, Yuuji's entire body is *vibrating.* He can't tell if it's from anticipation, fear, or excitement, but none of that truly mattered since he can't stop his damn body from *shaking.*

As Junpei recommended, Yuuji had Nobara come over to do his makeup in exchange for information about his upcoming date.

Sitting cross legged in front of said girl, Yuuji has to endure a *very* long lecture about how stupid he is despite Nobara's efforts at making him look quote-on-quote *fabulous.*

"This'll be *the* scandal of japan by the time the media catches wind of your little 'date'!" Nobara seethes while applying the finishing touches to Yuuji's lips. "' *Breaking news! Japan's most successful entrepreneur caught on a date with his husband and newly claimed boy toy who's also a student of none other that Getou Suguru–Gojo Satoru's significant other!*"" she mocks harshly, her orange eyes cutting deep into Yuuji's skin with how sharp her gaze is.

Yuuji tries to keep the scowl off his face as he pouts, not wanting to ruin all of Nobara's hard work. "Who cares about what the media says…what goes on tonight is between me, Gojo, and Getou, and *nobody else,"* Yuuji defends weakly–stopping curtly when the girl sitting inches away from him grabs his jaw and forcefully tilts his head, her other hand reaching for her blush and brush.

"Uh, *bullshit,"* Nobara hisses like a cat with Junpei nodding along with her, his arms crossed and feigning a serious expression, as if trying to appear intimidating in Yuuji's eyes. If that's what he's going for, then he's failing miserably. She dabs Yuuji's cheeks with a light pink blush with a furrow in her brow, still–somehow–pissed off by the very sight of him. "You better tell me every single detail of your date tomorrow or else I'm breaking into your dorm and shitting in your pillow, you understand?"

Both Yuuji's and Junpei's eyes bulge out of their sockets at the declaration, *immediately* hating the very idea of Nobara defecating in their private, shared, peace of heaven they call their dorm.

"B-But what if we do– *y'know–the dirty!"* Yuuji gasps out as Nobara turns his head the other way, applying blush to his other cheek. He's practically grasping for empty air at this point–there's no way he'll actually have sex with Gojo and Getou tonight, not if he can help it. But still, if he can somehow disgust the girl enough to make her less curious–

"Then I expect a full page essay about how good they raw dog you."

"N-NOBARA!!!"

When Yuuji attempts to move away from the girl, Nobara grips his jaw tighter, keeping him in place for the duration of her stay–turning his face a shameless red as he's forced to listen to her go on and on about how freaky Gojo and Getou would be in the sheets.

The pink haired college student, willing for the time to go by faster so he could finally get this night over with.

Nine o'clock finally rolls around, sending endless chills up Yuuji's spine as he walks down the stairs of his dormitory, ignoring the strange looks from people in the hallway.

The pink haired college student, who tried getting used to walking in heels the entire week, wobbled and shook with every step he made, his arms clinging desperately to Junpei who decided it'd be best to walk him down to the car. While Yuuji is grateful for his roommate's consideration, he has a feeling that Junpei is also escorting him in an effort to have a word with either Getou or Gojo, or perhaps both.

Yuuji keeps this to himself though. He's nervous enough as it is as he tries to stop himself from falling down a flight of stairs, the soles and heels of his feet already screaming in pain from just the few steps he's made. The last thing he needs is to put Junpei on the spot right before his big date with *two* of Japan's most dangerous men.

It feels like a lifetime passes before they reach the lobby, junpei's grip around Yuuji's fur-covered shoulders tightening as they make it towards the main doors–

The clear glass doors seem to open on their own, startling Yuuji and Junpei when they try to reach for the golden handles.

The pair take a step back, letting whoever is entering the building walk past them, both stop in their tracks when they realize who *exactly* is pushing their way through the entrance.

In front of Yuuji stands Gojo Satoru and Getou Suguru, two devilishly handsome men decked out in pristine matching tuxedos. Down to their red ties, white undershirts, and black overcoats, they complimented the other–a perfect pair of husbands, especially in Yuuji's eyes

who had done nothing but ogle at the older men the moment they stepped through the glass doors.

How the hell will he survive a night with these two without wallowing in shame?

Who does Yuuji think he is? Thinking he could actually endure a night of wining and dining in an establishment he *clearly* doesn't belong in?

He's a broke college student, fresh out of a cult for fucks sake, who's still *very* clueless about how things work outside of a commune, and he's expected to what? Think he could fit in with two men who seem to have everything at their fingertips? A successful life? A successful marriage? A successful career?

Yuuji would be terribly lucky if he graduates college fully intact, alive and well, without being kidnapped or tempted to run back to the place he so desperately wanted to escape from.

And here he is, forced to wear a silly red dress in these pretty heels that he can't even walk in–

"Oh, *Yuuujiii~"* Gojo cooes dramatically, drawing Yuuji out of his trance. The younger man focuses back into the world around them and finally catches the way both Gojo and Getou are looking at him.

Dark.

Lustful.

Greedy.

Shameless.

Their hungry, ravenous eyes sweep up and down Yuuji's figure; to his white fur coat, to the slit of his red dress, down to his sparkly silver heels, they take everything in, not leaving a single frame of his unseen.

While the doubt still clings heavily to the back of his mind, Yuuji can't help but find himself loving the way they're staring at him, taking him apart piece by piece with their lust-filled eyes.

He pulls his fur coat tighter around his body, feeling terribly exposed under their heated gazes.

Gojo takes a step forward, easily invades Yuuji's personal space, and takes him softly by the hand. Yuuji watches with wide eyes and red cheeks as Gojo turns his hand around and kisses each knuckle, his blue eyes clashing with Yuuji's honey browns. "Words cannot describe how beautiful you look tonight, my dear," he mumbles against the tan skin of Yuuji's knuckles, lighting the younger man's face on fire.

"You–You also–you two are–" Yuuji stumbles over his words, his mind completely malfunctioning in the face of Gojo and Getou. "Pretty! You two! Very pretty!"

He stops, mouth wide open, as he mulls over the words he just let slip from his own stupid lips.

Is Yuuji suddenly a parrot?! The hell is wrong with him–?!

A round of laughter fills Yuuji's ears, embarrassing him further.

"Your compliments never cease to amaze me," Getou taunts with a smirk as he steps forward as well, taking the empty spot next to his husband. "But thank you. We spent a lot of time trying to decide on what to wear, so I'm glad our efforts seem to please you~"

"Ah, yeah, right… *you're welcome…"* Yuuji mumbles, still at a loss for words.

A loud cough interrupts the awkward tension brewing within the three men.

"Please bring Yuuji home safe and sound," Junpei says, the arm around Yuuji's shoulder loosening and moving to his lower back to–

To push him towards Gojo and Getou.

Thankfully, with Gojo already holding onto his hand, the older man is able to hold him upright, stopping him from further tumbling over himself in these god forsaken heels. The white haired man pulls Yuuji in close, his face pressed softly up against the firm, expensive fabric of his tux, and he can do nothing when another arm wraps itself loosely around the small of his back, long nimble fingers spreading possessively along the red silky dress.

“Of course, *Junpei,”* the sudden use of his roommates first name causes the hairs on his nape to stand on end, the question of *how* Gojo got his hands on such information abandoned when his fingers begin shamelessly trailing up and down his back, fingernails slightly digging into the dip of his spine. “We’ll have him home a little after midnight.”

“Good– *you better.”*

Yuuji turns in Gojo’s hold, his arm resting safely along Gojo’s chest as he faces Junpei, an uneasy smile gracing his red lips as he stares at his wonderful roommate.

“See ya later, Junpei!”

Junpei’s eyes soften, his lips turning up to mimic the same wavering smile.

“See ya, Yuuji. Stay safe.”

Gojo then spins Yuuji back around, his arm moving to wrap around the younger man’s waist, as he helps teh college student out of the lobby–getou following closely behind him– eyes as dark as ever.

And, when Yuuji looks back to see if Junpei is still standing there, all he sees is the boy’s back, truly finalizing his decision.

The night has officially begun.

“Woah! This–This car is yours?” Yuuji says with wonder as the backseat of what looks to be their porsche.

Honey brown eyes roam excitedly over the black leather seats, the soft lights peeking out from around the floorboards, and a small storage in the middle of the driver and passenger seats full of alcohol beverages and wine. The smell of blueberries and incense wafts in Yuuji’s nose, causing a relaxed sigh to escape him. An excited smile spreads wildly across Yuuji’s lips as he flings himself out of Gojo’s hold and crawls along the seats, his hands rubbing and feeling the leather beneath his finger tips.

He’s completely oblivious to the pair of eyes roaming the expanse of his backside as he bends over and explores the car.

“It sure is!” Gojo exclaims, matching Yuuji’s level of excitement with his own eccentric filled voice. “Beautiful, isn’t she? Suguru and I bought this beauty for our tenth anniversary~” he confesses, finally causing Yuuji to throw his head back to look at the older man, disbelief written over his features.

“No way! It must’ve cost a fortune!” Yuuji says whilst sitting himself comfortably in the middle of the leather seats. He watches with wide eyes as Gojo scoots into the open spot next to him. The college student tugs the fur coat tighter around his body when he observes the older man man spreading, long legs stretching shamelessly–taking up most of the space in front of him as he leans back, completely at ease while plastered to Yuuji’s side. Yuuji follows the way Gojo throws his head back and chuckles, eyes roaming openly along the exposed expanse of Gojo’s neck, trained specifically on the spot where his Adam's apple bobs sensually.

Yuuji grips his hands tighter around himself and looks away ashamed, scared that he might give into the urge to reach out and grab the older man’s throat.

“A fortune? Oh, yuuji…you really have no idea how rich I am, do you?” Gojo teases, his deep voice causing the insides of Yuuji’s stomach to flutter.

“Uh…not really, but it doesn’t really matter to me,” Yuuji responds shakely–eyes still refusing to face Gojo. “You must’ve worked really hard for you to get to where you are now–I find that much more admirable than a couple of bucks.”

At Yuuji’s confession, he feels cold fingers skin the back of his own neck, catching him off guard. Finally, he removes his eyes from his lap and turns his head to face Gojo. The man is staring at him with a soft expression, fingers playing idly with the dark hairs of Yuuji’s buzzcut as he heaves out a sigh, glossy lips curling up into an enamored smile.

“What a sweet boy you are, Yuuji~ all kind words and genuine smiles…” the man says in the space between them.

A dark blush easily returns to Yuuji’s face at the bold compliment, his mind wandering back to that fateful night the three of them shared together.

Gojo's soft lips wrapped tightly around his weeping cock.

Getou behind Yuuji, keeping him in place, his head moving down to bite and whisper ***praises*** *into his ringing ears.*

The shameless moans that left Yuuji's lips at the compliments, at their touch, at their presence that has the power to fully engulf Yuuji in a cloud of lust and greed.

Yuuji wants to hear Gojo praise him more.

Yearns to hear the man reach over to tell him how much of a good boy he is.

Needs to feel the weight of his words against his skin, his throat, his ears, *his lips*–

A warm body moves in close to Yuuji's other side, breaking him out of his less than holy thoughts.

He turns, surprised to see Getou move into the back seat with them, long black hair dangling around his handsomely sculpted face as he gets himself comfortable next to Yuuji. He doesn't man spread like Gojo and instead crosses his right ankle over his left knee, his right arm resting lazily along the top of the backseats, laying above Yuuji's head without a care in the world.

While Getou doesn’t take up as much space as Gojo, the older man still doesn’t seem to have a problem with getting in Yuuji’s personal space.

“You look absolutely divine this evening,” Getou says upon closing the door, the loud click of the door fully resigning Yuuji’s fate to suffer in the presence of both Gojo and Getou. “Does everything fit alright? Is there anything about the outfit that’s making you uncomfortable?” he asks, making Yuuji's heart flutter with his consideration.

“Thank you Getou, and yeah–everything fits…” his voice trails off, his eyes moving down to his aching feet. “But I'm not used to wearing heels. Are they supposed to hurt this much?” he questions while lifting his heeled foot, showing off the dazzling silver stones traveling up and down Yuuji’s shin.

Rather than answering Yuuji’s question with an actual response, he reaches forward and grabs Yuuji’s foot–causing a sharp gasp to escape his lips. Completely off balance, Yuuji is forced to lean his weight against Gojo to keep himself upright.

With big brown eyes, Yuuji watches with held breath as Getou inspects the heel in his lap, his hands taking the time to explore the many shiny stones. His finger then brush along his ankle, nails prodding and messing with the clip clasped tightly around Yuuji’s foot. In a few short seconds, the clasp comes undone and Getou clips it back together, adjusting the brace to sit a tad bit loosely around his ankle rather than squeezing it to death.

“You had the clip on too tight, dear,” Getou explains before setting Yuuji’s heel back down onto the floorboard and reaching for Yuuji’s other foot. The college student helps him by lifting his other heel, observing the man work his magic that should have no business making Yuuji hot and bothered. “It’s an easy mistake to make when you first wear heels. Yes, it's normal for the sole of your foot to be a bit sore after a long night, but that will eventually go away with practice.”

“O-Oh…ok…” Yuuji mumbles, internally patting himself on the back for managing to respond to the man despite getting lost in the feeling of being caressed and cared for by Gertou’s coarse fingertips.

From behind Yuuji, Gojo reaches forward and knocks on the window separating the three from the front seats. A small screen rolls down, revealing their friend *Ichiji.*

“We’re all ready to go, Ichi!!!” Gojo sings pleasantly, his arm wrapping around Yuuji’s back and around his stomach, keeping the younger man close in his grasp. While Yuuji gasps at the sudden move, Getou chuckles with amusement laced in his voice, seemingly entertained by his husband's antics.

Ichiji sighs, long and drawn out, and turns back in his seat, hands clenching tightly around the steering wheel. “You owe me big time, Gojo-san.”

Gojo laughs, his hands easily waving the tired man off.

“Yeah, yeah! Don’t worry, you can fully expect to see a fat number on your next pay day sweetie~”

The man doesn’t even bother to respond and instead rolls the window back up, once again separating himself from the loud mouth imbecile.

“He’s gonna murder you one day if you’re not careful, Satoru…” Getou mumbles under his breath, his hands keeping Yuuji’s foot in place on his lap despite having already fixed the tightness of the heel. Ignoring the way Getou’s hands are still wrapped possessively around his foot, Yuuji nods along, agreeing with Getou.

“With the amount of times you two have tried kidnapping me, I wouldn’t mind joining in,” Yuuji adds, his brown eyes dancing from Getou’s amused eyes to the alcohol beverages peeking out from across his seat.

He can easily reach over and grab a bottle if he wanted, but leaving himself intoxicated in front of these two would end with him getting his clothes torn off or worse.

“H-Huh?! You two are so mean to me!” Gojo squawks in offense, his arm tightening around Yuuji’s stomach. “How can you two be so rude to a kind soul such as I? Even after I spent sweat and tears on getting us a reservation at *Dagon's Paradise ?!”*

Getou sends a deadpan stare over Yuuji’s shoulder, without a doubt reserved for none other than Gojo himself. “All you had to do was call the place and flaunt your damn feathers, you overdramatic heathen…”

“Oh dear, you wound me so!”

“Good.”

The car engine finally starts and takes off, the conversation between the three mulling over into something comfortable.

And Yuuji still manages to trick himself into letting all of his walls down.

Dagon's Paradise , as it turns out, is Tokyo's finest restaurant–reserved for only the high class citizens of Japan.

As Yuuji is helped out of the car and escorted through the entrance of the restaurant, he feels himself curling in–self consciousness creeping in and making him wrap his fur coat tighter around his body, hoping to hide as much as he can. He's surrounded by classy young ladies and rich husbands, people dressed to the nines in clothing that could easily pay Yuuji's entire college tuition. Nervous brown eyes sweep the crowd of finely dressed business men and women and draws closer to Gojo and Getou, both who have taken to flanking Yuuji's sides like a couple of guard dogs.

There are too many eyes, too many people, too many warm bodies with faces that scream perfection.

And who is Yuuji? Just a measly broke college student playing dress up for Getou and Gojo's amusement–

"Relax dear," Getou whispers into Yuuji's ear, his warm breath fanning over the young man's face.

“I–I don’t think i can–”

“Of course you can, baby~” Gojo mumbles, his face just as close as Getou’s, a smirk lacing his pretty lips.

“I don’t belong here,” Yuuji heaves out breathlessly, his eyes frantically scanning his surroundings, finding not a sliver of familiarity. There are no college students lingering in the corners of his eyes drinking cheap booze and participating in stupid dares. The air is impossibly fresh, void of weed and cigarette smoke, a sweet and rich scent filling his senses as the group travel further down the long garden leading to the big glass doors.

His clothes suddenly feel tight. The fur coat is hot and heavy on his shoulders. His heels sending spikes up his feet. The necklace of pearls choking his neck. The makeup on his face digging into every crevice of his frame, marking him like a heated knife slicing his skin.

Hands are suddenly cupping his face, making him spin around and forcefully look up at both older men, his chest heaving and shaking as he succumbs to his fears, his nervousness, his dread and guilt–

“Of course you do,” Getou says softly, his calloused hands caressing Yuuji’s cheeks with the softness the boy might use when petting a frightened puppy. “A beautiful boy such as yourself should be spoiled with the most delicious food Japan has to offer, wearing the finest clothes of famous designers, shining under a moon that dims in comparison to your bright character.”

Yuuji gawks at Getou, at a loss for what to say to something so poetic and genuine.

An arm wraps itself around Yuuji’s arm while he tries to find the words to respond to Getou, his mind drawn to the man’s white haired husband.

Like Getou, Gojo too looks down at him, his soft glistening eyes full of love, his smile too real and natural for Yuuji's rapidly beating heart.

"All of these nobodies could only wish to be as perfect as you, baby." His words are blunt as always, snarky and degrading, but the firmness at which they were spoken makes Yuuji believe that they might be true. "You– *we* stand above these measly creatures. They're dirt beneath our feet, insignificant to our grand plan of life, and will slowly disappear to the edges of our minds, completely falling off the edge until they're completely forgotten. But us? We will forever be remembered. Cherished. Looked up to. Worshiped," he explains, his pupils dilating the longer he stares down at a gasping Yuuji.

His words have a heavy weight to them, somehow managing to both intimidate and reassure him.

Each syllable that spilled from his lips held a dark tone, his dismissive attitude towards others–as if they were nothing but livestock–reminds Yuuji too much of his twin brother, but the familiarity calms him down more than he'd like to admit. Gojo's possessive words, full of sincerity and love, has no right making Yuuji feel better about himself. No one has ever cared for him so intensely, so strongly that Yuuji felt like he might suffocate. The 'love' these two share for the young man is scary, frightening, but oh so sweet to Yuuji's attention starving self.

In record time, Yuuji's heart begins to slow down, his heavy chest stilling and relaxing as he goes over the reassuring words handed to him on a silver platter, tied together with a red ribbon. His fingers stop trembling. The clothes sticking to his body become loose. His fur coat is no longer causing him to break out into a sweat. His feet are still sore from wearing such pristine high heels, but at least now it doesn't feel like he's repeatedly stepping on sharp nails.

He closes his eyes, counts to ten, and opens them back up, instantly greeted with the beautiful sight of Getou and Gojo staring down at him like he's a part of the world's seven

wonders.

With careful clammy fingers, Yuuji reaches up and pries Getou's hands away from his face, a small smile tugging on his red colored lips.

"...Sorry, I'm–I'm ok now," Yuuji manages out, his voice barely above a whisper. "Thank you–Gojo, Getou . ''

The smiles on their faces then turn strained at his words, as if he had just spoken nothing but toxin to their ears.

"That's what we're here for darling."

…huh?

However, before Yuuji can even begin to question the meaning behind the sentence Gojo had just muttered, Getou forcefully spins Yuuji back around and urges him to take a step.

Then another.

And another.

Until finally–

“ *Welcome to Dagon’s Paradise! Do you three have a reservation?”*

An odd air of tension followed the three men as they made their way into the restaurant, Gojo and Getou keeping a close eye on Yuuji as they travel through the crowd, soft;y smiling and waving at those they recognized as if Gojo wasn’t telling Yuuji mere seconds ago about how all of them are just meaningless trash in his eyes.

Yuuji dutifully allows the two men to blindly guide him through the restaurant, his eyes much more focused on his surroundings than the tension brewing intensely in the air around them. He allows himself to watch patrons laugh amongst themselves in fancy round tables, holding their colorful drinks up to clink together in a professional manner, a stark difference to how everyone acted in the nightclub Yuuji used to work at. His brown eyes then move from each visitor to the magnificent bar serving countless drinks to men and women in stylish clothing. The material of the bar appears to act like a fish tank of sorts, colorful reefs, fish, and shells free to sway with the waves of within the secluded glass while drinks were placed on the counter, oblivious to the people using their sanctuary as an everyday bar counter.

Is such a creation even safe to have at a restaurant? What if a fight breaks out and someone stabs the bar counter with a knife, causing the glass to shatter and water to wash across the floor of the restaurant? Wouldn’t that be troublesome to clean up? And the uproar such a thing would cause…Yuuji doesn’t even *want* to imagine such an unlikely event taking place knowing how cruel customers could be to bartenders and workers alike.

Surprisingly, they pass by the bar counter and follow a staircase going down into the restaurant, a lower level of sorts. What greets Yuuji is a bright room covered wall to wall in swimming fish, curious strings of flower covered ivy hangs from the ceiling, creating a scene straight out of the little mermaid where ariel and prince eric were sitting on the boat together, surrounded by singing sea creatures, and hidden by a curtain of leaves from a drooping willow tree. The young man *ooh's* and *awes* at the beautiful view before him, his eyes following a pair of angel fish swim past him, blowing harmless bubbles in their wake.

And, in the middle of the secluded room sits a single clear glass table with three chairs, practically calling Yuuji's name.

Yuuji quickly takes his seat at the table, his body shaking in anticipation as he immediately reaches for the menu, not paying any mind to the sharp looks he's receiving from Getou and Gojo.

"This place is absolutely gorgeous! The lights, the decorations, *the fish!* Everything is just perfect!" Yuuji rambles, his eyes momentaril;y taking themselves off the menu to gaze across the table at Gojo, the man's blue gaze instantly locking with Yuuji's. "Thank you for getting us reservations! I'll try to make it up to you by being good company and–"

"Why do you still refuse to call us by our first names?"

The sudden question cuts through the air like a sharp knife, effectively cutting Yuuji's sentence off.

Switching his curious gaze to Getou, Yuuji finds himself staring into a bottomless pit of annoyance. Yuuji drops the menu, surprised by what he's witnessing and–belatedly–he registers the question, his cheeks turning into a dark red.

“I–I didn’t know I was allowed to use them…” Yuuji mumbles, his hands moving to fidget with the corners of the beautifully designed menu.

Gojo and Getou scoff ignorantly at Yuuji’s words, the sound loud enough to make the younger man flinch.

“‘ *You didn’t know’?* That sounds like a load of bullshit…” Gojo grumbles with a sneer. Getou nods along, agreeing with his husband.

“It’s much better than the truth…” Yuuji shoots back, slowly finding himself irritated by the men’s prying questions. He picks the menu back up, refusing to acknowledge the annoyed expressions blossoming across Getou and Gojo’s faces. “Do you think we can order *Gyoza* for an appetizer? My future sister-in-law can make some killer fried dumplings and I want to see if this compares to them.”

“We’ll order them for you if you address us properly, Yuuji,” Getou says with a frown, his own hands reaching for his own unopened menu.

Well damn.

Yuuji rolls his eyes at the older man’s childish behavior and moves his gaze away from the delicious looking *Gyoza.* “On second thought, I'm not all that hungry for appetizers.”

A foot suddenly nudged Yuuji’s from under the table, further aggravating the young college student.

“Oh c'mon…” Getou grumbles in irritation (is that his foot poking him or Gojo’s?). “What's so hard about saying the names *Suguru* and *Satoru?* You won’t go to hell or burn into ashes…”

Yuuji is unable to stop the way his face twists and grimaces at Getou’s words, scarily accurate to how Yuuji feels when thinking about using them.

Sadly, neither Gojo or Getou miss the painful expression on Yuuji’s face, instantly answering their stupid invasive question.

“EH?! Are you serious?! You actually–” Gojo then interrupts himself by cackling noisily in the small empty space around them, the beautiful sound echoing off the walls of their private room. “You are just the cutest little religious boy I've ever laid my eyes on Yuuji! Truly a work of–of *art!”*

Yuuji’s shoulders hunch up around his shoulders in embarrassment.

“I’m already doing something terribly sinful by–by asking you two to kill someone… calling you by your first name feels too…intimate.”

Saying their first names is practically the equivalent to giving his soul to the devil. Or, in this case, ***devils.***

The laughter bouncing off the walls finally comes to an end and is replaced by an eerie sort of silence.

“Ah.”

…ah?

Yuuji looks up and finds himself looking into faces of complete understanding, like the two men had just been given the answers the universe has to offer. Contempt and determination covers their features, making them look uncharacteristically serious.

“You…You understand now?” Yuuji asks tentatively, his grip around the menu tightening as he waits for a response.

“We do,” Getou confirms with a smile. “You think we’re the devil incarnate.”

Yuuji raises a brow, amused by the answer they came to. “No, not exactly…” Yuuji corrects, his eyes moving away from the two men to scan his menu again. “I’ve…already accumulated enough sin in my life to be considered the devil myself–leaving my home, abandoning my twin brother, indulging in illegal substances, and now… *murder.”* Yuuji’s eyes harden as he fixates on a small design on the menu: a small red fish cut into pieces, exposing bones and wide petrified eyes. “Fully associating myself with you two would officially be the last straw needed to break the camel's back. I’ll never know a life of purity, of righteousness, *of goodness.* I will officially take my place by the devil's side and dance in a pit of fire until time comes to an end.”

“And would that be so bad?”

Yuuji is tempted to look up from his menu to fix Gojo with an annoyed expression. What part of *succumbing in a pit of endless fires* does Gojo find enjoyable?

“Excuse me?”

“Why should you hinder yourself from enjoying life because of some fear you don’t even know actually exists?” Gojo asks, his tone deathly serious.

Yuuji’s knuckles whiten, his grip around his menu almost enough to rip the flimsy laminated plastic into shreds. “Because it’s all I've known, Gojo,” Yuuji explains softly, a sharp contrast to the emotions boiling up within his chest. “All my life I've been told to live a certain way, to eat, breathe, and walk a way befitting for a *Ryoumen.* Going against everything i've known has already guaranteed myself a spot in hell, but–if i can help it–i’d like to minimize the damage as much as possible.”

He remembers the punishments given to him or Sukuna when they didn’t live up to the standards of a *Ryoumen.* They were berated, whipped, humiliated by their mother until their teachings were ingrained into Yuuji and Sukuna’s head.

And then Yuuji left, became free of his mother’s abuse and twin brother’s possessive need for power.

He left–not because he didn’t believe in the teachings–but because he didn't see himself special enough to be worshiped. That job belongs to Sukuna and Sukuna alone.

And then Gojo and Getou walked into his life, making him feel like a being worth worshiping.

“So that’s it?” Getou asks curiously. “After this is all over, you truly expect to live a life of normalcy? After Mahito is dead, I guarantee you you will see his name on every television screen you pass. Is that not terrible enough to land yourself a spot in the fiery pits of hell? Like you’ve said, you’ve already screwed yourself over, Yuuji. From now on, you will be filled with guilt with no one to comfort you, no one to tell you that what you did was right. All that will run through your mind are useless possibilities of how things could've turned out differently rather than accepting them.”

Yuuji’s entire body tenses up at Getou’s long explanation, finding them to be nothing but true.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Getou lean back in his chair, a loud creak resounding through the air–not disturbing the curious fish that swim around them within the confines of the walls. He feels the heat of the couple’s gazes on his skin, an uncomfortable feeling rising up within his stomach that twists his guts up into knots.

Yuujji will never be able to live a life of peace, not again.

He’s committed sin after sin, painted his own hands in blood, and *enjoys* the chaos that follows his footsteps.

He neve thought he would actually admit this to himself, but he enjoys the chase; being hunted down by Gojo and Getou have changed his life in more ways than one. They make him feel worthy enough to be prey, to be played with and messed with as they seem fit. All of those words of worship that ran across Yuuji’s heated ears that one fateful night had awakened something within Yuuji that has his inner beast crawling and banging on the prison of ribs and arteries, begging to hear those sweet symphonic words again.

He never thought himself special in any way before Gojo and Getou…but now, he doesn't know what he'll do with himself if he were to brush them aside and act as if they were just a mere chapter in his chaotic life.

"Do we…have to talk about this over dinner?" Yuuji mumbles, surprised to find his throat tight and his eyes on the cusp of pouring unnecessary tears. "Can't we just eat and have a good time together?"

Yuuji carefully lifts his eyes over the menu and spots the way Gojo and Getou flinch at his tone of voice, a look of guilt crossing over both of their faces.

"No, of course not!" Gojo exclaims too cheerful to be considered natural. "We have all the time in the world to convince you to stay with us, but–for tonight–let's enjoy ourselves!" the man says, his lips curling up into a reassuring smile that's genuine enough to convince Yuuji to put his menu down, no longer willing to use it as his own makeshift shield.

Getou makes a gesture for the waiter that's been waiting patiently in the corner of the room, causing them to walk over with careful trembling feet. Yuuji's eyes widen when he realizes the man must've heard everything they were talking about, causing a thrilling fear to encompass him.

Should he be left alive?

Will Gojo and Getou allow this man to leave the room unscathed after listening in on their less than innocent chit chatter?

As the waiter approaches them, Yuuji reaches across the table and grabs the butterknife, his brown eyes watching the man intensely, ready to strike if the man showed any signs of betrayal–

A hand on Yuuji's makes him drop the knife.

Looking away from the terrified waiter, Yuuji makes eye contact with Gojo's hypnotizing blue eyes, glossy lips permanently etched into what seems to be a permanent *reassuring* smile.

Everything is ok, his gaze appears to say, his eyes softening ever so slightly. *You're safe with us*.

"Excuse me sir, could you start us off with some water and…" Getou's gaze then moves to Yuuji, dark purple eyes clashing with honey brown. "What was it that you said you wanted to try? Was it *Gyoza?"*

"Um…yeah."

Getou's eyes switch back to the waiter, as calm as can be for someone who could very well end his own career by allowing this random waiter to leave their sights. "And some *gyoza* as an appetizer."

"Yes… *Yes sir,"* the waiter stutters out as they quickly write down all the necessary information on his notepad before fleeing the room, leaving the three men in an uncomfortable silence.

"...He's gonna tell the authorities," Yuuji whispers and finds–after speaking the words out loud–that he doesn't feel…worried. Scared. Not anymore–not with Gojo's hand grabbing his own and rubbing soft circles into his knuckles.

Getou chuckles at Yuuji's statement, still as relaxed as ever before. "Probably…but who in their right minds would believe him, hm?"

A sickening smile tugs on Yuuji's lips at the older man's confidence.

He thinks of Nishimiya's knowing looks, Junpei's tears trailing down his face, and smiles.

"The kind you'd least expect," Yuuji answers, enjoying the way Gojo and Getou's calm demeanors slowly begin to crack and shatter before his very eyes.

Conversations of religion, murder, and possible imprisonment took a backseat for the rest of the evening as the three men ate and enjoyed each other's company.

Yuuji was allowed to order whatever he wanted off the menu and relished in the beautiful flavors that melted on his tongue. Gojo and Getou ended up ordering all of them drinks–some kind of fancy wine that sounds *french*– and somehow coerced Yuuji into trying it.

“If I feel even the slightest suspicion that you two spiked this, I'm slamming this wine glass over your heads,” Yuuji threatens despite already turning the wine glass up to his lips, more than confident that the drink in his hands hasn't been tampered with. There aren’t any bubbles or slight discoloration to indicate it's been messed with, so all seems well, but that doesn’t mean Yuuji won’t let their first kidnapping attempt be forgotten.

“Hm, thanks for the warning…” Getou grumbles with a fake groan, his purple eyes dancing with amusement. Gojo chuckles behind his own glass of wine, blue eyes crinkling in interest.

“How sweet of you, Yuujiiii~” Gojo sings before taking a short sip of his wine, a trace of red running along his glossy lips. Yuuji’s eyes can’t help but follow the movement of his tongue as it slips out to run along his bottom lip, the action devilishly slow and seductive. If Gojo notices his inappropriate glances, he doesn’t mention it. “At Least you won’t be caught off guard this time sweetie!” The white haired man teases while poking his husband’s bruised jaw, a stark reminder of what happened the last time they successfully spiked Yuuji’s drink.

The older man rolls his eyes at his husband’s antics and reaches across the table to pick and prod at his *Zaru Soba* with a pair of chopsticks. “That was a one time thing. He won’t get the jump on me next time.”

Yuuji raises a brow at Getou’s choice of words. “Next time?” Yuuji asks whilst setting his glass down, brown eyes roaming away from Getou and Gojo to find his own pair of chopsticks. With careful fingers, he picks up pieces of his fried rice and noodles from his bowl, stuffing them *gracefully* into his mouth. He allows his question to hang in the air tensely as he chews his food, savoring it, and swallows the remains–finally allowing his eyes to land on Getou. “Sounds to me like you’ve got another kidnapping attempt in the makings.”

Getou’s eyes narrow playfully at the insinuation.

“Who– *us* ?” Gojo mocks, his chopsticks greedily taking food off of his husband’s plate. He doesn’t make a move to stop him and, instead, pushes the bamboo tray closer for his lover to steal from. “Now don’t be silly Yuuji! We’re just your average rich gay couple who has a few loose strings! I mean seriously? What can i–a well established entrepreneur–do? And my husband–an infamous Kinesiology professor–would never hurt a fly!” The blatant lies flowing from his lips are playful and silly, bringing an amused smile to Yuuji’s lips.

“I think Megumi’s onto something when he said you two are a couple of riots.”

“Hah?! You’re really bringing up another guy’s name in the middle of our date! How shameless, Yuuji!” Getou reprimands, all notion of frustration swept away, replaced by nothing but endearment.

“Guess you two aren’t doing a good enough job at keeping me entertained,” Yuuji teases back, his eyes crinkling with joy at the fake scandalized looks plastered on Gojo and Getou’s faces.

“Is that how it is?” Gojo says, his voice full of determination.

“It is.” Yuuji moves his attention back to his food and begins digging more into his bowl, picking up more noodles, rice, and veggies, and stuffing it into his mouth like an uncivilized child.

The sudden sound of a chair scraping across the nicely cleaned floor reaches Yuuji’s ears. Looking up from his meal, he nearly chokes on his food when he sees Gojo round the table, reaching Yuuji in mere seconds. Before Yuuji can even finish swallowing his food, Gojo’s hands grab Yuuji’s arms and pull him out of the chair–a muffled yelp barely leaving his crumb covered lips.

Yuuji stumbles over himself, his heels clicking noisily across the floor as he's forced away from his meal. Swallowing the food still in his mouth, Yuuji looks up and meets Gojo's mischievous gaze, fully captured in a beautiful blue prison. The hands on Yuuji's arms quickly move to caress his waist while the other one grabs Yuuji's hand, holding it up as if–

Oh shit.

Is he trying to–?

Gojo confirms Yuuji's suspicions when the man begins guiding the younger man around the private V.I.P room like a graceful ballerina.

They're dancing.

*Yuuji is dancing with **the** Gojo Satoru.*

What has his life come to?!

"Wait! Gojo! I can't–" Yuuji's interrupted by his body being forced to twirl, blurring his vision and his surroundings, causing the oceanic life surrounding them to mash together in an otherworldly blue. He squeezes his eyes shut, overwhelmed by his own dizziness. He hears Gojo laughing at Yuuji's expense, the sweet sound dancing around the younger man's ears like Gojo's carefully placed steps, his hypnotic movements, and graceful guidance.

When Yuuji opens his eyes again he finds himself trapped in Getou's gaze, the older man's hands replacing Gojo's as he leads Yuuji across the floor, his smile playful and ruggishly handsome.

"Dance? Oh dear, we already know," Getou finishes for him, one of his hands guiding Yuuji's flailing hand to his shoulder. "And in those heels? You look like a newborn fawn learning how to walk."

Is Getou seriously insulting Yuuji after forcing *him* to wear these god-forbidden shoes?! And to make him dance of all things! Perhaps Yuuji was wrong and the couple *are* the devil incarnate–

Yuuji's unable to finish the thought when Getou spins his body in the same way Gojo did, causing him to go off balance, his feet criss crossing clumsily over the other, and he swears he's about to hit the floor before–

Before cold hands grab the curve of Yuuji's waist and hand, dipping him low to the floor.

Blinking up in a daze, he once again meets Gojo's gaze, lips curled up in his usual cheshire like smile.

"But that's what we're here for dear–to help and guide you when you're in need~" Gojo whispers huskily in the small space between them, his peppermint breath fanning across Yuuji's heated face.

Yuuji keeps his hands hooked around Gojo's neck, refusing to let himself fall to the floor, especially since the two men would never let him live it down. Staring deep into Gojo's eyes, Yuuji scrunches his nose up in annoyance, finding his sudden predicament nothing but exhausting.

If Gojo and Getou wanted Yuuji to dance with them, then sure–Yuuji will play along–

Yuuji stamps his silver heel onto Gojo's black shoe, eliciting a sharp yelp from the man.

– But Yuuji isn't going to play nice.

"If you two are going to teach me how to dance, then do it the right way!" Yuuji reprimands, his arms tightening around Gojo's neck when he senses the man's grip on him loosening, shocked by the spark of pain that blossomed from his own foot.

Yuuji takes great pleasure in seeing the way Gojo's perfectly sculpted face twists in pain, but–as soon as it appears–it forms back into a look of complete annoyance. "Very well, Yuuji *-kun,"* he taunts, lifting Yuuji up so the young man is back to standing properly on the floor. "Your first lesson of today is simple–don't look down."

"Huh–?"

Yuuji's body follows Gojo's on instinct, his feet stammering and hesitating as the older man pulls him left and right, cold hands pulling Yuuji close to his chest. Not knowing what to do other than follow Gojo's instructions, he does as he's told; he keeps his brown eyes on Gojo's face, getting lost in the way the endless blue mix and swirl, pulling Yuuji in like a hoax before chilling him with a wave of chilling pleasure.

This must be the right move to make with the way Gojo's smile grows, his hands tightening around his own while the other runs up and down the curve of Yuuji's back, fingers trailing sensually along the fabric of his tight red dress. "Very good," he whispers low

and dark, face mere centimeters from Yuuji's, and the urge to close the distance and slot his lips across Gojo's is too much to bear. The tension in the air thickens as the seconds pass, both men refusing to look away, the air between them shared and taken with greedy gasps and sighs, and Yuuji leans forward, unable to care about the consequences for he's a weak in the wake of his own instincts–

Warm hands tug Yuuji backwards by his hips, making his back collide with Getou's chest.

"You're doing so good," Getou mumbles huskily into Yuuji's ear, making the younger man's breath hatch in delight. The praise sends a thrilling pleasure up his spine, making him arch his back like a wanton whore, wanting nothing more than to drown in his sweet words.

The pained groan that reaches Yuuji's ears brings a smile to his lips. Feeling a surge of confidence roll over him, Yuuji decides to lean his entire weight against Getou, *accidentally* grinding his ass against the bulge of his pants. The hands on Yuuji's hips tighten, the breath next to Yuuji's ear growing heavy and thick. Turning his face to meet Getou's, he finds the man staring at him with cold purple eyes consumed by lust. The cold thrill of his gaze does terrible things to Yuuji's insides, twisting and braiding them until they're nothing but a useless ball of knots.

"Am I, *professor?* " Yuuji heaves out breathlessly, his lips so close but *so far* from getou's. As if to answer his question, Getou spins Yuuji's body until he's completely facing him, chest to chest, as his hands reach down to splay possessively along the small of Yuuji's back, inches away from his ass.

"You little vixen…" Getou grumbles, the frustration in his voice holding no heat and brings the boy flush against his body as if to forcibly mesh their bodies together, fade into one another until Yuuji can't tell where he begins and Getou ends.

"I'm just trying to be a good student," Yuuji teases when he looks up, his neck straining with the size difference between them. "What's my next lesson, Getou-san?" he asks

breathlessly, his hands trailing up Getou's tuxedo until they land on the column of his neck– the Adam's apple bobbing nervously under Yuuji's touch.

His fingers begin to dig into the skin of Yuuji's back, eliciting a pleasurable sting.

"Follow our lead."

Yuuji's vision blurs once again and–in the span of seconds–he's back in Gojo's arms. "Miss me?" Gojo sings playfully, his arms tightening around Yuuji's body as he spins the younger man around, their surroundings blurring and mixing together with Gojo being the only stable image in his eyes.

"Hardly," Yuuji taunts despite tightening his arms around Gojo's neck.

Gojo pouts, all childish and mischievous as he continues to guide Yuuji around the room, the sweet sound of classical music reaching their ears.

"You're such a tease, Yuuji," Gojo sighs, his hands roaming shamelessly down Yuuji's back until they land square on his ass. Yuuji can't hold back his gasp when Gojo fondles each cheek through the dress, his face turning red and nearly overheating with the pure audacity of none other than Gojo Satoru. But Yuuji clings tighter, his body completely up against Gojo's, face squished against his large chest, eyes squeezed shut as he wills his blush to go down.

Oh, but things can never be so easy for Yuuji Itadori.

Gojo's hands reach below his ass, grabs onto the back of his thighs, and *lifts him up.*

Still in a state of shock, Yuuji doesn't register when he wraps his legs around Gojo's waist as the older man picks him up, large hands digging bruises into the tan skin of his thighs. Yuuji is finally face to face with the white haired man and finds nothing but a shit eating grin on his glossy lips.

"You can't hide from me baby, *from us.* "

Clang–CLATTER!

Yuuji looks back, surprised by the sound of plates and glasses shattering on the floor, and sees Getou sweeping everything off the table–determined and callous in his actions as food and silverware clatter to the floor, making a huge mess for the workers to clean up.

"Hey! What the hell are you two–?"

Gojo sets Yuuji down on the table and cages him in with his arms, answering Yuuji's question with a curl of his lips.

Oh.

Yuuji's insides bubble up with excitement as Gojo draws in close, plush lips skimming Yuuji's, drawing away just when Yuuji leans forward, hoping to close the gap between them. Frustration begins to boil inside Yuuji. He tries pulling Gojo in close by tugging on his neck, but the older man doesn't give in, seemingly more than content to watch Yuuji suffer under the heated tension brewing between them.

“What’s wrong? Upset that you can’t get your way?” Gojo teases with a cruel smile, his nose brushing lightly against Yuuji’s. “Well this is how we feel on a daily basis, Yuuji- *kun.* ” Cold hands grab the fur coat around Yuuji’s arms and yanks it off, exposing the younger man to the cold atmosphere around him. Yuuji watches with wide blown pupils as Gojo tosses the fur coat to the side, as if it doesn’t cost more than Yuuji’s entire college tuition. “Frustrating, isn’t it? Knowing that what you want is just within your reach, but *someone* keeps tugging it away.”

He gets even closer, white lashes flutter softly against Yuuji’s skin as he ducks down, his lips ghosting over his neck. “Is it fun? Leading me and my husband on a wild goose chase? Playing and toying with us like a cat with a couple of pet mice? Oh, you must–you wouldn’t be here otherwise if you didn’t~”

Yuuji sighs, his hands moving from Gojo’s neck to scratch the back of the older man's buzzcut, earning a pleased hum in return.

“I-I’m here for my friend–”

Gojo bites down hard on the exposed skin of Yuuji’s neck, just below the pearl necklace. He gasps, the pain taking him completely by surprise. And, if that isn’t enough, a warm hand wraps around his jaw, forcing him to turn his head–his eye landing on an annoyed Getou.

“You sure love to lie, *bitch,”* the insult that leaves Getou’s lips shouldn’t send heat to his groin, *it shouldn’t* , but it does and there’s nothing Yuuji can do to stop it. Yuuji tries to look away, to hide the blush that’s blossoming across his face, but the grip on his jaw tightens, keeping him in place. Getou’s eyes crinkle with mirth, lips twisting up in a condescending smile as a laugh escapes him. “You like that? Being called a bitch? What about *our bitch?”* Getou leans in, his lips brushing against the shell of his ear. “Our little cockslut? Our lying *cunt?”*

Yuuji squeezes his eyes shut, not willing to give the two men a reaction they're craving.

He won't give in.

He's strong.

He's strong.

He's strong.

He's–

CLICK!

Unbeknownst to Yuuji, while distracted by Getou, Gojo had reached behind him and trapped Yuuji's wrists in a pair of handcuffs.

God damnit.

This is the fourth *fucking TIME!!!*

AND WHERE THE HELL DID THEY EVEN MANAGE TO ACQUIRE A PAIR OF HANDCUFFS?!

"Third lesson: don't let your guard down, sweet heart." Gojo keeps Yuuji's arms around his neck as he lifts his head, eyes landing square on Yuuji's gaping lips, a silent scream on the verge of leaving his mouth–

But his body moves on instinct; pulling his leg back and kicking Gojo as far away from him as he can–his sharp heel landing directly on Gojo's stomach. A pained heave leaves the man's lips, but–with Yuuji's hands still stuck behind his neck–the distance between them stays the same. Yuuji growls, low and frustrated, as he squirms, trying to pull his arms over Gojo's head to free him from the man's wrath.

Out of the corner of his eye, Yuuji spots a spark of rage igniting behind Getou's dark eyes, his hand releasing Yuuji's jaw to throw his arms around Yuuji's body, keeping him in place on the table.

"You're not escaping us this time, *dear,"* Getou sneers into Yuuji's ear before biting the limp cartilage, another splash of pain resonating from the side of his head. Vaguely, he can feel blood drip and run down his neck down to his collar bones.

Tears appear in Yuuji's eyes as he registers the pain in his neck and ear, his legs flailing uselessing to get Gojo and Getou off of him, but nothing works. He's stuck in a trap of his own making. Yuuji played and tested his limits with the two men–pushing them to see how far they would go, teasing and playing with their minds until all they could think of was Yuuji, but now it's all come to an end. This game of cat and mouse seems to have finally come to an end.

He's trapped.

He can't move.

He can't do ANYTHING!!!

"HELP!!!" Yuuji screams, tearing his voice in two as he throws his head back and shouts, hoping for an unsuspecting worker to hear his pitiful cries of anguish. "SOMEBODY– ANYONE–HELP ME DAMNIT!!! I'M BEING ATTACKED– *FUCK!"* Another wail of pain cuts his cries for help off, another bite mark blossoming right on his exposed shoulder.

" *Help me, oh help me! I'm being AttaCkEd~!"* Gojo taunts, his face lifting up to reveal the spilled blood on his lips. His smile is bright and teasing, cruel and menacing in the worst ways possible. " *They're gonna kidnap meeee!!! Spoil meeee!!! Fuck me until I can't walk straighttt!!! Ohhhh nooooo!!!"*

"No one can hear you, Yuuji~" Getou sings next to his shoulder, his sharp teeth trailing along Yuuji's shoulder, landing on his trembling bicep. "We cleared the place out beforehand with a swipe of our card, made sure no one would be able to hear your screams of agony and pleasure…" he whispers, bringing a haunting chill down Yuuji's spine. The younger boy's breathing escalates as Getou reveals his sharp teeth, canines slightly digging into the muscle of his bicep— "Think of this as another punishment, Yuuji. Just another sin for your heart to bear— *being ravaged savagely on a table before your worshipers, sharing your blood, tears, and flesh to us greedy followers."*

His teeth finally sink into Yuuji's bicep, the pain explosive and agonizing as promised, but —beneath it all—is a tingle of pleasure. An ecstatic feeling that makes Yuuji moan and *enjoy* the travesties happening to his own body.

“Yeah, that’s it baby, *enjoy this~”* Gojo murmurs, his lips hovering right above Yuuji’s. “Enjoy what we give you, what we take. Enjoy the pain and the pleasure until you can’t extinguish the two from each other. *Love us the way we love you—obsessively and lovingly~”*

Obsessively and lovingly.

Obsessively and lovingly.

This…this isn’t loving.

It’s torture.

It’s pain inflicted by jealousy and rage.

Nothing about this exchange screams love.

All Yuuji can feel is their overflowing frustration, their annoyance, their bloodlust for violence and the crimson flood that flows beneath Yuuji’s skin.

Ah, but Yuuji feels the same way.

He wants to take his frustrations out on the two—wrap his hands around Getou’s neck while he fucks himself on his cock. Punch and claw at Gojo’s back as the man plows deep

inside of him. He wants to experience the thrill of pain and pleasure.

He—

But not now.

This dinner truly isn't about enjoying himself, but to complete a deal.

He has someone waiting for him at his dorm, anxiously peering out the window for Gojo and Getou's fancy car to show up.

This is for Junpei.

...but would they cut the deal off if Yuuji were to escape?

He doesn't know.

And frankly, right now, right here, he has a feeling that even if he did manage to escape they're grasp and run back to Junpei, they would still carry out their part of the deal.

Why is he so sure of this?

They're Liars.

Betrayers.

Serial killers.

But, above all else, they were lovers who made a promise with Yuuji–a boy they claim to be ***in love with.***

Yuuji takes a deep breath, his eyes staring deep into Gojo's blue pools of obsession and leans in–

And clamps his teeth tight around Gojo's bottom lip.

"MOTHER FUCK–" with Gojo distracted and Getou caught off guard by his husband's scream, Yuuji concentrates all his strength into his arms, into his wrists, into his hands, and sharply pulls his hands apart as hard as he can. The metal cuts his skin, clings and clangs with every ounce of Yuuji's being until–

CLICK!!!

The handcuffs snap.

Yuuji can feel blood running down his mouth as he deepens his bite, sucking out the crimson flood from Gojo's lip, not letting go–not even when Getou yanks and pulls Yuuji by his small tuft of pink hair. He clings on, canines embedded deep into his skin. He tries not to hum pleasantly at the warm liquid that travels down his throat, coats his teeth and tongue, and instead focuses on his surroundings, trying to find something to get Getou's hands off him.

Out of the corner of his eye, he catches a lone wine bottle on the edge of the table.

Getou must've forgotten to knock that bottle off the table.

Yuuji smiles around Gojo's lips, continuing to ignore the older man's cries of agony and frustration.

Good.

With his hands free, save for the metal still trapped tightly around each hand, Yuuji lunges for the wine glass, grips it tightly by the end and smashes it on top of Getou's head.

Yuuji watches with dilated pupils as Getou drops to the floor, blood pouring out of his head at the blow.

Gojo stops squirming under his hold, taken aback by the attack, and his eyes widening–*fear and astonishment taking over his features.*

And Yuuji relishes in it.

To see the man before him terrified for his lover.

The power Yuuji feels from his bloodied hands, mouth, and skin.

He can see Getou's body twitching, groaning in agony as he attempts to pick himself up off the floor.

But he doesn't get the chance.

Yuuji jumps off the table and slams the toe of his heel into Getou's ribs, bringing about another pained groan from the man.

He tries to run off, finally free from both men–

But forgets about the hellish shoes he was wearing and promptly trips and falls–his body landing just within Getou's reach.

All the power Yuuji once felt flowing through his veins is replaced by unadulterated fear as Getou's hand reaches out and grabs Yuuji by his heel, pulling the boy towards him with a single tug.

Gasps of horror leave his mouth as Yuuji is pulled across the floor by his shoe, his wide brown eyes locking with a menacing purple pair that sends his nerves on end. Getou's long matted hair dangles menacingly around him like medusa's snakes, waves and snapping with every inch of space that disappears between the two. The maniacal smile on Getou's lips shows nothing but sharp teeth, pulling his lips up in an unnatural expression that terrifies Yuuji to the core.

"YOU FUCKING DONE YET?!" Getou screams with every tug he makes, bringing Yuuji closer to the insane man dripping with blood. "DID YOU HAVE FUN PLAYING US FOR FOOLS, YUUJI?! FOR IDIOTS?! *FOR BRAINLESS BASTARDS?!"* Yuuji's chest begins to heave, a panic attack on the verge of taking over his body as he gives into his fate, succumbing to his role as Getou and Gojo's bitch…

But he can't give up.

Not yet.

Not when Junpei is waiting for him to come back.

As fast as he can manage without being grabbed by the man, Yuuji reaches forward, and quickly unsnaps the heels around his ankles, allowing his feet to be free from the devils shoes.

He scrambles to his feet in record time and *bolts.*

Vaguely, Yuuji hears Gojo's feet crossing the floor, Getou's throat wrenching scream, but he doesn't turn back.

He keeps on running.

He pushes the door to the V.I.P room open, ignores the eerie feeling that greets him when he sees that the restaurant is truly empty, and runs through the place barefoot, throwing complete caution to the wind. He ignores the way his dress clings to him, the wind that whips wildly across his bare skin, and finds himself traveling down the dark streets of japan, away from the fancy restaurants, away from the fish that watched the events unfurl before their very eyes, and away from Getou and Gojo.

Yuuji doesn't stop running, even when the skin on the bottom of his feet begins to break and bleed, leaving bloody foot trails in his wake.

He doesn't stop when given weird looks by drunkards on the street, knowing–from experience–that they won't be able to help him. They would just end up getting framed like the last group that tried to help him.

Heaving and gasping for air, on the edge of losing consciousness, Yuuji still doesn't stop running.

The serial killers could be close behind him, waiting for him to let his guard down.

They could be waiting in the shadows for Yuuji to stop and take a break–a perfect time for Yuuji to be jumped.

But, in the corner of his eyes, he spots something he never thought he'd be happy to see in a million years.

A subway station.

A wild smile spreads across his lips as he picks up his pace, his red dress flying wildly behind him as he scrambles past many confused strangers, some of which who follow Yuuji with curious but cautious eyes, but Yuuji doesn't pay it any mind, his mind on one thing and one thing only.

A public phone.

He finds one with ease and–with a bit of convincing and tears–manages to convince a poor soul to lend him some yen to make a single phone call.

He dials in the numbers and brings the phone to his ear, his chest rising and falling rapidly as he waits, and waits, the sound of that annoying buzz echoing through his head until–

"Hello?"

YES!!!

" Junpei–oh thank god you're there *!"* Yuuji cries out, joyful tears trailing down his makeup stained face with ease.

A gasp can be heard from the other side of the phone. “ *Yuuji?! Why are you calling me from a public phone? Where are you right now?! Did Getou and Gojo do something to you? Are you ok? What–?”*

Yuuji interrupts his friend’s rambling by tightening the phone in his hand, his eyes narrowing in anger as he says, “Gojo and Getou tried kidnapping me again, but I got away. I’m here, Junpei. I’m Here.”

Yuuji hears a stifled sob echo from Junpei’s lips and he wishes, desperately, that he was there beside his roommate wiping his tears away.

But nothing goes as planned, especially if you’re Yuuji Itadori.

“ *S-Sit tight Yuuji! I’m calling an uber to pick you up.”*

Yuuji’s smile trembles and shakes until finally, *finally, he breaks.*

The phone drops from his hand and he falls to the floor, his body aching all over, his body covered in blood and bite marks, the adrenaline seeping out of him like a dripping water faucet.

But was running the right choice?

What’ll happen to the deal the three of them made?

And what if they decide they no longer want to continue this game of cat and mouse and want to just off Yuuji instead?

He doesn't know–the answer completely unknown to Yuuji–but there's one thing he's sure of, a simple statement that haunts his very soul.

Even after the abuse.

After the bite marks and bloodshed.

After the mean words shouted and screamed into Yuuji's very being…

Yuuji Itadori still finds himself terribly enamored by the two men, wanting nothing more than to crawl into their arms and tell them that he…that…

… ***That he loves them.***

Yuuji has never seen Junpei look so stressed out in his life.

After arriving at their dormitory thanks to Junpei's uber, Yuuji's roommate had pulled him into their dorm, forced Yuuji onto the couch, and started dressing his wounds with tears running down his face.

But now, after a day of Junepi refusing to leave his side, his roommate's paranoia was finally starting to spread to Yuuji.

What if Gojo and Getou decide to enact revenge on him by framing them for Mahito's dead body?

Or worse?

Shit…what if they decide to go after his friends?!

Yuuji is slowly starting to understand why Junpei is constantly shivering by his side, his roommate still sniffling and shedding tears for Yuuji, for their misfortune, and their unknown fate.

What can the two of them do to keep themselves safe from Gojo and Getou?

… and that's when the idea pops into his head.

Yuuji grabs Junpei’s shoulder and turns his body, forcing his roommate to look at him.

“Hey Junpei.”

“...what?”

“ *How do you feel about going on a road trip to my old commune?”*

.

.

.

“...I'm sorry, what ?”

Chapter End Notes

Yuuji: 4 Satosugu: 0

I'm so sorry Suguru, you keep getting your shit rocked in these chapters, but don't worry. You're hubby bubby Satoru will make you feel better i promise :(

fun facts:
- this entire chapter was revised a lotttt of times! Originally, i was going to have Yuuji and his friends at a club, yuuji gets touchy with people, Getou and Gojo find out, break into Yuuji's dorm and try to kidnap him that way...but i wanted to write some conversations between the three, so i settled on a dinner date instead.
- Suguru loved Yuuji's outfit so much that--after their agreement in his classroom--he went online and started ordering a bunch of clothes for him. When Satoru caught wind of this, he quickly joined in.
- The clothes the couple bought for Yuuji were all inspired by pictures i found on pinterest (surprise, surprise).
- Dagon's paradise was originally going to be named Hanami Heights, but--due to the sea like theme of the restaurant--i decided having Dagon's name instead would be like a cute jab towards the red sea cursed spirit.
- Yuuji literally busted Gojo's lip and gave Getou a concussion. Like after the restaurant fiasco, Gojo and Getou had to take time off of work to heal because of how feisty their little spitfire is, but hey, thats what they love about them <3
- The handcuffs they used to trap Yuuji are the same ones they use to trap all of their past victims.

I hope you guys enjoyed this super duper really long chapter! Feel dree to leave me feedback in the comments my lovely readers!!! <333

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PART 5: I Love It, I Hate It, And I Can't Take It

Chapter Summary

Yuuji and Junpei arrive at Yuuji's old Commune, ready for anything and everything life throws at them!

...Or so they thought...

Chapter Notes

OMG GUYS I'M SERIOUSLY SO SORRY ABOUT WHAT TOOK SO LONG TO UPDATE!!! I LOST MOTIVATION, HA DTO TAKE CARE OF MY GRANDPARENTS, NEEDED TO FINISH MY FINALS FOR FALL SEMESTER, GOT MYSELF A CUTE BF WHO'S LIKE A MALE VERSION OF MYSELF, BUT I'M BACK BABY!!!

And here, i present to you, the last kidnap attempt!

I hope you enjoy!!! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Playlist: Back To You

5

The first time Yuuji was on a train, he was escaping the very cult that helped raise and protect him.

That night still felt like a lucid dream to Yuuji, even after settling in his new life in Tokyo; Chousou and his step-brothers had found out about the existence of Sukuna and Yuuji and were very adamant about freeing them from their religious chains. The three brothers had gone all the way to Sendai, snuck into the cult unnoticed, and introduced themselves to the twins with open hearts and open minds.

Yuuji still remembered the instant connection he felt when he was speaking to the three brothers about the outside world, the hope that had lifted up in his chest, and the loud ringing in his ears that screamed at him to trust them. And so he did. He listened to the three brothers' stories, confided in them about the cage he was living in, and–when they offered Yuuji a helping hand to escape, Yuuji took it without hesitation.

But Sukuna refused to leave.

He thought of Chousou, Eso, and Kechizu as frauds, street performers who wanted to cause trouble in their *peaceful life*... But Yuuji didn't allow himself to be swayed by his twin's hurtful words.

so, without a second thought, Yuuji left with his three step-brothers in nothing but his pajamas and a poorly packed suitcase, and made their way into a train station that rattled Yuuji to the bone.

The machinery that echoed in his ears made his teeth grind, the fast movements of the vehicle made him dizzy, and the amount of people present, crowding every corner and space on the train, had Yuuji feeling nauseous. Thankfully, his step-brothers were there to help ease his discomfort with simple conversations, their hands and arms weaving around the seventeen year old to keep him from bumping into anyone else.

Their warm limbs were a comfort to yuuji–the young boy who was abandoning everything he once knew to pursue his own life.

But now…he wonders if his step-brothers would be disappointed to find that Yuuji is going back to the very place they saved him from. They would probably frown, say something about how they tried their best to save and protect him from such a horrible world, but none of that would matter. Yuuji had no plans on staying at the commune–he just…needed a break from Tokyo.

Correction, he *and* Junpei needed a break from Tokyo, and *Ryoumens Joka* is so far away from the large city that the possibilities of Gojo and Getou showing up were close to none.

After Yuuji and Junpei get their shit together, *then* they'll return to Tokyo, but–until then–they will try to recover in Yuuji's old home.

" *Don't let them sway you,"* Yuuji had said to Junpei when they were packing their suitcases to leave. " *They're manipulative and will try to exploit our emotional states…so… just be careful Junpei. Keep yourself guarded."*

Junpei nodded with a grim face, his body vibrating with anxiety, as they finished packing everything up. Yuuji couldn't help but feel bad that he was bringing Junpei into this, into his old home that brainwashed him and tried turning him into something he wasn't, but Yuuji

knew–deep down–that Junpei needed a break from Tokyo just as much as Yuuji did. Besides, with Yuuji's status as an ex-cult leader, no one would think twice about trying to corrupt Junpei.

"Does your brother know we're coming?"

Yuuji perks up, taken away from his thoughts by Junpei; his best friend sits beside him shoulder-to-shoulder on the train to avoid bumping into people, his arms wrapped tightly around his bag of belongings, as his face twists up in discomfort.

It appears Yuuji isn't the only one who dislikes public transportation.

The pink haired boy had somehow gotten used to being around crowded spaces due to him having to use the train to get to his old job as a bartender. But Junpei–who refused to be around sweaty bodies and touchy hands–was more intent on ubering himself to places.

Yuuji moves his body closer to Junpei, hoping that his body heat would bring some comfort to his nervous friend. "No," Yuuji answers simply, his hands tightening around his *own* bag of personal items. "If I did, he would probably try to make some grand gesture for our arrival. The least attention we get from him, the better." His words bring up an old memory, one he hasn't thought of for awhile: their mother, excited and dancing on the tip of her toes, as she greets and shakes newcomers hands with a bright smile, welcoming them into their *community.* The older lady somehow always knew when fresh meat would be arriving in Sendai, and somehow–always–tricked them into joining their commune with ease.

Would his mother be there at the train station? Watching, observing, hoping to get her hands on new prey? Yuuji hopes not–knowing her, she'll probably try to gaslight Yuuji into making him think he came back for *her* rather than for his own peace of mind.

“That…doesn’t sound so bad,” Junpei mumbles. Yuuji frowns at his words, not liking that he’s already falling for his communes tricks.

Yuuji shows his displeasure by jamming his thumb in Junpei’s forehead, an annoyed groan leaving his friend’s lips.

“That’s how they get you, Junpei!” Yuuji scolds. “They’ll lovebomb you, make you think ‘ *hey, this isn’t so bad!’* and then, the next thing you know, you're cutting your own wrists in honor of a *fake god!”* Yuuji hisses, hoping each word that leaves his lips sticks to Junpei like glue.

“I know, ok? I’ve seen enough cult documentaries to recognize their manipulation tactics.”

“Ah, you say that now, but we were still manipulated into thinking Mahito was our age…”

“ *Plastic surgery, Yuuji,”* Junpei growls, reminding the boy what Mahito went under to look the way he does. “We weren’t the only ones tricked into believing he was our age…and why are you giving me shit about Mahito when Gojo and Getou are still walking the streets of Japan? *”*

Yuuji's face contorts into a grimace at the mention of Gojo and Getou. “Because they’re powerful men, Junpei. The authorities wouldn’t believe me if I said I've been attacked multiple times by those maniacs.”

“I believed you!”

“Yeah, cause–for some reason– you trust me! *And* you’ve seen what kind of damage they're capable of,” Yuuji states plainly while pointing at the bite marks along his neck, collarbone, and–beneath his sweater–his shoulder. The marks still ache, even after being treated with medicine and bandages. The red scabs seem to mock Yuuji along with the very faint hand-shaped bruise still etched into the skin of his neck, the wounds screaming at him that there’s no escape from those brutal monsters, monsters that Yuuji has come to love.

“I trust you because you’re a good person. You wouldn’t lie to me about something so serious, it's just not in your nature…plus you suck at lying,” Junpei says, interrupting Yuuji’s thoughts. The last part of Junpei’s sentence has Yuuji smiling again, his mind going back to when he tried feeding Junpei a terrible excuse as to who *G.S.* was. Junpei almost tore him a new one…

Yuuji sighs, feeling all the anxiety and nerves leave his body as he leans into Junpei’s side, shamelessly letting the boy carry his weight. “Yeah, I do, and you're not the first person to say that either…” Yuuji grumbles, faking an agitated tone just to annoy Junpei. “First it was Sukuna, then it was my mother, Getou and Gojo only fell for my lies *once* and that led to Maki’s Uncle dying, and now you–”

“You’re the reason her uncle died?!” Junpei interrupts, his head whirling around to properly face Yuuji, drawing out a chuckle from Yuuji.

“He was flirting with me at *Kinko-Shitsu* when I was a bartender and wasn’t taking no for an answer. I gave him a fake phone number in front of Getou and Gojo and they flipped their shit and went after the poor guy,” Yuuji explains in depth to his friend.

“Huh…guess Maki owes you one–she *hated* her uncle.”

Another chuckle leaves Yuuji at the reminder of Maki going on that illegal website to spam her cousin's name in hopes that he too would suffer the same fate her uncle did. “Yeah, I remember–” the weight of Junpei’s words finally hit him, causing a loud gasp to leave Yuuji’s

lips. “OH MY GOD SHE OWES ME!!!” He exclaims, completely aghast at the leverage he now holds over her head. He never knew such a thing would be possible, but look at him now, finally having Maki in his good graces.

Junpei joins in with his own set of laughter, his shoulders shaking joyfully alongside Yuuji’s. “It’s a miracle, Yuuji! All hail Yuujiii!!! The almighty cult leader god thingymabob!” Junpei mocks, his arms swinging over Yuuji’s shoulder to swing him from side to side, bringing about another round of cackles from Yuuji’s lips.

“Ah yes, bow down to your lord and savior, my dear servant,” Yuuji plays along with ease, adopting a *mightier than thou* look on his face as he lets his body be swayed by Junpei.

“Oh, I'm so sorry *my lord,* but it seems I don't have enough room to bow. Whatever can I do to be in your good graces?” Junpei teases, his head tilting in a way that makes Yuuji’s heart stir with warmth.

“Hmmm…I guess a kiss would suffice…” Yuuji sings pleasantly, not really expecting to be taken seriously–

But a hand on his jaw tilts his head until he’s face to face with Junpei, an overwhelming blush taking over his features.

“Your wish is my command~” Junpei whispers in the small space between them as he leans in close, his breath fanning over Yuuji’s face as he gets rid of the distance between them in seconds.

Yuuji tenses up wide eyed when he feels Junpei’s lips peck playfully along his own. The Touch is brief, simply just soft skin upon soft skin, but–in that moment their lips touched–a wave of regret and guilt washes over Yuuji like a tsunami.

This doesn't feel right.

None of this is right.

Junpei's lips don't slot against Yuuji's the way Gojo's and Getou's do.

His lips don't bring an electrifying chill up his spine, making him want to press closer and yearn for more.

They aren't as appealing, not the kind Yuuji pictures himself kissing after a long day of school or work or whatever exhausts him enough to seek out a personal kind of comfort.

Junpei pulls away as fast as he can, not seeming to want his kiss to linger along Yuuji's lips longer than what was necessary.

And, what greets Yuuji, is a face of *discomfort* .

"Yeah, I'm never doing that again," Junpei states bluntly, his head moving to lay comfortably along Yuuji's shoulder.

Relief flows through Yuuji at his friend's words, glad that they seem to share the same thought.

“What? Am I not a good enough kisser for you?” Yuuji asks for the hell of it, not really expecting a serious answer, but–when Junpei’s eyes shift to look at him from his spot on Yuuji’s shoulder, he finds himself preparing for a serious response.

“Nah, not really, it's just…” Junpei stops, his mind seeming to falter as he tries to come up with an answer appropriate enough for Yuuji. “I guess it has something to do with seeing you as my brother? I mean, I don't have any siblings, but I don't think I'd kiss them on the lips if I did have any.”

Yuuji’s shoulders slump, finding meaning behind Junpei’s answer.

“Yeah, you have a point…” Yuuji agrees easily. Then, after a few beats he confesses, “I… You weren’t a bad kisser either but…it didn’t feel right. Like…I wanted it to be someone else who was kissing me.”

“Like Getou and Gojo?”

“...yeah…”

Junpei doesn’t so much as scoff at Yuuji’s words which probably has something to do about the boy already being able to see right through him.

“I figured as much despite everything they’ve put you through…” he mumbles against Yuuji’s shoulder. “Yuuji…you’re a good guy, a good looking one at that. I know more than

plenty of students at Jujutsu tech that are dying to have a shot with you, so why–why are still hung up over two abusive assholes?”

Yuuji tries not to flinch at Junpei’s question, because–the reality of it all–is much darker for someone like Junpei to accept.

Because Yuuji knows deep down that no one would be capable of loving him the way Getou and Gojo do.

No one will ever go to extreme lengths to make him theirs.

There isn’t a soul out there that could match Getou and Gojo’s possessiveness, not by a long shot.

“Cause i’m sick in the head.”

When Yuuji and Junpei step off the train and into Sendai they–surprisingly–don’t run into Yuuji’s mom.

The nervous college boy had looked left and right, scoping the old creaking train station with observant eyes, looking out for a shine of short black hair and a devious smile, but found nothing. Finding that his mother was nowhere to be found, he allowed himself to relax a bit. He knew, eventually, that he would run into a member of his old cult, but he'd rather warm up to the cozy atmosphere of Sendai before being ambushed by someone in thin robes and a fake strained smile.

"Welcome to Sendai, the largest city in Tohoku, home to the Tanabata Festival and *Ryoumen's Joka,* a rehabilitation facility specializing in installing hope into the hearts of lonely souls…" Yuuji murmurs with fake enthusiasm, gesturing to the people passing by them without a care in the world, the open green scenery, and the distant honking of cars, the skid of bikes, and the sound of rambunctious high schoolers.

Junpei doesn't look all that impressed by the scenery which Yuuji doesn't really take offense in. Yuuji's explored enough of Sendai to know that it's just like any other city;maybe not as crazy and hectic as Tokyo, but a city nonetheless–filled with crazy people, crazy vendors, and crazy places to spend his time when he wasn't bossing people around under his mother's orders.

"I–I don't know why…but I kind of expected Sendai to be more secluded and scarce…" Junpei mumbles while Yuuji guides him out of the old train station with their luggage held tightly in their hands. Yuuji laughs, not surprised by his friend's statement.

" *Ryoumen's Joka* is secluded and scarce, but Sendai? Think of it as a miniature Tokyo," Yuuji explains while weaving past people like second nature, his eyes intent on finding both him and Junpei a ride to the countryside. " *Ryoumen's Joka* has helped lower the homeless population in the city and–in exchange for their help–they help fund the rehabilitation center, giving them as much money as they want, listening to their every whim, keeping unwanted visitors away, and letting them have control over small parts of the city."

"That…doesn't sound secluded and scarce at all…"

“Yeah, I know.” Yuuji’s eyes then catch on a person welcoming people out of the train station, their thin robes recognizable under the sun’s beaming light. “Ah, they should be able to help us get to where we want to go,” Yuuji says while pointing in the stranger’s direction, catching Junpei off guard.

“Eh? Really? But–wait, is that–?” Junpei’s words get caught in his throat as his gaze falls on the young stranger passing out pamphlets and beaming smiles, eyes crinkled with joy that only a brainwashed person could wear.

Yuuji nods, trying to keep his face from scowling when he and the stranger’s eyes make contact. “Yeah, they're a part of my old commune,” Yuuji confirms quietly into Junpei’s ear, his arm wrapping tightly around his best friend’s as they make their way through the crowd, his eyes set on the stranger from afar. Yuuji watches with disdain as recognition flashes across the person’s face, pure *joy* and *happiness* radiating from their smile as they get on their tippy toes, trying to get a better look at Yuuji, their *lord and savior.* “Remember, don’t let their sweet facades sway you, ok?” Yuuji says as a final warning before forcing a smile onto his face, hoping that Junpei is following his lead.

Out of the corner of his eye, he sees Junpei giving the stranger a slight bow, respectful and charming, which instantly earns points with the commune member.

“R-Ryoumen! You’re back!” the person says breathlessly, their attention no longer on the people exiting the station and instead fixated on Yuuji and his newcomer. “Your brother said you would eventually return from your excursion, but–to be the one to witness his words become fruition–oh, it's nothing short of wonderful!” Their eyes crinkle with joy, their body vibrates in excitement, and it takes everything in Yuuji not to be swept up by their charming smiles.

Didn’t he just tell Junpei not to be swayed by them?

Gods, he's gotten rusty…

"I won't be returning permanently," Yuuji says with a smile, observing with slight amusement as the stranger's smile drops ever so slightly at the admission. "Me and my friend are just visiting. I guess you could say we needed a break from Tokyo…y'know, with college and the big city, it gets overwhelming at times." The half lies and truths slip past Yuuji's lips with ease, just like they used to.

"Ah, I see…" They mumble dishearteningly, as if the very idea of Yuuji not being there mentally pains them. "Well, I'd be more than pleased to drive you back home…if that is what you wish, of course."

"That would be wonderful, thank you."

A red flush takes over the members face, a giddy smile spreading wildly across their lips as they nod their head frantically. "No, thank you, Ryoumen!" They exclaim a tad too loudly for Yuuji's ears. "Please, follow me this way!" They then pivot on their heel, gesturing for Yuuji and Junpei to follow them away from the train station, toward sth parking lot sitting beside the busy station.

"They seem to hold a lot of respect for you…" Junpei whispers into Yuuji's ear as they follow the stranger through the parking lot. "To be honest, it's a little unsettling."

Yuuji stifles a laugh with his hand, having already expected such words to spill from Junpei's uncouth mouth. "What? You don't think I deserve this much respect?"

“I *would* if your taste in men weren’t so terrible.”

“Ah…that’s mean, Junpei…”

“Just the truth.”

Yuuji smiles, his heart lifting ever for the first time today since getting on the train. Determination thrums through his veins as he allows himself and Junepi to be led into the stranger’s car, his grin–for once–holding nothing but sincerity. He had only an inkling of what to expect when they arrive at their destination, but–yuuji knew–with Junpei by his side, he’ll be able to endure anything his commune throws at him.

The car ride to *Ryoumen’s Joka* was a long one.

While still residing in Sendai, and popular enough to warrant control over the big city, the commune itself has been built ground up in the outskirts of Sendai, near the empty beaches and open farm fields. For as long as Yuuji has been alive, that's where they’ve stayed–on the small outskirts of Japan, seconds away from the ocean's raging waves–where *cityfolk* with *conflicting ideals* won’t bother them.

Growing up, Yuuji had thought their large piece of land was heaven on earth–open fields to play in, hay bales to hop and climb on, empty roads to play tag in, friendly people who treated Yuuji with nothing but kindness. The people were welcoming to those that needed a place to stay, everything was shared amongst each other at the grandhall and merchant roads so there was no need for money, and–everyday–Yuuji came across new faces looking for a new purpose in life where they could find easily in *Ryoumen's Roka* . And–with Sukuna always attached to his hip–they traveled their territory with wonder and curiosity knowing nothing could hurt them.

But he was so wrong–dreadfully so.

The piece of land Yuuji had mistaken for a paradise was nothing but a farce to cover up the twisted rituals and brainwashing happening right beneath their noses.

He came to this realization when he and Sukuna became sixteen and bore witness to their own mother slicing followers' wrists, collecting the blood into a golden urn, and forcing both of her sons to drink every last drop to *take away their sins.* Even now, three years later, Yuuji could still taste the copper staining the back of his throat.

But, with how everyone is smiling and holding hands, you'd never guess that such a thing would take place. Everyone *loved* each other. There was no need for *hate.* There was no room for *Envy* . Violence was both *frowned* and *praised* upon. *Control* and *faith* was the only thing keeping everything together.

Control and faith–the two things Yuuji threw to the wind the moment he left with Chousou, Eso, and Kechizu.

Control and faith–the two things Sukuna is obsessed over.

Sukuna, who he will inevitably have to see again.

Yuuji turns his gaze away from the car window and instead chooses to observe his friend Junpei who–during the entire ride there–had been staring out the window with something akin to awe etched into his face. Dark green eyes appear to sparkle upon seeing people shaking hands, smiling charmingly to one another before bidding the other farewell. His lips are slightly agape, stunned at the beautiful rays of red, orange, and pink that decorate the sky in its ethereal colors. The bag that Junpei had been holding onto with a death-like grip has loosened considerably during the car ride, a small detail Yuuji can't help but grimace at.

Junpei is naive, incredibly so. If left unchecked, Junpei will be caught in the claws of his old followers. He'll be swept away by sweet words, be coerced into participating in *harmless* activities, be forced to sit through lectures and history lessons about their religion in an effort to draw him in further. Junpei isn't a very religious person; he's quite open minded, believing there to be *a* god among their world, but clueless as to whom it could be. If Yuuji's mother catches wind of this then she'll want to dig her claws into his friends head, fill that empty gap with lies, and–

Yuuji's blood runs cold when a familiar bump in the road gostles him to sit up straighter– his eyes drawing away from Junpei to gaze upon the large Grandhall, a large mansion that's home to everyone in their commune, including Sukuna and his mother.

Was bringing Junpei here a good idea?

"We've arrived, my lord!" The commune member from before declares proudly, their eyes locking with Yuuji's through the rear view mirror. Even now, several feet away from the glass, Yuuji can see the furrow in his own brow, the cold sweat that's trickling down his forehead, revealing an inkling of weakness.

That won’t do.

Yuuji quickly wipes his brow with his arm and looks back up, meets the driver’s gaze and pulls his lips up into the best grin he can muster under the thousand of threats running through his head.

“Thank you for your service…?”

“Ah, my name is not worthy enough to be spoken from your lips, Ryoumen.”

Yuuji’s smile turns even more strained at the exclamation.

“I see…well thank you for delivering us to our designated location.”

“It's no problem at all! I hope you and your friend enjoy your stay here.”

There’s something chilling about those words that leave Yuuji’s nerves standing on end.

Yuuji nods, grabs Junpei’s elbow, and drags the surprised boy out of the car.

“H-Hey! I almost forgot my bag–”

“Remember what I said? About keeping your mind sharp and your guard up?” Yuuji interrupts, his tone dropping in an effort to sound serious. Junpei–who’s eyes widen at his change of tone– nods, his dark green eyes never leaving Yuuji’s. “If you let yourself be too vulnerable, then they’ll eat you up alive, you understand?” Yuuji tightens his grip around Junpei’s elbow, trying to truly emphasize the danger they are voluntarily walking into.

“I understand,” Junpei answers without an ounce of hesitation, his gaze hardening the longer he stares into Yuuji’s honey brown irises. *“You’re the only person I trust, Yuuji. No one, other than you, will ever be able to sway my mind, so have some faith in me, ok?”*

Faith, huh?

Yuuji almost allows himself to laugh at the absurdity of it all, but he doesn’t.

Instead, he takes Junpei’s words to heart and smiles, his face loosening up from its scowl to smile at his best friend–the grip around Junpei’s arm loosening enough for him to remove Yuuji’s hand if he so chose to.

“Ok…just–just stay close.”

“Yes sir!” Junpei exclaims mockingly, green eyes twinkling with mischief as Yuuji guides him away from the car and down the cobblestone path leading to the *Grand Hall.*

Yuuji takes a deep breath, allowing his worries to pervade in the corners of his mind, as his feet trample over solid rocks and stones, his brown eyes gazing upon surprised guests in thin

robes. He takes in the scenery, the people, the atmosphere, and wills the wrinkle in his brow to disappear.

They’re just staying here to get away from the city, nothing more, nothing less, so it's about damn time he stops worrying about every little thing.

Straightening his back, Yuuji ignores the curious looks given to him from people in familiar robes and guides Junpei up the steps to the grand hall.

Laughter.

Music.

Mindless conversations.

That’s what greets Yuuji and Junpei when they step into the grand hall.

With it being close to dinner time, the people of the commune have taken to spending their time in the main dining hall, chatting amongst each other while food is being prepared. The lights in the room have been dimmed, giving the place an eerie calmness that soothes Yuuji's nerves. His sneakers clack noisily along the wooden tiles, alerting everyone of both his and his friend's presence.

His body goes back to tensing up the moment eyes wander in his direction–curious, enlightened, excited eyes that tell Yuuji all he needs to know about these people. His fingers itch to grab hold of Junpei to pull him into another room, away from the prying eyes that seem to take him apart, but he stays in place, enduring the gasps and exclamations rattling from follower to follower.

"Is that–?"

"The Ryoumen! Has he returned?"

"Ryoumen is back–and they brought a friend!"

"You see that kids? That's the other half of our Ryoumen~"

"My eyes must be deceiving me! That can't possibly be our other Ryoumen…"

The words range from confusion, doubt, to excitement, and Yuuji inhales all of it, not letting another word go unheard by his ears. An old feeling–one he hasn't felt since he was draped in luxurious robes and placed on a pedestal for all to worship–fills his heart, bringing about a genuine smile to his lips. He knows better than to succumb to delight at the stir he caused amongst his followers, but–a small part of him that enjoys making a scene, being the center of attention–howls with glee.

He wills his feet to move, one foot in front of the other, as he travels deeper into the dining hall. Junpei follows behind him tentatively, his hands occupied with carrying both his own and Yuuji's luggage, but Yuuji can still sense the way Junpei's eyes travel from person to person, an odd fascination painted across his face. With his hands now free, he waves and smiles at the curious people staring at him with opened jaws, bringing forth blushes, grins, and tears of relief from those he shines his teeth at.

And amongst the crowd, wearing multiple layers of robes and holding a mightier than thou aura, stands Yuuji's twin.

Their eyes immediately lock–red and amber clash violently–and, before Yuuji can take another step forward, his twin is striding towards Yuuji and Junpei.

"Oh? Is someone happy to see me again–?" Yuuji's words get cut off the moment Sukuna's arms wrap tightly around him, engulfing him in a tight embrace that nearly knocks the air out of him.Yuuji stands there shocked for a few beats before giving into temptation and returning the hug (?) with trembling hands, unsure if he's doing the right thing.

They rarely hugged in front of others, afraid of showing weaknesses to outsiders and those that decided to follow their every word–it was a lesson that was carved deep into their skins by their mother, one Yuuji never forgot no matter how many times he tried to. So what was the point of hugging Yuuji *now?* Why go against everything their mother taught them on a whim?

The answer comes to Yuuji as fast as Sukuna pulls away, leaving Yuuji secretly yearning for his twin's warm embrace.

A smile spreads across Sukuna's face–fake and insincere by the way his eyes refuse to crinkle with joy–as he wraps an arm around Yuuji's shoulder, pulling him in close, as he makes a loud declaration in front of the curious audience of onlookers.

"My brother has returned and the *Ryoumens* have become whole again!!!" He shouts with joy, his voice vibrating through the large dining room, rattling bodies alike with his words. In seconds, people were cheering, throwing their hands in the air with joy while some cried tears of happiness, all for Yuuji. But he doesn't allow himself to be sucked into the harsh wave of emotions that are overwhelming every member of the cult. He keeps his back straight, eyes peeled for the truth, and–reluctantly–shifts his gaze to Sukuna.

That's where he finds his answer–in those deep crimson eyes surrounded by embedded ink and religious designs.

This sudden display of affection is being used against Yuuji to make him stay–to make him *act* like a Ryoumen once more, for appearances sake at least.

Red and amber eyes continue to clash and attack each other with a dangerous dagger, a silent fight happening amongst the celebration surrounding their frozen bodies.

"Sukuna– *a word,"* Yuuji sneers behind a sharp smile, keeping his words soft and inaudible to his followers.

The grin plastered across Sukuna's face widens, revealing sharp teeth and a tattooed tongue.

"Oh, but dinner is almost ready to be served, brother!" Sukuna exclaims, feigning enthusiasm for food he's had a thousand times over and over again. "Let us catch up after a splendid feast in your honor and–hopefully–your permanent return into our society."

I dare you to refuse, Sukuna's eyes seem to say as they narrow in anticipation, not baking down from Yuuji's fierce glare. *Create an even bigger hole you yourself won't be able to crawl out of.*

The happiness in Sukuna's voice is grating on Yuuji's nerves, raking claws across his bones and muscles and making his brain ache and tremble and–

"Very well," Yuuji sighs out, knowing that after he spends a considerable amount of time in both Sukuna's and his followers' presence, that he'll be able to beat the shit out of his twin in private. "But right after the servants put Junpei's belongings in the guest room right next to–"

"To ours? What a lovely host you are, *dear brother~"* Sukuna teases, his face mere centimeters away from Yuuji's as he draws the words out, invoking an unexplainable rage deep within Yuuji's bones.

Yuuji opens his mouth, ready to taunt his twin for thinking he would even want to sleep in the room as Sukuna, but is effectively cut off by a cold hand grabbing the back of Yuuji's neck, keeping him frozen in place.

Sharp nails dig into Yuuji's nape, an unsettling sting that sets YUuji's nerves on fire. The chill that runs up and down Yuuji's spine doesn't settle, even when Sukuna leans in close, lips close to his ear to whisper a few daunting words that were made to do nothing but taunt Yuuji.

"Welcome back, Brother. Enjoy your stay~"

The food that fills Yuuji's mouth is just as wonderful as he remembered it to be, but he'd rather die than admit such a thing in front of his twin brother.

Dinner was a bountiful affair full of love and positive energy that Yuuji almost found himself smiling despite himself. Everyone in the commune was shortly ordered to the dining hall where everyone would eat in peace, enjoy idle conversations with one another, and bask in the glory of being able to eat with *two Ryoumens.* Many people came up to Yuuji and Sukuna, thanking them for blessing this dinner with their presence, before going back to their seats to dig in. While Yuuji had waved each follower off with a fake smile, Sukuna had been as theatrical as possible–making his thanks known with sharp teeth and glinting red eyes.

Yuuji despised his place next to Sukuna, wanting nothing more than to join Junpei at the foot of the table where his friend sits, conversing with people in thin robes and fake smiles plastered on their faces. Yuuji didn't know what nonsense they were spouting into Junpei's ears and the unknown frightened him.

But he trusted Junpei.

"You're the only person I trust, Yuuji. No one, other than you, will ever be able to sway my mind, so have some faith in me, ok?"

Yuuji made a point to repeat that sentence to himself every time he saw his own attention drawn to Junpei and the small group of followers welcoming him to their commune. Junpei wouldn't allow some strangers to dig their fingers into his brain and change him from the inside out.

The only good thing that had come from the dinner was the food.

In *Ryoumen's Joka* , everything served for dinner is caught, planted, picked, and prepared itself. There was very little reason to go out of their small bundle of heaven to seek for food when their extravagant farms, open seas, and cattle provided all they needed in order to go to sleep with a full stomach. Wagyu, Basashi, Matsutake mushrooms, Suppon, and O-toro graced their table with fried rice, eggs, and sauces to dip each kind of meat into.

And, for Yuuji and Sukuna, they were given two *Fugu-kimos* , a meal specially prepared for the Ryoumens.

According to Yuuji's mother, The ritual of Ryoumens eating *Fugu-kimo* dates all the way to the Heian era when the *god* was once present on earth. It was said that Ryoumen, the original god of their religion, was able to eat tens of thousands of pufferfish without succumbing to illness, having declared himself immune to poison and toxins alike. As tradition for the upcoming Ryoumens that graced their community, they would be granted *Fugu-kimos* as a way to show the people their legitimacy and power.

It's a good thing that Yuuji and Sukuna built up a tolerance for toxins growing up, otherwise he and his twin would have died the moment they chewed and swallowed the seafood.

Everything was almost like a dream–the peaceful atmosphere, the smiles that adorned everyone's faces, the laughter that filled the air…

But Yuuji knew the truth.

Beneath it all, under the smiles and laughter and the cheers was a chain wrapped around their souls, locking them to this place until the end of time.

And Sukuna was doing nothing to set them free.

The moment dinner comes to an end and Sukuna wraps everything up with a few *prayers* , everyone is left to clean up the table and attend to their own devices.

Everyone except Sukuna.

Yuuji dragged his twin away from the public eye, knew Junpei was following them with a frantic look on his face, and–it wasn't until Yuuji stormed into his old room and slammed Sukuna up against the wall that Junpei decided to make his presence known.

"YUUJI! THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?!" Junpei shouts in confusion, his hands clawing at Yuuji's arms to make him release his twin, but Yuuji doesn't relent. He keeps Sukuna pinned against the wall, his knuckles whitened from how hard his fingers are gripping his brother's shoulders, and *snarls in his face like a wild animal.*

"You know damn well that i'm not staying here permanently," Yuuji sneers, his amber eyes watching the satisfied look on Sukuna's disgusting, *identical* face. "You had no right lying to

them– Raising their hopes and crushing their spirits when me and Junpei are only staying here to–”

“ *To get away from Tokyo? Like a little vacation?!”* Sukuna spits back, his smile blinding and feral as he stares Yuuji down with crimson eyes. “Oh, I've heard it all–the terrible excuses you're giving yourself to come back to us– *to me.”* Yuuji grips the fabrics tighter at the taunt in Sukuna’s voice, ready to pummel his twin if he has to. “Just admit it, Yuuji– Tokyo wasn’t what you thought it was. The people there treated you like scum, you’re being pushed and trampled on by two bastards in fancy suits, and now– *now*– you’ve got blood on your hands!”

Yuuji’s blood runs cold at Sukuna’s words.

For a second, Yuuji almost releases Sukuna in shock, but he holds on, keeping both of him at eye level,

“...What are you talking about?” Junpei speaks up, his voice quiet and shallow, just as frantic and nervous as the insides in Yuuji’s stomach.

“ *Mahito, age fourteen, died from having his face bashed in with what detectives suspect to be a metal bat* .”

The words leave Yuuji gaping, shocked, sweaty palmed and heaving in and out like a man without water.

“DOES THAT RING ANY FUCKING BELLS YUUUJIIII?!” Sukuna screams in his twin’s face as Yuuji releases him.

Yuuji backs away and quickly digs his hand into his pocket, reaches for his phone, pulls it out, and–

And there it was.

In the news app, on the very cover, was Mahito's dead body.

Getou and Gojo stuck to their word.

Sukuna's laughter echoes through the room, bouncing off every wall until they land in Yuuji's ears, filling his brain with his twin brother's devious cackles. Yuuji stares blankly at the phone screen, the light on the device turning off as time ticks by, and–even then–he kept staring at his phone, a feeling of elation and *joy* bubbling up within his gut.

Mahito's dead.

Junpei is free.

Getou and Gojo stuck to their word.

Vaguely, Yuuji can feel Junpei tightening his arms around his body, tears tracking down and landing along the sleeve of his own sweater. As Sukuna's laughter continues to embrace them in a tight cloak, Yuuji drops the phone, letting it rattle carelessly onto the ground, and

wraps his own arms around Junpei's body, bringing his friend's tear tracked face to the crook of his neck, hiding him from Sukuna's shining sharp teeth.

Questions run through Yuuji's head as he guides Junpei to the wooden tiled floor, all of them having to do about the obvious *murder* that transpired due to their own desperation.

Why did Getou and Gojo decide to go through with the murder knowing it wouldn't benefit them in the slightest? Yuuji made a fool of them, fought back and made their kidnapping attempts nothing but child-like efforts, so why? Why go through the trouble of continuing a deal on Yuuji's behalf? Could their love truly extend that of a just obsession and possession? Do they not just see Yuuji as a little play thing to crowd and corner with glee? Is Yuuji more than a passing interest in their eyes?

Yuuji then turns his shocked gaze to Junpei, his own hands reaching up to comb through dark brown hair as he tries to understand the reason behind his friend's tears.

Why is he crying? He wanted Mahito dead just as much as Yuuji did. Who are these tears for? Himself? His guilt? Perhaps he was mourning a boy he had once loved and fallen for before the cards came crashing down, revealing the boy for who he truly was?

Well, whatever the reason may be, Yuuji will stand by Junpei and comfort him the best he can…

A blistering sound crashes into Yuuji, reminding him of the bastard that continues to occupy the same space as them.

Without sukuna's annoying cackles to bother them, of course.

With Junpei tucked closely to his body, Yuuji looks up at his twin brother who's standing over them, looking down at the pair as if they're nothing but scum beneath his feet.

Yuuji allows his lips to form an unsettling smile as he lets the joy and relief floods his body, revealing to his twin just how happy he truly is.

"Despite what you might believe, me and Junpei had nothing to do with the kid's death," Yuuji confesses, immediately enjoying the way Sukuna's face morphs into that of complete confusion. "But what the hell, the kid must've done something *real bad* to get the basher's bad side, yeah? Don't you agree?" Yuuji's laughter then replaces his twins; his throat bubbles up and explodes, showing his twin the little amount of control he has over Yuuji, revealing that Sukuna isn't as smart as he think he is, and–no matter what Sukuna can say or do–he won't be the one to convince him to stay here at the commune.

Sukuna doesn't say a word.

He doesn't move from his spot several inches away from Yuuji and Junpei.

He doesn't make a move to close the distance either, leaving him to look like a frozen statue.

Yuuji eventually lets his laughter subside and die off, no longer finding amusement in his twin brother's reaction. Ignoring his twin's baffled look, Yuuji scoops Junpei into his arms cradle style and effortlessly carries Junpei out of the room.

However, before leaving the room and Sukuna as a whole, Yuuji turns his head and fixes his brother with a cold glare.

"Next time you make Junpei cry, I'll stuff your throat with enough *fugu-kimo* to bypass your resistance to poison."

Sukuna jolts out of whatever trance he's in and faces Yuuji, his face back to normal. A million questions seem to be spiraling behind his crimson eyes as they bore holes into Yuuji's head. Seconds tick, minutes pass, until–

Something in Sukuna's head clicks.

Yuuji can see it in the way the corner of Sukuna's lips curl upward in satisfaction, the twitch of his fingers, and–lastly–the sparkle that resonates within his hypnotizing red eyes.

"You got *the Basher* to kill that kid for you…how?" Sukuna asks, his smile stretching wildly across his face until it reaches ear to ear.

Yuuji doesn't answer him.

Instead, Yuuji turns on his heel and walks out the door, content with leaving his own twin in the dark once again.

“He’s dead…He’s actually dead…”

They’re the first words to leave Junpei after Yuuji carries him into a guest room, sets him down on the bed occupying the small space, and wraps him with a soft blue blanket sitting patiently at the foot of the bed. Junpei’s face is still stained with tear tracks, his eyes glassy and watery, lips gaping open slightly as he attempts to get over the shock that came with discovering the very person who blackmailed you died a horrific *but fitting* death.

Yuuji sits behind Junpei, his friend’s back recessed flush against Yuuji’s chest, as he embraces him with his arms, keeping him close. Keeping him *safe.* He places his head on top of Junpei’s dark brown locks of hair, his nose breathing in the scent of evergreen trees and natural herbs.

Yuuji’s arms tighten around Junpei when the words reach his ears, his mind suddenly thinking back to none other than *Mahito.*

“You’re free Junpei,” Yuuji whispers into Junpei’s ear, hoping his words of reassurance will put a stop to the tremors racking up and down Junpei’s body. “You’re safe now. You don’t ever have to think or worry about him ever again.”

“...I know…” Junpei’s tone is cold, almost lifeless, and it does more than confuse Yuuji.

It worries him.

Shouldn't Junpei be happy about the death of that bastard?

"What are you so sad about? *Mahito's dead.* He can't blackmail you anymore or force you to do something you don't want to do, so why are you…" Yuuji finds himself trailing off, unsure of what else to say to the friend still shaking violently in his arms.

"He was only fourteen, Yuuji."

Yuuji tries not to scoff loudly at Junpei's reasoning.

"Who tricked you into having sex with him and *held it over your head in case you wanted to break up with him,"* Yuuji reminds without a second to waste.

"He–yeah…I guess you're right."

Despite Junpei's admittance, the tremors and shakes don't stop.

Maybe he's just cold.

“I am,” Yuuji states firmly with a squeeze of his arms. With Junpei still caught in his arms, Yuuji falls back against the bed, bringing his friend down with him. “We have a big day tomorrow so try to get some rest, ok?”

Knowing Sukuna, he’ll probably want to put Yuuji and Junpei to work in the fields in exchange for peace and quiet. Yuuji’s more than prepared to make that deal with his twin if it meant giving him and Junpei space to collect their thoughts, sort out their own feelings, and find their own peace within the chaos spiraling wildly inside their minds.

“...ok…I’ll try,” Junpeiu mumbles, not fighting Yuuji in the slightest.

Yuuji nuzzles his face into the back of Junpei’s head, hoping that Junpei’s worries will wash away with the sway of the wind.

As Yuuji predicted, Sukuna didn’t waste a second to send him and Junpei out into the field to help collect watermelons to help prepare lunch for everyone in the commune.

Yuuji was more than happy to have something to occupy his hands with while Junpei groaned and moaned in annoyance, heavy bags sitting ungracefully beneath his green eyes. From the constant tossing and turning from the night before, Yuuji concludes that his friend hardly got a wink of sleep. He wished there was something he could do to lift his friend's spirit, but–as of now–all he could focus on was washing their large abundance of newly picked watermelons.

"Thank you for your assistance, Ryoumen!" one of the members cheer graciously with warm smiles tugging upwards on their lips.

Yuuji had waved them off, telling them some bullshit about how he wanted to make himself of use after not being *home* for a long time. His words had made them swoon, as expected. They gushed and complimented his thoughtfulness before giving Yuuji and Junpei a list of things to do to help prepare their upcoming meal.

One of them being washing the watermelons.

Staring at the round balls of green, Yuuji felt his mouth watering at the sight of them. He hasn't had a lick of watermelon ever since he left to live in Tokyo–the large fruit was unexpectedly pricey in the city, something Yuuji absolutely loathed. But now, with him back in thin red robes similar to that of his fellow followers, he and Junpei can finally get a mouthful of the juicy, wonderful, watermelons within their hands.

As Yuuji cleans and wipes the newly picked watermelons with a clean rag, he finds his gaze wandering over to Junpei.

While still carrying a look of exhaustion from lack of sleep, his friend looks more lively and upbeat than he did last night. His big green eyes stare down the watermelons with interest as he too wipes them clean with a rag, his lips turned up ever so slightly in a ghost of a smile. Beside him, a member of the commune chatters noisily beside him, filling the open air with their senseless noise. Yuuji vaguely picks out the topic of newly grown strawberries

in one of their newly acquired fields, asking Junpei if he's ever had a strawberry, and then– shyly–inquired if Junpei would be interested in helping them pick the red bundles of fruit.

Yuuji tries not to interfere with the conversation, more than content with listening in on his member's poor attempt at engaging with his best friend.

To Yuuji's surprise, Junpei agrees to go with them to pick the strawberries.

Odd.

Yuuji ignores the way his shoulders tense up as he watches the pair abandon him to clean and wipe down the watermelons for lunch and instead focuses on the task at hand. Junpei can talk to whoever he wants. He won't allow some nobody to sway his mind. They're only getting strawberries. That's it. That's all. Yuuji has no reason to worry–

"May I assist you, Ryoumen?"

Turning his gaze away from the watermelon in his hands, his eyes land on Uraume, Sukuna's most trusted servant.

A smile makes its way across Yuuji's lips. Even though Uraume is just as brainwashed as everyone in this forsaken cult, they still sustain some kind of personality that differentiates them from everyone else. Their snarky comebacks, lack of smile, and dry sense of humor is something Yuuji and Sukuna enjoy.

But, even if they are Yuuji's favorite amongst the bunch that live in *Ryoumen's Joka,* they are also the most loyal to the cult's cause.

"Thank you Uraume, but i think i've got it from here," Yuuji says graciously while finishing the last of the watermelons. "But I wouldn't mind if you stayed to keep me company…unless you're needed elsewhere of course." Yuuji throws the suggestion out for Uraume like a fish hook, hoping they'll bite and stay within Yuuji's grasp so he isn't caught in the storm that's his own tormenting thoughts.

Uraume, thankfully, seems to read right through Yuuji's suggestion.

The servant grabs a nearby stool, drags it along the grassy plain underneath the gazebo, and places it next to Yuuji before sitting down, their cool presence immediately easing Yuuji's mind.

The pink haired college student watches as an exhausted sigh leaves Uraume's lips, a few beads of sweat rolling down their forehead–which they quickly wipe away with the arm of their sleeve–all signs of a hardworking servant. The tinge of sweat stains the air around them, telling stories of labor and continuous work to keep the place nice and tidy, beautiful to outsiders who don't know any better, whilst keeping a routine that keeps everybody's minds fuzzy and bland, leaving little room for doubt in faith.

Before Yuuji can drag his eyes away from Uraume, he spots something…unusual.

His gaze trails down Uraume's form, taking in their slouched posture–that's normally straight and proper–the pained grimace on their face, and lastly the hand that rests along the bump of their stomach.

Yuuji pauses, his mind turning and halting at the strange sight.

Wait.

Wait.

Bump?

But Uraume has always been lithe and scrawny…did they start overeating or something? Maybe Sukuna and his mother decided to feed the servants more…but Uraume has such as fast metabolism so even if such a thing were to occur, then Uraume would be able to shed the extra weight off with ease, so–

And it clicks.

Yuuji's eyes nearly bulge out of his sockets when he clears his throat, catching his long-time servant's attention.

"Um…Uraume?"

"Yes?"

"Are you…y'know…" Yuuji trails off, his words stuck in his throat as he gestures to Uraume's round stomach protruding outwards even under the many layers of robes decorating their body.

Uraume smiles, the hand on their stomach splaying out possessively as they nod, confirming Yuuji's thoughts.

"Yes, Ryoumen. I'm with child."

A mix of emotions rush through Yuuji's body.

First there's shock; Uraume was never one to indulge in romantic or sexual interest in anyone or anything, so the very thought of them being pregnant is more than a little baffling. It's a hard concept to grasp, especially since Yuuji had no idea that they had the reproductive *parts* to even get pregnant. Secondly, Uraume had to be in their late or mid thirties–yuuji doesn't know their actual age and asking *now* of all times would be extremely rude–and had no idea that they could still get pregnant at such a late age.

Then there's happiness–happiness for Uraume and whoever the father may be. Life is a beautiful thing, something Yuuji has always been fascinated by even when he was young and curious, resting his small pudgy hands on pregnant servants' stomachs to bless their newborns. Someday, Yuuji wants to have kids of his own, but not now, not while he's in college still studying to become a physical therapist with two daunting serial killers obsessing over him.

And, lastly, *suspicion* . Uraume is a hard working servant, mind filled with nothing but wanting to serve those until their last dying breath. They're painfully devoted to the commune, to Yuuji, Sukuna, and his mother, and seem to have no room to care for anyone else.

Yuuji decides to let his happiness show rather than the ugly mix of emotions that fight and scream at each other to let loose.

“That’s– *wow!* Congratulations, Uraume!!!” Yuuji exclaims, deciding to push his given task to the side in exchange for giving Uraume his undivided attention. He crawls forward, sets a hand over Uraume’s, and squeezes it tight, letting his servant know just how happy he is for them. “I had no idea you were even interested in having children, but that’s obviously not the case now is it?” Yuuji teases, bringing an exasperated huff of air from Uraume.

“I didn’t think I was either until it happened,” Uraume explains, the soft smile still sitting nicely on their lips as they guide both their own hand and Yuuji’s up and down their plump stomach. “But…I’ve recently begun to like the idea of raising a child, even if it's for the *Joka’s* sake.”

Yuuji tilts his head, drawing closer to Uraume, as he tries to process the words from their mouth. “Wait…you weren’t forced into being pregnant…were you?”

“No, I volunteered of course,” Uraume corrects, easily easing Yuuji’s worries. “Your brother needed a partner who could take care of him and their future child with no complications. Despite being an adult, he is still young and needs assistance in leading the group, even if he won’t admit it.”

Yuuji blinks.

Yuuji’s brother? What does Sukuna have to do with all of this?

He blinks again.

*Why would Uraume bring **him** up of all times!*

And blinks again.

Their future child? Surely Uraume isn't–

Realization hits Yuuji like a damn train.

"Wait a second…is Sukuna the father?!"

Uraume's grin widens.

"Indeed," they confirm, oblivious to the terror and confusion rattling inside his head. "When Sukuna became of age to pick out a bride, he chose me to be the one to be by his side, to wake him up every morning and to help bear his child." Their words are filled with so much fondness, as if they're talking about something joyful and beautiful and not an arranged marriage between a so-called *god* and their most prized servant.

Yuuji doesn't know how to react to this new piece of information.

He was able to react accordingly when he found out Uraume was pregnant, but now–with the added information that Sukuna's the damn bastard that knocked them up–he doesn't quite know… *what to do.*

He knows he should congratulate Uraume, welcome them into their family since they're now related by marriage, or say something cliche like how wonderful it'll be to become an uncle, but no words escape him. His mind is a mess–looking for the right words, coming up blank, and searching within the depths of his brain for something to say–but nothing comes out.

Yuuji can only imagine how funny he looks right now; staring up at Uraume with his jaw on the ground, eyes wide and completely off guard, but at that moment, he couldn't bring himself to care.

Sukuna is having a child.

He's married.

He's married to the very servant that helped take care of them for years.

Yuuji eventually gets his nerves in order and tries to bring a smile to his face, ignoring the way Uraume looks down at him with unease, like they can sense the doubt and disbelief radiating off of Yuuji's figure. He wouldn't be surprised if that's the case–Yuuji *has* been known to be an open book after all.

"...That's amazing Uraume…" Yuuji forces out like his life depends on it.

" Is it?" Uraume counters, voice full of suspicion as their gaze pierces through Yuuji like a dagger.

Yuuji gulps and nods his head, his smile shaking and trembling on his lips as he says, “Of course it is! You–You’re a part of our family now and–and I know you’ll be a good partner for my brother…” As much as Yuuji hates to admit it, it's true. Uraume is the only one who can put up with Sukuna’s possessive and controlling antics. They’re the only one who’s been able to thoroughly satisfy and entertain Sukuna, something that’s sadly needed for someone as malicious as Sukuna.

Out of everyone in their commune, Uraume is the best fit to be Sukuna’s partner.

The thought leaves a sour taste in his mouth once he comes to terms with it.

“I-I’m also going to be an uncle! So I mean…that's pretty cool too!”

Another poor child that’ll be brainwashed into serving this commune.

Yuuji begins to feel himself growing light headed; whether it’s from the onslaught of new information or the burning sun overhead, is something he’s clueless to.

He needs to leave.

Another thought pops up, one that's not at all pleasant but necessary in this situation.

No, he needs to talk to Sukuna.

Yuuji makes sure to soften his gaze when he asks Uraume about his twin's whereabouts. At his sudden question, Uraume's face hardens into something protective, something that's *never been directed at Yuuji.* It makes him unsettled, a sliver of offense making his shoulders tense up defensively.

"But you haven't finished your chores–"

"I'm basically done, so just have someone else finish off the last bits of watermelon for me, ok?" Yuuji asks, letting his voice drop an octave that leaves little room for refusal. Guilt swarms Yuuji at the fact that he has to use his *leaders voice* to get what he wants, but it's the only way to get Uraume to snap out of their possessive state, reminding them of whom they're loyal too.

Uraume bows their head, shoulders slumping slightly as they give into Yuuji's demands. "Very well, i'll have someone come by to finish the rest of your work," Uraume concedes, tone monotonous and blank as if they've been reduced to an empty husk. "You can find your brother in the main gardens teaching the young ones our group's history."

Sukuna teaching kids? What a joke!

Rather than saying this out loud, Yuuji nods his head, smile shining a tad too hard for comfort as he thanks Uraume for their help. "I'll pay you back with a good meal, ok Uraume?" Yuuji says excitedly whilst getting to his feet and walking out from underneath the gazebo, leaving Uraume to follow him from afar with fond pink eyes.

"...I wouldn't mind having your *Chawanmushi* again. It feels like it's been years since I've had it last," Uraume admits sheepishly with a quiet voice, the sound almost inaudible to Yuuji's ears, but thankfully he picks it up.

“Then I'll make sure to treat you!”

Yuuji then turns on his heel and runs in the direction of the gardens where his twin brother should be, *teaching* (or poisoning, depending on who you ask) little kids.

The gardens used to be a place where Yuuji and Sukuna could play to their heart’s content without being bothered by people who worship the very ground they walk on.

From the wildflowers, to the ponds filled with koi fish and bridges that overlook the small pools of water, it was a sanctuary for the two boys. Their mother has bad allergies so she normally tends to avoid the gardens as much as she can, leaving her children to their own devices to prevent herself from having a red runny nose. That’s one of the reasons why the garden was a special place for them– *their mother couldn’t control them from their little space of heaven.* She couldn’t reach them without consequence.

The boy’s normally spent their time chasing each other through the grassy fields and wooden bridges, the pitter patter of their shoeless feet reaching anything they could as they screamed with joy.

But, as time passed and both boys got older, they eventually stopped spending their time in the gardens, more busy with attending to their chosen duties for the day. Aside from the members of the commune tasked with taking care of the greenery, no one else dared to step foot on the beautiful piece of scenery, a place that used to be a sanctuary to two boys thought to be their god in human forms.

Now–as Yuuji crosses the threshold of the Grand hall, moving down the hallways, twisting and turning until he finds himself outside once more–he finds himself met with the sight of the garden's being occupied by children.

The sight is a strange one; a feeling of nostalgia fills Yuuji's core as he watches the group of children from afar sit in a semi circle around Sukuna, their big bright eyes soaking up every word his twin has to offer. And his twin, his brother who has never voiced his interest in children, or *having children,* looks…content. Calm. At ease. His forehead isn't twisted in wrinkles, a frown nor a maniacal smile decorates his lips. He doesn't look happy per say… but there's a certain air around him that comes off as–dare Yuuji say– *comforting.*

Before Yuuji knows what he's doing, he steps away from the wooden porch and makes his way across the large slabs of flat stones that lead to the bridge towards Sukuna and his students. His feet come to a stop when he reaches the peak of the bridge, his hands moving to grab the sides of the edge, his fingers gliding along the smooth wooden surface with grace, as he watches Sukuna and the kids from afar.

Ignoring the rustling of the trees, the splashing of the koi fish beneath the bridge, the mumbles of servants littering the garden, and the wind that slips into his sensitive ears, Yuuji strains his hearing to be able to translate the words falling from his twin's mouth.

"--a large god with four arms, four eyes, and two faces once graced the soil of Japan, bringing prosperity to those that worshiped him. His name was *Ryoumen,* a being of unimaginable power," Sukuna explains with the kind of voice that tells Yuuji that this isn't his first time retelling the story. "Ryoumen was as merciless as he was selfless, freeing those of their sins if they served and dedicated their lives to him. While many thought his existence was fake, those that believed and worshiped him have been said to live full peaceful lives."

Yuuji leans against the edge of the bridge, finding himself immersed in the retelling of the history lesson he and Sukuna had to endure a million times when they were younger. But, somehow, the way his twin explains their history makes their so-called powerful god out to be more of a saint than when their mother told it.

“Ryoumen was both worshiped and feared by those across Japan and it was only a matter of time before his power caught the attention of those that wanted to severe it.” The kids surrounding Sukuna all gasped, mouths covering their cute surprised faces as they listened intently to their teacher’s words.

“But that's so mean! Ryoumen wasn’t doing anything wrong!” One of the kids exclaims and it takes everything in Yuuji’s power not to heave out a laugh of his own.

In the original tale of Ryoumen, the one Sukuna seems intent on not telling to the younger audience, Ryoumen was known to rip apart and eat those that refused to worship him, which gained him a massive following out of fear rather than respect.

Yuuji finds himself surprised when he sees the amused look on Sukuna’s face, as if he’s also thinking the same thing.

“Hm, some might disagree,” Sukuna states offhandedly before continuing on with the story. “Before Ryoumen and his followers knew it, they were being surrounded and overrun by those that wished to kill Ryoumen’s reign. To stop this from taking place, Ryoumen did a ritual that separated his form into two bodies– *twins.”* The group of kids *oohed* and *ahhed* at Sukuna, faces lit up with wonder and excitement. “Four arms and four eyes became two pairs of two, two faces became two pairs of ones until two makeshift human beings were made, acting as Ryoumen’s vessel. They were created to continue his reign until the day life caught up to them and they passed, giving the god’s inner spirit over to another pair of twins to keep his presence alive.”

“ *Woaaaahhh,”* the kids say in unison, breathless and in awe of the man standing before them.

“Yeah… *woah,”* Sukuna teases, earning an annoyed squawk from the children. Yuuji covers his mouth to cover up another laugh of his, brown eyes crinkling with mirth as he watches the kids raise their hands to ask ridiculous questions that only children would be able to think of.

“ *Does the actual Ryoumen talk to you?”*

“Indeed he does, but not directly. He sends me signs and leaves the rest for me to figure out on my own.”

“ *How big was Ryoumen? My mama told me he’s like super huge!!!”*

“It’s said that he was at least nine feet tall.”

“ *Will you grow to be nine feet tall?”*

“...I sure hope so.”

“ *If Ryoumen had double of everything, does that mean he had two pe–”*

“OK!” Sukuna interrupts with an annoyed scowl and a clap of his hands. “I think that sums up today’s lesson. You’re all free to go.”

The moment those words leave Sukuna’s lips, the kids are scrambling away, voices full of glee and happiness as they scurry around the garden, looking for something or someone to amuse them. It’s hard to keep the smirk off his face when he watches an exasperated sigh leave Sukuna’s mouth in a dramatic like manner. The twin wearing the excessive amount of robes pinches the bridge of his nose, his eyes downcast toward the ground beneath him, looking thoroughly exhausted.

“How long are you just gonna keep standing there, Yuuji? You’re starting to creep me the fuck out.”

Yuuji jolts, suddenly finding crimson eyes on his figure.

Quickly wiping the smirk off his face, Yuuji walks down the bridge leading to Sukuna, momentarily forgetting *why* he showed up in the first place. All it takes is one look at Sukuna’s scowl and, magically, everything comes back to him.

The baby.

Once Yuuji reaches his twin, Sukuna takes his place on the grassy plains, sitting down along the large expanse of greenery, his legs tucked neatly beneath him in a graceful manner. Yuuji copies him, lowering his body to sit side by side with his brother.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were gonna be a dad? That you decided to marry the very servant that helped raise us?” Yuuji asks with no real heat behind his words. He’s more curious than he is disgusted by the very notion of his brother choosing a servant twice his age to be his eternal partner; Yuuji also doesn't have any room to talk, especially since he’s fallen in love with two older married men who are thirteen years older than him.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were sleeping with Tokyo’s most notorious serial killers?”

Yuuji bites his lip, refraining from grabbing his twin’s throat and dragging him across the garden for all the kids to see.

“I see you’re still as childish as ever.”

“I would say the same to you, but your boyfriends might bash my skull in for insulting you.”

Yuuji rolls his eyes, his fingers gripping tightly onto his robes, pretending that he’s digging his nails into Sukuna’s skin to calm himself down. As much as Yuuji wants to tear his brother a new one, he doesn’t think such a thing would carry over well for the people of the commune. The followers will probably see it as a sign of their *almighty god* raging war upon them.

Ah, but it’s so tempting. What would spawn from the community if Yuuji were to choke the hell out of his twin for everyone to see?

Yuuji keeps these thoughts to himself as he scoffs loudly, allowing Sukuna to hear his irritation.

“Kuna’,” Yuuji says, using his twin’s nickname to truly grab his attention. It works if the twitch of his eye is anything to go by. “I’m…just curious, ok?”

“Curious, huh?” Sukuna retorts, like the very word is venom on his tongue. “Would it satiate your curiosity if I were to say I wanted to have a kid just for the hell of it? That I wanted to have more control over my servant? Or that I craved the need to have possession over someone else in my life?” Each word that leaves his twin’s lips feels fake, like he’s reading fo of a script that–

That Yuuji himself wrote.

“The answer I give you won’t satisfy you because, in your head, i’m a terrible fucking person. You’ll come to your own conclusions and declare me the bad guy,” Sukuna spits out.

“Can–Can you really blame me, Kuna?” Yuuji states, ignoring the swell of guilt that begins to rise from the pits of his stomach. “All our lives, you’ve been so intent on following our mom’s footsteps and she–”

“ *I’m nothing like our mother,”* Sukuma interrupts angrily. “That bastard of a woman abused and tortured us to stay in power over the commune. I don’t plan on being anything like that disgusting woman, not if I can help it. I will rule with respect, *not fear.”*

Yuuji finds his thoughts coming to a halt, astonished by the brother sitting beside him.

Where did his twin go? The one that used to cheer and smile at the sight of violence? The one that would go along with their mother’s whims without a second thought? The one that

would willingly have a hand in punishing the followers that wrong them?

Why did Sukuna have to go and become a better person while Yuuji is here wishing to feel blood on his tongue?

"...I See…" Yuuji mumbles, all the fight in his body leaving in an instant. He moves his gaze away from his scowling twin and sets his sights on the many groups of children running along the polains the garden has to offer. Their bright smiles and rosy cheeks remind Yuuji heavily of his and Sukuna's youth, leaving an aching feeling pounding in his chest. "Well…I think you're doing a wonderful job so far."

Out of the corner of Yuuji's eye, He sees Sukuna's shoulder relax, a sign that he too is also letting go of his anger and frustrations.

"No thanks to you."

Yuuji begins to bristle up, ready to refute that the commune life wasn't made for him and that he wanted some semblance of freedom in his life and–

And when he turns to shout in Sukuna's face, he sees his twin looking straight at him with an amused smirk on his face.

Ah. He's joking.

Yuuji, in complete disbelief, just lets his jaw hang in surprise as Sukuna snickers at his reaction.

“I ain’t mad about you leaving, not anymore,” Sukuna admits, the smirk on his lips widening as he continues to watch Yuuji’s bafflement increase ten fold. “Running this community by myself is nice and having someone like you by my side would ruin all of my hard work.”

“...You really are a bastard, Kuna.”

Before Yuuji knows what’s happening, Sukuna is raising a hand and flicking Yuuji’s forehead, a silent truce resonating between the twins.

“So are you, Yu.”

“So you still haven’t had sex with them? That’s a surprise.”

Yuuji nearly chokes on his slice of watermelon at Sukuna’s words, the food almost going down the wrong way. With a strong thump to his own chest, the watermelon safely goes down his throat, and–once Yuuji is sure his life isn’t in danger–he shoots his twin with a glare.

Shortly after Yuuji and Sukuna decided to let bygones be bygones, the bell for lunch rang loudly throughout the community, drawing every person in the commune toward the grand hall. When the twins sat down next to each other at the head of the large table, the atmosphere around them wasn't as tense as it was the day before. Yuuji even caught sight of Junpei having an easy conversation with some of the followers with a genuine smile on his face, his nervous jitters nowhere to be seen.

But Yuuji should've known better than to think the peace between him and his brother wouldn't last.

"T-The hell brought this on?!" Yuuji hollers, his hands reaching for his napkin to wipe away the stray watermelon juice that sprayed around his lips.

Rather than answering properly like a normal human being, Sukuna smirks.

"I don't think you'd be here right now if you did have sex with them," Sukuna continues on without an ounce of shame in his voice. "You seem like the type to get real' attached to the person you lose your virginity to."

"D-Don't make assumptions a-about shit you know nothing about!" Yuuji exclaims in frustration, his hands going back to picking up hsi chopsticks to pick at his bowl of fried rice.

"You know how hypocritical that sounds coming from you, right?"

Yuuji doesn't answer Sukuna and instead focuses on the bowl of rice in front of him, intent on ignoring his annoying twin brother.

"Huh…" Sukuna mumbles, his eyes still not leaving Yuuji. "You must have gotten into a big fight with them then…"

Yuuji almost stops chewing on his food. *Almost.*

"Let me guess: the two bastards went too far on their last kidnapping attempt, making you think you're nothing but a game to them–and to keep yourself finding out the truth–you crash here, avoiding them altogether."

Yuuji is *seconds* away from spitting out his food.

Or maybe he'll just spit in Sukuna's food for the hell of it.

"I hate to admit it, but you've gotten really good at reading people…" Yuuji grumbles in annoyance as he continues to stuff his cheeks with rice.

Sukuna merely smirks at the god-awful compliment. "Ah, so I'm right. What'd they do to piss you off?"

Yuuji contemplates telling Sukuna the whole story, confessing his worries to his twin brother who–apparently– has matured a great ton since Yuuji left.

The answer comes easy to Yuuji.

In seconds, Yuuji is retelling the tale of Getou and Gojo's last kidnap attempt: promising him a nice dinner in exchange for killing Mahito. Dancing around the tables surrounded by aquatic life. Being lifted onto one of the tables and– *and being handcuffed and ravaged against his will.* It was the first time Yuuji genuinely felt that the couple might kill him–the first time Yuuji saw himself through their eyes: a hopeless mouse that they're using to pass the time with.

And Sukuna listens intently, not interrupting or adding commentary. As lunch progresses– as well as Yuuji's story–Sukuna's red eyes never leave Yuuji's, always keeping him in his sights.

By the time Yuuji finishes telling Sukuna hsi every woe, The lunch table is mostly vacant with a few stragglers getting in a few last bites before going back to their chores. Sukuna stays where he is, allowing Yuuji's voice to trail off, before speaking up.

"I think you might be right, Yuuji," Sukuna mumbles, his words breaking and tearing Yuuji's heart more than he thought it would. "If they were really serious about making you their third, then they wouldn't have put you in those traumatic situations. Not to mention that they're *serial killers* who kill and terrorize japan for fun. You're just a game to them, Yuuji. A toy, nothing else."

…he's right.

Why else would Gojo and Getou go to great lengths to see Yuuji scared, hurt, and deathly afraid?

Why else would they find joy in putting their claim on Yuuji, only to get enraged when the other gets hurt by Yuuji's acts of defense?

Why else would they toy with him?

Because they never saw Yuuji as an actual person.

To them he's a toy to play with until they get bored.

Yuuji doesn't even realize he's crying until he feels calloused fingers wiping his tears away from beneath his fluttering lashes.

"They don't deserve you, Yuuji, none of them do," Sukuna says into the quiet air around them, his hand moving to cup Yuuji's face lovingly. "You shouldn't let a couple of nobodies into your heart, Yuuji, it'll only tear you apart from the inside out."

"...But i really love them–"

"I know you do, but think logically. They don't *want* you. They might want a quick fuck, but after that? They'll bash your head in like the rest of their victims."

More tears begin to spill, but thankfully he has Sukuna there to catch every single one of them.

“I hate this…” Yuuji mumbles, his arms wrapping around his own body as his heart begins to pound wildly in his chest, the telltale signs of a cracking heart resonating loudly in his ears. He’s so occupied by the agony within his chest that he doesn’t realize that his head falls forward, landing on Sukuna’s chest. But his twin doesn’t push him away. Instead, he pulls him in closer until they’re flush against each other, Sukuna’s own arms winding around Yuuji’s body to keep him safe.

“Please Yuuji…Stay with me.”

“...I will…” Yuuji croaks out. “But–But only for a few days. I can’t keep running away from my problems.”

Sukuna doesn’t respond.

Instead, he tightens his embrace, leaving Yuuji feeling limp and powerless.

The rest of the day is spent with Yuuji trailing after Sukuna like a lost puppy and–occasionally–keeping an eye on Junpei to make sure that he's comfortable with the people around him.

Sukuna doesn't seem to mind Yuuji's constant presence. In fact, he brings Yuuji in close by hooking their arms together until they're walking side by side, his twin guiding Yuuji around the estate while he gets his assigned chores finished up. Yuuji helps when he can without being asked, intent on making himself useful, especially since Sukuna's *allowing* him to stick to his twin like glue.

With the twins attached at the hip, talking and conversing with one another like they never had a falling out, the servants and followers of their community stare at them with something akin to fascination, joy, *glee* that they're able to see the Ryoumen's back on good terms with each other. Yuuji can't help but share their sentiment, unable to hide the fact that he missed his identical brother so much.

And Yuuji has a feeling that Sukuna feels the same way every time his disgruntled twin flashes him a soft smile that seems to only be reserved for Yuuji and Yuuji alone.

The two don't take a break from their chores until the sun begins to set gracefully over the grassy hills. The twins watch from afar as everyone begins to line up to enter the grand hall, all ready to feast upon their earnings for supper. But, rather than joining the masses, Sukuna grabs Yuuji by the hand and guides him away.

"Huh? Kuna, what–?"

"We won't be eating dinner with them tonight. This evening is reserved for just you and me, Yuuji," Sukuna explains without looking at his twin whilst dragging his brother down the halls until they find themselves in the old wine room where they used to spend their time mixing and making alcoholic drinks. The walls are lined with cabinets and shelves, all of them filled to the brim with wine and alcohol of all brands and flavors. This room used to be

a sanctuary for Yuuji to practice his hand at mixing drinks, hoping to create something pleasing to his twin's tongue.

The sight causes Yuuji's heart to squeeze in nostalgia, remembering when he and his twin were just two boys trapped in a system of their mother's making.

"But–I don't want to leave Junpei behind! I promised to look after him!" Yuuji protests despite already taking a seat on one of the old creaking chairs in the far corners of the cramped room, not truly making a move to leave the room and–by extension–sukuna.

Sukuna seems to see this too by the way his smile grows softer, like he won a battle only he was privy to.

"You really underestimate Junpei," Sukuna sneers while taking a seat next to Yuuji, his crimson eyes crinkling in amusement. "I'm sure he'd be pissed off to hear you talk about him this way."

"That doesn't matter! I don't want him getting brainwashed by *your* followers!" Yuuji counters, his hands already reaching to swipe a bottle of wine off the many shelves. He chooses one blindly, uncaring of the brand or taste as he pops the cap off and lets the alcohol swim down her throat.

Sukuna chuckles. In seconds, Yuuji's twin is swiping the bottle from Yuuji's hands and throwing the bottle back, his throat bobbing with every drop that runs down into his stomach. When he passes the bottle of wine back to Yuuji, a condescending smirk is gracing his wine stained lips.

"You ain't gotta worry about that," Sukuna sneers in irritation despite the smile on his face. "Your friend worships the ground you walk on. If he *does* end up joining us, it's because you

willingly returned to your rightful place by my side.”

The thought of Junpei *worshiping* him the way Sukuna’s followers do leaves an uneasy feeling in Yuuji’s gut.

“You don't mean that…do you?”

“Of course I do.” Sukuna moves his gaze away from Yuuji and stands up, ho feet taking him to the small bar counter where the two used to pretend they were ordinary bartenders in a rickety old bar tending to the world's finest patrons. When Sukuna wipes his hands across the wooden counter, a cloud of dust flies through the air, revealing the room's true abandoned state. “He looks at you like you hung the moon and the stars, especially now that the idiotic kid is dead,” he says with a faraway look in his eye.

Yuuji takes a moment to think about Junpei, to recall every interaction they’ve had since they found out Mahito was murdered.

In the room the pair were staying in for the time being, wrapped in arms and limbs, Junpei had clung to Yuuji like he was his life line, his savior in a world full of dark monsters and evil spirits. And, this morning when they both woke up with dark bags under their eyes, Junpei’s gaze had followed Yuuji everywhere they went like an obedient servant waiting to be called on. When Yuuji would check up on Junpei from time to time, to make sure his friend wasn’t succumbing to the group’s petty attempt at brainwashing, his green eyes would shine and sparkle in ways Yuuji has only seen in Dutiful servants.

But that can very well be Yuuji’s imagination.

He isn’t the brightest and Sukuna *has* been known to be a little lying shit at times.

So Yuuji doesn’t take Sukuna’s words to heart.

Rather than thinking about the possibility of Junpei being just another brainwashed soul, Yuuji stands up from his chair and makes his way to stand beside Sukuna, his hands scanning the dusty surface of the bar counter. Despite the dust that sticks to his clammy palms and fingers, the surface of the wood is just as smooth as the bridges that expand over the ponds decorating the estate’s gardens.

“...How far along is Uraume?” Yuuji asks, hoping to switch the subject to something light hearted, away from his green eyed friend.

Yuuji watches as the smirk on Sukuna’s face drops into something more vulnerable. Something gentle. It’s beautiful. “Four months,” Sukuna answers softly. “We found out they were with child after our visit in Tokyo.”

Four months ago…Damn, Yuuji was still working at Kinko-Shitsu without a care in the world, oblivious to the two monsters that watched his every move.

“What gender do you think it's gonna be?” Yuuji decides to ask, curious as to what his brother has to say on the matter.

His twin just shrugs nonchalantly. “I could care less about what gender my child ends up being,” Sukuna answers with a roll of his eyes. “But me and Uraume have already come up with a name for our…little gremlin.”

“Oh? Lemme hear it!” Yuuji exclaims excitedly, his body moving to face his brother properly.

Sukuna’s eyes soften as he recites, “ *Aoi,* perfect for both a boy and girl.”

Yuuji’s smile widens, the warmth in his heart running hot at the sight of his twin brother becoming… *maternal* .

“Beautiful…named after the hollyhock flower, yeah?”

“Yep–it was Uraume’s idea,” Sukuna confesses before turning his back on Yuuji and going to the many arrays of wine-filled shelves, his fingers skimming the bottles before landing on one glass with a bluish tint. “They said hollyhock represents strength and vitality. It’s fitting for my future child.”

Yuuji can’t help but scoff at Sukuna’s condescending tone, like hiss twin just *knows* his child will be a force to be reckoned with.

“Huh…”

“But enough about the baby.”

“Hm?”

Sukuna turns back around with the bottle in hand, a mischievous smirk crawling its way onto his twin's face.

"Let's try to get plastered!" Sukuna exclaims with a wide smile, showing off all of his sharp teeth.

"...Kuna', we have an inhumane tolerance for poison, that's not gonna happen…"

Yet, how Getou and Gojo got their hands on a drug powerful enough to knock Yuuji out is completely beyond him…

Not to mention the many times he blacked out while partying with his friends, but yuuji always just chalked that up to him being exhausted…

Oh shit, he can totally get plastered! Why is he just now realizing this?!

"Last i checked, i said *try,"* he mocks, his other hand reaching for the bottle of wine they discarded earlier. "There's always a first time for everything~" He sings before tipping both bottles and chugging them down, leaving Yuuji to stare with bulging eyes and a gaping mouth.

Yuuji wants to protest and tell Sukuna to have some dignity, but stops at a sudden realization.

Yuuji may never be able to drink with his brother again.

His twin is slowly getting comfortable in his position as head of *Ryoumen's Joka,* and–to add onto that–he'll also be a father soon. There won't be a time where the two of them can get away from their responsibilities and rink there shelves dry; Yuuji will be in college working his ass off on getting a degree while Sukuna will be down here in sendai, running a cult until the day the followers grow a mind of their own and realize that everything is bullshit.

The protest inevitably dies on his tongue. Instead of trying to sustain some level of maturity, Yuuji grabs a random bottle from the shelf and starts *chugging*.

By the time Yuuji begins stumbling into his guest room with Sukuna by his side, mumbling drunkenly about who knows what, the moon has already risen, showering its beautiful rays across the estate, shining through the glass windows and illuminating the hallways in its ethereal light.

"Th-This ain't your room, kuna!!!" Yuuji slurs even though he's helping his twin through the door. Sukuna narrowly misses the doorframe when he stumbles in, his face twisted up in a pained scowl.

"Mmm don't give a fuck…" He mumbles against Yuuji's shoulder. His twin then leans his entire weight on Yuuji, making him trip over his feet and nearly fall to the ground. Roughly

planting his hand on the wall, he keeps both himself and his brother upright.

The loud noise that resonated through the room was enough to wake up its sleeping occupant. A loud groan fills the air and it doesn't come from either Yuuji or Sukuna.

The source comes from none other than a disgruntled Junpei.

"Huh? Yuuji? Sukuna? *Are you two drunk?"* Junpei asks with irritation laced in his voice. Yuuji whines at the sound, not liking that he got on Junpei's bad side.

"Hmmm just a lilll'," Yuuji hiccups while trying to navigate through the dark room with Sukuna clinging onto him like a koala. He eventually finds the foot of the bed and throws sukuna's weight across the comforter, earning a shrill shriek from his bets friend.

"YUUJI! WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?! WE CAN'T ALL SLEEP IN THIS ONE BED!!!" Junpei says while Sukuna mindlessly cuddles up against Junpei, his arms and legs wrapping themselves around his best friend's body as if he is afraid Junpei might ceremoniously disappear. Yuuji giggles at the sight of Junpei's face paling at the man wrapping itself protectively around his body. "Holy shit…a cult leader is cuddling me…" he mumbles, absolutely terrified from what his fate might be in the morning, but Yuuji rolls his eyes, amused by his best friend's over dramatic ness.

Yuuji doesn't waste time in sliding in beside his twin brother, instinctively embracing Sukuna until he's spooning him.

"Make him free me, Yuuji! *NOW!"* Junpei tries, once again, to break through Yuuji's foggy mind, but Yuuji simply chuckles, entertained by his efforts.

“Goodnight Junpei~”

“‘ *Goodnight’* ? FUCK YOU MEAN *GOODNIGHT–”*

Yuuji’s mind begins to drift away, cutting off Junpei’s cries for help.

The next morning when Yuuji wakes up, he’s met with a god awful headache, embarrassing screams from his brother, a grumpy Junpei who’s more than intent on ignoring Yuuji for letting Sukuna sleep in their bed…

And a slightly opened window that Yuuji swore was always clicked shut.

“Mom is coming back today.”

Yuuji stops in his tracks, the chopsticks in his hands freezing once the words reach his ears, leaving his stomach to growl and tremble impatiently, waiting for Yuuji to take his first bite of breakfast.

Amidst the members of the commune who are eating in the grandhall, chatting to one another without a care in the world, with Junpei already conversing with those he deems as trustworthy enough to be friends with, Yuuji sits stunned at the head of the table alongside his twin, processing his brother’s words. Eventually, he manages to snap out of his trance. His chopsticks reach for pieces of rice and egg from his bowl, carefully bringing it to his lips to eat. He chews slowly, taking his time eating the food and coming up with a response that won’t ruin the mood sitting between the two brothers.

But does that really matter? Sukuna already broke their peaceful atmosphere by mentioning their terrible demon of a mother, so it's free game, right?

Yuuji takes this into consideration when he swallows, awfully aware of the curious red gaze aimed his way.

“Oh goodie,” Yuuji says, not a drop of happiness leaking from his voice. “Just when I thought this visit couldn’t get any better…”

Out of the corner of Yuuji’s eyes, he sees Sukuna smirk, probably amused by his use of sarcasm. “She left a few weeks ago for a business meeting in sendai. She wishes to expand

our community past the outskirts of Sendai, hopefully to the big city," Sukuna explains with a faraway look in his eye. "When I told her you came back, she cut her meeting short."

Yuuji snaps his head towards Sukuna, a feeling of betrayal sinking into his gut as he glares at his twin. "Why the hell would you tell her I'm here?!"

"She was gonna find out one way or another. Better to hear it from me than from another one of her shitty spies," Sukuna hisses with no real heat behind his words.

Yuuji doesn't bother holding back a groan at the new information. "Ughhh…and to think I was actually starting to enjoy my time here…" Yuuji grumbles before stuffing another piece of egg in his mouth.

"Stop being so damn dramatic, brat," Sukuna reprimands while also taking a piece of his egg and placing it gracefully in his mouth. After chewing and swallowing the piece of food, he open his mouth to say, "I'll handle her, so don't fret."

"You'll…handle her?" Yuuji asks, unsure if he heard correctly.

"Yeah," Sukuna confirms while setting down his set of chopsticks. "Knowing her, she'll probably want to make some huge ceremony to celebrate your return and our *reunion,"* he explains with narrowed eyes. "I'll talk her down from it, tell her to piss off, and then you won't have to worry about her for the rest of your visit."

Yuuji balks at his brother, surprised by his sudden consideration towards Yuuji's wellbeing.

This DEFINITELY isn't the Sukuna who used to snitch on Yuuji for the silliest of things to gain approval from their mother! Just what changed?

"You—you'd do that for me? Seriously?" Yuuji whispers, oddly off kilter, by his twin's new maturity.

"Don't get the wrong idea, I'm doing this for *us,"* he emphasizes with a smirk, but Yuuji can see through his sharp words and piercing gaze. Beneath the surface is a brother still holding onto what little relationship the two of them had prior to Yuuji's disappearance.

And Yuuji? He finds himself clinging onto the last strands of their brotherhood, hoping to one day twist and turn the strings into a mighty rope that can tie the two of them together indefinitely.

"Right, yeah, of course…" Yuuji says, deciding to ignore the soft look he gets in return to his easy acceptance.

In a moment of bravery, Yuuji picks up his chopsticks, grabs his last piece of Fugu-kimo, and holds it up to Sukuna's mouth.

He watches as Sukuna's eyes widen in shock, lips slightly agape at Yuuji's sudden gesture. He stares at the poisonous fish for a moment, then switches his gaze over to Yuuji who doesn't back down from his decision. He holds the fish closer to Sukuna's lips, pushing him to just accept his peace offering for what it is.

"Take it."

And Sukuna…smiles.

Sukuna opens his mouth and consumes the last Fugu-kimo, his soft crimson eyes never leaving Yuuji's.

Yuuji forgot how painful it was to clean the floors of the grand hall.

On his knees, skin rubbing achingly along the wooden tiles, while his hunched over form scrubs the floor until the smooth surface shines brightly, reflecting the sun off the window panels. His neck is in pain from being in such an uncomfortable position, his arms are sore from repeating the same motions over and over again, and his knees are bruised from repeatedly slamming and moving around across the rough tiles.

But at least he has Junpei with him, so he isn't exactly suffering alone.

Yuuji sends Junpei a look of sympathy as he watches Junpei repeatedly scrub one spot over and over again, trying to remove a certain dirt spot that seems to be very adamant on leaving. While Yuuji has grown used to such chores growing up, Junpei—on the other hand—has not. With one look, Yuuji can discern that Junpei is suffering more than himself who used to scrub these same floors with his twin brother. His friends face is twisted up in a scowl, lips pulled back in a grimace, elbows turning red from how long he's been hunched over, elbows on the

floor rubbing sores into his pale skin, as beads of sweat line his forehead dropping onto the floor and creating an even bigger mess.

Yuuji can’t bring himself to watch another second of this.

He reaches forward and takes the soapy rag from Junpei’s hands, breaking his friend out of his concentrated trance.

“Hey! I almost got it—"Junpei's whining is cut off by Yuuji taking the newly acquired rag in his hand and gently, *not roughly* , going over the same place Junpei has been working on for the last seven minutes.

The spot of dirt gets cleaned up in seconds.

Yuuji ignores the shocked expression plastered across Junpei’s face as he explains softly that “you have to be gentle with these hardwood floors to get the dirt out. By scrubbing on the floor so damn hard, you're putting strain on both yourself and the wood.”

“Huh…” Junpei says softly, his eyes still widened and lips gaping open as he continues to stare at the spot he had been working on forever. “I never expected you to know a lot about cleaning…”

Yuuji smiles and tosses the soapy rag back to Junpei, allowing him to try his hand at cleaning again.

“Had to. Even though me and Sukuna were being prepared to become cult leaders, our mom thought it essential to learn how to cook, clean, and hold our own weight, to show that we’re worthy of our position. Everything I’ve learned has been taught to me by my mom and Uraume. I might not like my mom, but she has her uses,” Yuuji explains, letting his mind drift to when he was small and chubby faced, listening to his mother go on and on about the importance of chores and how his hard work to appease the gods also brings purity to his soul.

Yuuji was young and none the wiser, so he took her words to heart, not truly knowing the truth behind them. He followed her blindly, listened to every tell that left her lips with complete fascination, and almost lost himself.

If Yuuji hadn’t realized their wrongdoings sooner, Yuuji feels that he’d be as brainwashed as every damn person here.

“Speaking of which, where *is* your mom?” Junpei questions, his head whipping left and right as if the mere mention of her would bring the demon to their hallways, spitting venom and demands. “From what I understand, she’s a major part of this cul– *commune.* Surely someone as important as her would be here, right?”

“Ah, she’s attending business meetings in Sendai hoping to expand our commune to places outside of just Sendai,” Yuuji states firmly while getting back to work, his soapy rag sweeping across the floor with grace, ridding the wooden tiles of dust and grime. “But she’s coming back soon. Not sure when, but she’ll eventually show her face.” Yuuji can already imagine it, the fake smile on her face as she greets Yuuji with open arms, the dead look in her red eyes that tell the boy stories of an unearthed demon, one that has yet to surface from the confines of her skin.

“You don’t…seem very happy about it…” Junpei points out whilst copying Yuuji, his hand moving softly against the floor to pick up the dirt that littered the creaking floorboards. Yuujji can’t help but scoff noisily at his friend’s observation, not out of annoyance of course.

“Can you blame me? She groomed me and Sukuna to be cult leaders when we were barely old enough to walk. Her punishments are inhumane, the traditions she glorifies are downright sickening, and is a narcissistic bitch who thinks they can get away with everything. I’d love nothing more than to watch someone put her in her place, maybe even *kill* –”

rattle–Clack!

Both Yuuji and Junpei freeze, bodies jolting in surprise at the sudden noise that reaches their ears.

Voices–whispering–can be heard from a few doors down the dim hall where the noise resonated from. There’s clambering, hushed and annoyed muttering that sets Yuuji’s nerves on edge. The room where the loud noise was coming is lit up, the door slammed shut much like the ones lining the hallways, but the only thing differing from the rest are the voices and bright light that peek out from underneath the lining of the door.

Nerves begin torattle Yuuji’s bones violently at the suspicious behavior. Everyone should be doing their chores, whether it's cleaning the halls, working in the fields, or teaching the children, no one should be disobeying the lord’s word.

So who the hell is that room?

And what the hell are they doing there?

Unable to hide his curiosity, Yuuji carefully unlatches himself from the floor and begins taking careful steps towards the door. Vaguely, he can hear Junpei telling him to stop, but Yuuji doesn’t pay him any mind, too focused on getting to the bottom one whatever the hell is happening behind closed doors.

Too many people have hidden secrets from Yuuji and he's sick and tired of it.

First it was the truth behind the commune– *it's fake, just a dumb excuse to rule and control people.*

Then it was Getou and Gojo– *the two husbands who also happen to be the two serial killers terrorizing Tokyo.*

So what's next?

What else will Yuuji find in the midst of his old home? A place he used to call his sanctuary?

Not wanting to get his sneaky ass caught sticking his nose in something it doesn't belong, he snaps his head around, surveying his surroundings, and finds that Junpei is following after him quietly, a nervous expression laced across his sweat-covered face. Yuuji sends him a quick nod before continuing towards the lit door, his eyes narrowing at the light shining across the wooden tiles.

When the two college students reach the door, they carefully place their ears against the wooden surface, honey brown and dark green clashing momentarily before focusing on the task at hand: *eavesdropping.*

" *Shot guns, handguns, pistols, and cyanide capsules,"* an unfamiliar voice says from the other side of the door. They sound old and grumpy, like they'd rather be anywhere else in the world than here. " *It's all in here as requested."*

…what?

Yuuji and Junpei shoot each other a worrying look at the exact same time, the same thoughts seeming to cross both of their minds:

Who in their right minds would illegally smuggle drugs and firearms into japan? And into a commune of all places?

And who orchestrated it all?

"And no one saw you enter the premises?"

The voice that reaches Yuuji's ears all but answers his question.

" It was a pain in the ass having to sneak in, but I swear no one saw us."

*" **Good** ."*

Yuuji's blood runs cold as he hears the telltale signs of sandals clacking against the hardwood floors, getting ever so closer to the door the two boys are leaning on. He shares a look with Junepi whose eyes widened and lips gaped open in shock at the new discovery swimming dreadfully into their ears. But what if he's overthinking? What if it isn't *his* voice?

Perhaps he's mistaken. He has to be. There's no way he would order firearms and drugs into a place he cherishes deeply despite the tough facade he keeps pinned up.

Not wanting to accept the voice for what it truly is, Yuuji ducks his head to sneak a glance into the room, to see who's behind the illegal exchange–

And, when he peers underneath the door, his eyes are met with Sukuna's wooden sandals.

His twin–his brother–is right behind the door, inches away from Yuuji, ordering firearms and drugs for who knows what.

There's nothing that can stop his breath from hitching.

The sound is surprisingly loud enough to make the three guys stop talking, their feet standing to a halt.

Yuuji's heart jumps to his throat.

They heard him.

With nothing left to lose, Yuuji shoots up, takes Junpei's wrist in hand, and drags him away from the door, their feet noisily clacking against the clean floors.

The moment they hear the door creak open, Yuuji pushes Junpei into a nearby room and covers both of their mouths, hoping their breathing won't catch their attention. Horrified greens clash with Yuuji's petrified honey browns, an understanding reaching between the two best friends with a nod of their heads.

Keep quiet or they're as good as dead.

With their bodies squished tightly together in the corner of the dark room, they listen intently to the sound of three sets of feet traveling through the halls, worries hushes traveling from person to person, but the static and foam in Yuuji's ears makes it hard for him to translate the words spilling from their lips. He can pick up the emotions radiating off of them–fear, panic, *dread* that they've been caught–but Yuuji doesn't dare take a peak or, god forbid, ask them the questions banging against the walls inside his mind.

What the hell is Sukuna thinking bringing something so dangerous and volatile into their commune?!

Didn't he want to rule with respect rather than fear?!

Was all of it a lie?

Why do people keep lying to Yuuji?! What on earth has he done to deserve to get betrayed at every twist and turn?!

Yuuji's thoughts come to halt when the group of footsteps clamber slowly past the room Yuuji and Junpei are in, their chest heaving with the need to gasp. They both fight off the urge and cling tightly to one another, making it impossible for Yuuji to tell where he starts and where Junpei ends.

Against his better judgment, Yuuji turns his head, just to see if they've walked past them.

Deep pools of red meet Yuuji's eyes.

Time seems to stop for Yuuji the longer he looks into Sukuna's eyes, red crimsons full of frustration and anger. The sight is enough to send a chill up his spine, one that nearly wracks his entire body, but–somehow–he manages to make himself stand still enough to not draw the other strangers attention.

A few moments pass with the twins simply staring into each other's eyes from a distance. Yuuji contemplates on whether or not he should end the staring contest and just step out of the shadows and reveal himself, let Junpei run away and warn the servants–

Before Yuuji can even form a proper plan, Sukuna turns away.

"Leave," Sukuna orders firmly to the two men who clearly don't belong to the commune.

" *'Leave'? A couple of pricks were spying on our deal and you want us to blow it off?! WE COULD GO TO FUCKING JAIL–!"*

"I will not repeat myself again. *Leave or I'll make you."*

“Look here you pink haired prick, you may be able to boss your little slaves around, but don’t think for second that includes us–”

Yuuji watches with held breath as Sukuna punches the ever loving fuck out of the poor guy.

His eyes widen in shock as his twin pummels the guy to the ground, his fist repeatedly slamming itself onto the man’s face, over and over, until his features are nothing but blood and mush. His companion doesn’t even make a move to stop Sukuna and instead trembles in fear. Sukuna doesn’t stop, not when the man stops fighting back or when he stops moving all together. The punching is relentless. Near endless. And, when Sukuna does stop, the body beneath Sukuna isn’t even breathing.

Horror dawns on Yuuji then as he switches hsi gaze from Sukuna to the body on the floor, realization hitting him like one of sukuna’s volatile punches.

Sukuna just punched someone to death, a voice whispers into Yuuji’s ear as he observes the way Sukuna stands up, completely unfazed by the dead body staining teh nicely cleaned floors. *He’s completely calm, like this isn’t the first time this has happened,* another voice, one that sounds suspiciously like his mother, supplies unhelpfully as Sukuan steps away, his gaze moving from the corpse on the floor to the man’s living companion.

“Leave and take your bastard of a brother with you, or you will suffer the same fate.”

The stranger doesn’t hesitate like his supposed brother did.

He crouches down, gathers the dead body in his arms, and darts down the hallways, bloody footsteps following in his wake.

When the man leaves, Sukuna turns, his crimson eyes once again meeting Yuuji's.

His face is covered in blood. It’s matted in his hair, dripping down his chin, and covering the outside robes of his Kasaya. But he’s completely unphased. The frustration that once lined his forehead is nowhere to be seen as he stares at Yuuji with something akin to alleviation. Pride. *Power.*

Sukuna hasn’t matured like he said he has.

He’s still just as bad as Yuuji.

“Keep your mouth shut about what you saw and heard, brat,” Sukuna orders like Yuuji is nothing but a mindless servant. “The only reason you and your little friend are alive is because you're my brother. *Don’t forget that. Your heart was in my hands and I decided to grant it mercy.”*

With those final words of his, Sukuna begins walking away, leaving Yuuji and Junpei to cower and tremble pathetically in a dark corner of an empty room.

Yuuji and Junpei don’t even bother showing up for dinner that night, so shaken up and afraid by what they witnessed out in the halls of the main building. It was an unspoken agreement between the two best friends the moment the bell rang loudly in the air, signaling the beginning of dinner. The two boys snuck away from the building and people rather than joining the masses, intent on straying away from danger as much as they could (aka, *Sukuna).*

Yuuji himself ignores the hungry rumbling of his stomach as he leads Junpei down to the beach a couple miles away from the many fields, houses, trading centers, and gardens. The atmosphere that hangs around them is tense. Grim. Suffocating. Not a word is spoken as they travel down the cement roads and pass by cars and endless scenes of greenery. Yuuji figures that, under normal circumstances, he would be calm and relaxed in the face of such beautiful scenery, but–with what transpired not even a couple of hours ago–he doubts such a thing would be possible.

The hand gripping tightly onto Yuuji’s has yet to loosen.

The constant stumbling of Junpei’s feet is far from subtle.

The constant snap of Junpei's head as he surveys his surroundings somehow makes Yuuji flinch–the sudden movement taking him by surprise every damn time.

By the time they make it to the sandy shore, their eyes staring upon a beautiful sunset with bountiful colors splashing wildly with the oceans waves, the two have yet to separate from each other; Yuuji and Junpei’s fingers remain interlaced and intertwined together, soft crescents digging into each other's skin as their nails dig deep for comfort, for some form of relief from the events they witnessed, from the secrets unshed before their very eyes and ears.

Yuuji's mind is practically on autopilot. One second he's staring down at the sandy shore with disdain and the next he has his feet in the water, socks and shoes discarded somewhere along the way. Yuuji chances a glance over at Junpei's feet and finds them just as bare as his own; toes wiggling across the damp sand as salt water splashes softly along the surface of their skin.

Yuuji can barely feel the texture beneath his feet. The waves splashing across his toes are dull.

The water rises one moment and sinks away the next.

The water washing over Yuuji creeps along his feet to his ankles.

Then from his ankles to his shins.

Shins to thighs.

Thighs to hips.

By the time he finally feels a shiver down his spine, he's chest deep in the water and Junpei is still clinging onto his hand.

A sharp tug breaks him out of his trance, one that has Yuuji stumbling backwards towards the shore.

“I’m sorry I dragged you into this, Junpei,” Yuuji apologizes the moment the water goes back to settling around his hips, his clothes damp and sandy by the onslaught of ocean water. “I thought–I thought maybe getting away from Tokyo would be good for us, y’know? Give us time to think about what to do next, to calm down and find some semblance of normalcy…but I should've known better than to bring you here.”

The hand around Yuuji loosens for a split second before tightening again, a trickle of what Yuuji assumes is blood trickles down his knuckle. He doesn’t pay it any mind–his focus is more on Junpei than on anything else.

“Yuuji,” Junpei says softly, his name uncomfortably genuine and gentle to Yuuji’s ears. He pretends to ignore the way his heart lights up at the mere adoration in his tone, the array of emotions flashing behind Junpei’s forest green eyes. Instead, he waits patiently for Junpei to speak his mind, to either accept his apology or dismiss it. To leave Yuuji or stay with him. Whatever decision Junpei chooses, Yuuji will support him no matter what–

“I would follow you to the ends of the earth if you asked me to,” Junpei admits, shocking Yuuji to the core. Yuji’s body jolts, and his mouth suddenly dries, words unable to firm on his lips, and–rather than responding–Yuuji lets Junpei keep talking. “I told you before, didn’t i? I trust you, I love *you.* What happened back there wasn’t your fault, you couldn’t have known such a thing would’ve happened, no one could’ve.” Junpei then clasps onto both of Yuuji’s hands, brings them to his chest, and *smiles.* “Tragedy and death will always follow us, whether we want it to or not. I believe…it's up to us to decide on how to deal with it, tp either let it consume us or stalk us. It will never leave. Everyone dies in the end.”

“Why…why are you so calm about this?” Yuuji finds himself asking. “You just–just saw the ugly side of my old commune, witnessed my brother killed with his bare hands and–and all you have to say is that *everyone dies?* I don’t understand!”

“...I think it was after Mahito’s death that I started seeing things in a new light,” Junpei admits sheepishly, his voice getting soft the moment he mentions the boy that had tricked and

blackmailed him. “I’m glad he’s dead even if he was young–his death means I can continue on with my life without ever having to worry about him tearing me apart with a single word. I’m glad that guy died, the one in the hall, and that your brother was the one to kill him. He was doing it to protect us, *protect you.* If he hadn’t, then they would’ve found us and made us pay for eavesdropping.”

Each word that spills from Junpei’s lips, makes Yuuji want to cry. Not tears of sadness.

But tears of happiness.

Because, deep down, in his heart where his deepest desires stay hidden, he feels the same way.

He might’ve been horrified at the sight of Sukuna killing someone with his bare hands, watching him take pleasure in taking someone’s life away, but there was something so tantalizing about the fact that he did it for *him.* His love for Yuuji extends that of a normal sibling relationship and that does more than make Yuuji happy.

But he can’t let him know that, not now, not ever.

If such a thing is revealed then Sukuna would do everything in his power to make Yuuji stay, to make him rule by his side where Yuuji will remain miserable and bored. He won’t be able to hangout with Junpei again, Gojo and Getou will no longer go on and on about how much they supposedly *need* him even though everything they’ve said so far has been nothing but a convincing lie. Tokyo is Yuuji’s new home where he can be free and open with himself with Junpei by his side, even if such a place is overrun by chaos and danger.

However, it doesn’t matter where Yuuji decided to go–both places have their risks, their warning signs, their red flags, but–if he had to choose his poison–then he’d gladly choose the

place that’s caused him to grow as an person rather than a blank minded servant being controlled by invisible puppet strings.

“We’re…not good people, and I've come to terms with it. Have you?” Junpei whispers whilst tugging Yuuji closer, their chests nearly colliding against each other amidst the sea filled waves.

Yuuji can no longer hold back his tears.

He leans forward until his forehead hits Junpei’s shoulder and cries, his lips gasping for air, for a lifeline, for reassurance that he himself is unable to give, but he receives it by the man who’s seen him at his best and his worst. Junpei releases Yuuji’s hands in order to wrap his arms around Yuuji, tucking him in close, hiding Yuuji from the world of misery and pain as he releases everything into his pitiful cries.

Yuuji…isn’t good and it's about damn time he comes to terms with it.

He’s not a saint, not like the immortal god his mother had tried so hard to turn him into.

He’s not an A plus student who attends classes everyday and abides by the law.

His moral compass is broken and…that’s ok. It doesn’t need to be fixed because that’s the way it's supposed to be.

Imperfect. Flawed.

"Yes," Yuuji gasps in between tears. "I have." The moment those words leave Yuuji's lips, it's like a massive weight is lifted from his shoulders. He can suddenly breathe better, see better, *hear better,* and who knew all Yuuji had to do was accept the very person that he is.

Junpei tightens his embrace around Yuuji as he continues to cry, his tears blurring his vision, making the colors of the ocean blend and mush together into one hypnotizing blue. Yuuji feels light, like he's floating on air and flying through the sky, his fingers brushing against clouds until they hold the very sun that lights up their shitty land. His heart is soaring with delight, not a single thing being able to hold it back.

"Tomorrow, we're going back home," Yuuji declares against Junpei's shoulder.

"Of course…"

Yuuji lifts his gaze, ready to set his eyes on Junpei, but something in the distance catches his attention.

Along the bridge looking down upon the sandy shore, stands two shadowy figures watching them from afar.

He tries to squint his eyes, hoping to discern who exactly is stalking them, but Junpei moves his head to the side, blocking Yuuji's view of the strange figures.

"Hey, you ok?" Junpei asks, bringing his attention away from the two figures standing behind them at a reasonable distance.

“Y-Yeah…i just–” When Yuuji looks back over Junpei’s shoulder, the two figures have disappeared, leaving nothing in its wake.

“I just thought I saw something important.”

Ok, Yuuji is beginning to regret ever letting his mind go on autopilot, sending his body to the ocean waves with little to no warning or plan for what happens after.

By the time Yuuji and Junpei crawl out of the waves, their clothes are completely drenched, covered in water, salt, and grimy sand. And, to make matters worse, Junpei thought it’d be a good idea to take a nap out on the sandy shore, practically ruining their clothes altogether. Yuuji pretends not to mind. Rather than complaining, he sits down next to Junpei and lets the sand catch and cling to his water soaked robes.

Together, the two watch the sun set below the ocean waves until the stars twinkle beautifully in the sky, greeting the shining moon from afar. As they watch the stars appear one by one, Yuuji and Junpei make idle conversation about what they plan to do once they get back home.

Will they officially report Gojo and Getou to the police even if there's a slight chance they'll even take Yuuji seriously?

No, Yuuji decides internally. Gojo and Getou will eventually mess up and get themselves caught in a web of their own making. Plenty of people will die as a result which, y'know, really sucks, but Yuuji is selfish. If the husbands were to ever get caught, Yuuji would like for it to be done by someone that *isn't* himself. He still clings pathetically onto a love he once thought he shared with the two men, an all consuming love that Getou and Gojo introduced him to before revealing their true intentions for Yuuji.

Will they keep attending Jujutsu tech even after everything that's happened.

Yeah, they will, as weird as that is. Yuuji and Junpei have already begun planning on moving into an apartment once their first year of college is over. Yuuji will find a job that pays decently so he can help with the rent, Junpei will help buy the furniture since he has a better eye for that sort of thing, and the two of them will live together until graduation.

Will Yuuji ever return to Sendai after this?

No. The answer is one that comes easy to Yuuji. He's returned, cleared things up with his brother, accepted himself as a person with flaws rather than an almighty god born to receive fake compliments and prayers.

After everything is said and done, Yuuji and Junpei walk back to the grand hall hand in hand, ready to face whatever is thrown at them.

Together–

Creak!

Yuuji looks back for the hundredth time that night and, once again, finds nothing but an empty path full of nothing but weeds, gravel, and fields.

“I think you're just paranoid, Yuuji,” Junpei says reassuringly whilst tightening his grip on Yuuji’s hand.

The pink haired boy’s face twists his face up into a scowl. Every time he’s felt this way, he always brushes it off as him being paranoid, but–after everything he’s experienced–he knows there’s something, *someone* following them.

“No,” Yuuji protests softly, his eyes narrowing as he sweeps his gaze across the clearing and finds *nothing.* But he knows better than to brush this feeling off. Every other time he did it ended up biting him in the ass. “I’m not. Someone’s here.”

The seriousness in Yuuji’s tone seems to finally reach Junpei. All at once, his face pales, his shoulders tense up in preparation for whatever may be lurking in the dark.

“T-Then we better pick up the pace–”

A hand reaches out front the tall fields surrounding them, grabbing Junpei by the neck, ripping him from Yuuji’s hand and–

And then he's gone.

Right before Yuuji's eyes, he disappears within the grassy fields.

"j-Junpei?!" Yuuji cries out, fear quickly encompassing every inch of his body.

He disregards all common sense and jumps into the grassy fields where his best was taken– *only to find nothing but endless shades of green the tall weeds sway haphazardly with the wind in a mocking manner as Yuuji steps further into the field, his chest heaving violently as he looks left and right, hoping to catch at least some sign of Junpei.*

CREAK!

Yuuji snaps his head around, expecting to find the mysterious person who dared to lay a hand on this best friend.

He finds nothing.

CREAK!

Yuuji moves his gaze again, his body twisting around, nearly stumbling over his own feet.

Nothing.

CREEEEAK!

Nothing.

CREAAAAAAAK!!!

Nothing.

It doesn't matter how many times Yuuji hears that familiar sound or whips his head from left to right, all he finds is a shit load of weeds and no Junpei. No culprit. No Enemy.

It's just Yuuji and the weeds.

CRACK!!!

Yuuji whirls around, his eyes wide and frantic, his mind full of nothing but Junpei as he launches himself forward–only to fall hands first into the soil beneath his feet.

“JUNPEI!!!!” Yuuji cries out, throwing away any sense of dignity as he begins to tear up, his heart pounding rapidly in his chest as he whips his head around, finding nothing but green. *Green, green, green.* That’s all that fills his vision. There’s no Junpei. No friend to reassure Yuuji that he’s ok. No one to tell Yuuji that he’s ok and that he trusts him.

There’s no one.

“GIVE HIM BACK YOU BASTARDS!!!” Yuuji screams, his hands clawing desperately at the ground beneath him like a wild animal. “I SWEAR I WILL STRANGLE YOU WITH YOUR OWN INTESTINES IF YOU DON’T GIVE HIM BACK!!! I SWEAR TO WHATEVER GOD YOU WORSHIP AND FOLLOW THAT I WILL MAKE YOUR LIFE A LIVING HELL!!!” He screams his voice raw, but is met with nothing but the whirling wind.

“JUNPEI!!! ANSWER ME, PLEASE!!!” Yuuji throws his head up, screaming at the sky and cursing whatever is watching him suffer. “YOU SAID YOU’D FOLLOW ME TO THE END OF THE EARTH, YOU PRICK!!! SO COME BACK!!! FUCKING RETURN TO ME, NOW!!!” Static begins to consume Yuuji's ears as tears trail down his cheeks, hitting the soil that brings life to all of these stupid, *stupid weeds*.

“I’LL FUCKING KILL YOU IF YOU DON’T COME BACK, I SWEAR!!! GET YOUR ASS BACK AND KEEP FOLLOWING ME!!! COME–COME BACK TO ME, DAMNIT!!!”

Finally, at long last, rustling reaches Yuuji’s ears, along with an amused laugh.

“Oooh? I can’t seem to figure out if your anger is aimed at me or your…little friend.”

Yuuji’s heart stops.

That voice–

He moves his head to the side and gapes at the sight before him.

Standing in the field of weeds stands a tall lady, one draped in delicate red robes, not a single thread out of place for someone who's been traveling through the countryside. She stares down at Yuuji like he's just another grain of soil within the land, insignificant and boring, her eyes a scarlet red that seems to luminate and shine beneath the moonlight. Her dark black hair sways with the wind, the short strands whipping gracefully around her face like it has a mind of its known, like it too was trained not to get in the face of someone with a significant amount of power and influence. The lady's smile is just as venomous as the person itself.

His mom.

She's back.

And, draped over her shoulder like a wet rag, lays Junpei's unconscious body.

Yuuji's mouth grows dry with every second that passes, his eyes never leaving the terrifying form of his mother standing over him, her mere presence more than enough to make him afraid, terrified, and scared for what's to come. What does she want with Junpei? Why did she play this stupid game with Yuuji? What was the point of terrifying him to the point of tears? Making his heart nearly burst from his chest at the thought of being completely, utterly alone?

Probably because she's sadistic , a small part of his mind supplies half jokingly, but Yuuji knows, deep down, that there's some truth in that assumption. She always did have a fixation on ruling, on controlling and manipulating those for the pure pleasure of seeing them wither in fear in her presence.

Actually, scratch that, she *is* sadistic.

"What? Don't have anything left to say?" his mother taunts with a tilt of her head, red eyes moving from Yuuji to the unconscious body draped carelessly over her shoulder. "But you had no problem speaking your mind a minute ago! Where did all of your anger go? Your desperation? It couldn't have possibly disappeared the moment I showed up…did it?" The way she phrases her questions sounds less like an inquiry than it does a mocking statement, like she already knows what kind of power she holds over her own son.

Yuuji gulps, his terrified gaze moving from his terrifying mother to the body on her shoulder.

He needs to get Junpei out of her grasp.

Only then will they be able to leave safely.

"W-Welcome back, mother…" he whispers, his voice barely above a whisper.

His mom's expression hardly changes.

"What was that? I couldn't quite hear you~"

“I-I said welcome back!” Yuuji shouts, shamefully landing right in the palms of her hands. If Yuuji wants to grab onto any hope of leaving this place with Junpei, then he’ll have to play this little game of hers. Do as she says until she’s satisfied.

“Aww, how sweet of you to welcome me back like a sweet little boy,” She sings teasingly whilst taking a few steps forward, slowly closing the distance between herself and Yuuji. He takes a deep breath, tries to pretend that his greatest fear isn’t just a few feet away from him, and forces a smile onto his face, acting as if the mere words that slipped past her lips don’t disgust him in the least.

She isn’t allowed to call him that.

Only Gojo and Getou have the privilege of calling Yuuji that.

Only them.

No one else.

“Please–” Yuuji pleads as he ducks his head down until his forehead touches the soil of the field. “Please give Junpei back to me. He’s done nothing to deserve this.”

“Done nothing? Oh Yuuji, you know that’s not true…” She says above Yuuji’s head, bringing about another chill to run down his spine. “Sukuna told me what you and your little friend were up to back in Tokyo. *Hiring the city's most dangerous serial killers to kill a single boy all because of a little misunderstanding.* ”

Yuuji’s eyes widened at the information presented before him.

S-Sukuna told her?!

But why?!

“He had no part in the boy’s death. I–I went behind his back and arranged the assassination,” Yuji tries to explain, hoping that she’ll eventually see that holding Junpei hostage is like wasting her breath. It’s not worth anything getting his friend mixed up in their affairs.

“I don’t doubt that for a second,” she says, amusement swimming in her low sultry voice. “Always doing what you think is right for the ones you care deeply about, even if that means seducing a couple of serial killers to get the job done. I must say, I'm a little impressed. You’ve certainly grown into the cult leader I knew you’d become.”

Yuuji’s heart stops.

“ *I’m not–”*

“You are,” She interrupts, causing his words to instantly die on his tongue. “And the longer you fight this role, the harder it’ll be for all of us. You don’t want to give your mother any more grief now…do you?”

Before Yuuji can even open his mouth to respond, the feeling of cold coarse hands grab at the back of his throat, cutting off his air circulation.

NO–!

Yuuji fights back, hating the way the stranger's fingers claw and dig into his skin, into the bite marks Gojo and Getou left specifically for him.

They don't have the right to touch those.

They don't have the right to choke him with hatred.

They don't have the right to strangle him like a wild animal.

He squirms wildly, his own hands moving up to claw and scratch the hands making his vision grow spotty and dark.

His eyes fly open, instantly meeting his mothers, and what he finds is enough to make all of his hope fade away.

Her smile. Her sickening smile is the last thing he sees before he passes out.

Yuuji once adored his mother like his twin.

He followed her everywhere.

Ate everything she put on his plate, even if it made him really sick and nearly made him pass away on multiple occasions.

Did everything she asked of him without a second thought because, in his mind, she knew best. She knew what was good for him. She was his moral compass, her mere decisions and whims creating a basis in his mind that told him what was good and bad.

Talking back was bad. He did it once and he was beaten severely by her own hands, her soft beautifully manicured nails and fingers that curled into fists as they pummeled and scratched his tiny body to pieces. She would paint his body in black and purple, whisper loving words that made the pain bearable, all the while his twin watched from afar—familiar crimson eyes full and lifeless, like he was fading out of reality to stop himself from witnessing his brother being disciplined.

Half assing his chores was bad. Doing so would land him more chores and, if he couldn't complete them before nightfall, then he had to sleep outside with the dangerous critters that lived in their community. He and Sukuna once had to fight off a hoard of raccoons because they failed to clean all of the halls before lunch, earning them more chores outside. That

incident alone created scars along his back and sukuna's chest, dark blemishes of skin that were torn and eaten by hungry animals.

But being obedient loving children was good. Doing everything he was told to do would lead to rewards like hugs, kisses, and head pats that would warm yuuji's skin from the inside out. He loved receiving a proud smile from his mother as she praised him for doing everything she asked. He loved that she kissed him on the forehead while rubbing his back, whispering in his ear how sweet and cute he was for being good. He soaked everything up like a sponge, oblivious to the horrors she would later bestow upon both him and Sukuna.

By thirteen, they were officially immune to poison. Save for alcohol—which only made Yuuji sleepy and Sukuna mean—they couldn't be poisoned like the original Ryoumen.

By fourteen, they were being trained to discipline their servants; with harsh words or tightened fists against tan skin, it didn't matter how they did it so long as the servants knew who to listen to. Yuuji hated hearing the cries of terror from their lips, their eyes full of tears and confusion as his mother forced him to beat them relentlessly. Sukuna did so without a second thought, but Yuuji hesitated, crying alongside his fellow followers as he had no choice but to beat them. His faith in his role began cracking.

By fifteen, they participated in rituals that always ended with blood being spilled and drank. His mothers face would shine along the blade in her hand when she'd slice and maim the human sacrifices to bits, putting their blood in buckets, and forcing her children to drink every drop. Sukuna was always the first to throw up after every bucket of blood, Yuuji followed along shortly after with rattling teeth and the sudden urge to claw his stomach open to remove every piece of human inside of him. There was a permanent crack that was indented in his faith, completely unfixable.

By sixteen, they were being forced to be touched and worshiped by their servants. Their skin out for everyone to touch and explore, to feel and pray for with clammy hands and shivering fingers—their faces always torn between being faithful to their gods and their discomfort. Yuuji always kept his eyes closed during those ceremonies, imagining the hands were soft cats prancing along his naked body rather than human hands. Sukuna would cling to Yuuji after those sessions were done, whispering something weird about how the hands

wouldn't leave his skin. Sukuna began clawing and scratching at his own skin, and—eventually—those fingers tore through his own flesh. When Yuuji tried stopping him from harming himself, Sukuna would fight back, his fingers always reaching for his exposed skin and grabbing, feeling, caressing whatever his sharp claws could get reach. Yuuji's faith broke. He began hating their roles as gods.

By seventeen, they were being introduced to young women to hopefully marry and turn into their own dutiful wives. No one interested Sukuna and every lady that came up to Yuuji was more than a handful of years old, treating him more like a child than an equal. Their mother would help them prepare for their wedding nights by forcing them to share their beds with her, skin on skin, forced to endure the onslaught of lips that once kissed their foreheads, grabby hands that used to pat their heads in adoration. She taught them how to kiss and please their future partners, and–after every lesson without fail–both Yuuji and Sukuna would scramble to the bathroom and throw up their dinners in complete disgust. Yuuji's faith was in pieces. There was nothing that could fix it.

By eighteen, Yuuji was able to escape the horrible cycle of violence by being swept away by his step brothers into the city of tokyo. Sukuna refused to leave in fear of what they might encounter in the big city, his place already cemented in the cult. But Yuuji? He didn't waste a single second packing a small back of belongings and hopping out the window to run away.

But Yuuji should've known that running away from his problems wouldn't solve them indefinitely. He hoped, yes, that somehow they wouldn't bother him until he had a clear idea of how to deal with them, but it seems fate had other plans.

The rustling of chains brings Yuuji back from his forced slumber. The sound is grating, like nails on a chalkboard, and with every rustle and move of the metal chains, Yuuji feels his body being dragged an inch. And then another, and then–

His eyes fly open and what greets him is a dark room illuminated by candles, dutiful followers with black robes and covered faces holding talismans. Yuuji can feel his body being swept across the floor, every limb completely unmovable and out of commission, as he senses his body leaving the floor, his feet being left to dangle uselessly in the air.

What is this? What's happening? No, ***what's happening to him?!***

He attempts to raise his head to better scout out the area, but none of his limbs are wanting to cooperate with him. Instead, he sweeps his surroundings with horrified brown eyes, taking in every detail that he can.

He's on a stage being suspended in the air by chains.

His mother is facing the crowd, making them cite prayers in a language that Yuuji recognizes as the one used to cleanse followers of sins while enduring a thorough beating.

His brother is standing beside his mother, but he isn't facing the crowd. He's facing *Yuuji,* his face completely blank and unreadable as he watches his brother being suspended higher into the air for everyone to see.

His best friend is dressed in the same attire save for the mask covering his face. Yuuji observes the ropes keeping his friend tied up in horror–then, belatedly– his eyes travel to the cloth tied around his mouth, keeping him shrieks and screams at bay.

It takes Yuuji a few more seconds to realize that he's in the underground cleansing hall, one that his mother used to cut off limbs and collect buckets of blood for Yuuji and Sukuna to drink as an offering to the original Ryoumen.

Fear grips his very soul as it dawns on him that something like this *has* happened before.

When Yuuji and Sukuna were young, probably around five years old, they had to watch their communes old Ryoumen's fight over power, both of them crazily obsessed with control over the people. In the end, one of the twins was chosen to be the one to rule while the other was left to die by the hands of their own blood–their own twin.

They had suspended the Ryoumen the same way Yuuji is being lifted in the air–with chains around his wrists, limbs completely still–then, after all the prayers were cited and forgiveness was given by the gods, the other Ryoumen would take a knife, slice it across yuuji's stomach, grab his intestines, and hang Yuuji with them over the grand halls balcony.

And Junpei is going to witness all of it.

Tears flood Yuuji's eyes when they make contact with Junpei's horrified ones. His best friend's squirming then turns violent, his body moving and struggling to rip the ropes out from around his body, but it's all for naught. This is their fate–to die and to watch the one they love tortured into oblivion.

Junpei wouldn't have to see this happen to him if Yuuji had never returned.

If Yuuji had just sucked it up and stayed with Junpei in Tokyo, then they wouldn't be forced into this predicament.

If Yuuji had never left the commune then Junpei wouldn't have to be cursed to see such a gruesome death.

All of this is Yuuji's fault.

Every selfish choice he made, every gruesome thought he ever had for those he despised, every fist he slammed into a cold body is now being used against him.

So this is karma… Yuuji thinks tiredly as the chains stop, simply letting his body dangle helplessly in the air.

These are the consequences of being a terrible person, he realizes when he watches his own mother give Sukuna a sharp dagger, a big smile etched wildly across her face.

I'm sorry Junpei, he apologizes internally as he observes his brother take a couple of steps towards Yuuji, his face still blank, but there's one thing that stands out to Yuuji. His eyes. His red crimson eyes are burning with fury. Fury that's aimed at Yuuji.

I'm sorry for leaving you alone here, Kuna, he apologizes in his head whilst straining to pull his lips up into a forced smile. *I'm sorry I couldn't be there for you when you needed me the most. I'm sorry I turned our lives to ruin.*

Yuuji closes his eyes, ready for the dagger to sink into his skin, to feel the cold metal slice his flesh open, to sense his intestines being stuffed from his insides and hung tightly around his neck, succumbing to a death befitting of someone so selfish.

He feels the dagger. It's cold

It runs across his skin.

It digs into his flesh.

And then…

It disappears the moment a shocked cry resounds through the air.

Shocked gasps reach Yuuji's ears, instantly drawing his attention. Reluctantly, he opens his eyes, mentally preparing himself for what he might see–

And quickly finds that nothing would have prepared him for the wretched view before him.

Sukuna, his twin brother, the one who was supposed to slice Yuuji's stomach open, *has lodged the dagger so deep into their mother's head that pieces of her brain have splattered across the wooden floor of the stage.*

Yuuji watches in horror as her body drops to the ground, the glinting dagger still dug between her scarlet eyes, lips gaping open in shock, and Sukuna– *he kicks her dead body off the stage without an ounce of remorse.*

Yuuji can't even find the time to feel sad, angry, or glad about his mother's death because his twin begins to talk, his loud voice drowning out the horrified screams of terror from the crowd of servants below them.

"The great Ryoumen came to me in a dream!" He yells, quickly turning the crowd silent at the mention of their god. "He told me of the chaos that would follow if my brother, *my blood* , were to die by my mother's command. We would fall to ruin, fight amongst each other for power, and lose our way of life. Her death was necessary for the greater good of our home, community, and family! Do not fret over her death, do not cry tears of sorrow for her for she deserves none, and rejoice at the mere fact that us brothers have officially reunited."

Reunited…

Yuuji's eyes widened.

No.

No.

NO–!

“Our family has become whole again! Me and my brother will lead you until our dying breath, we will spread our teachings across the country of japan and reveal to the world their true god!!! Will you join me in our conquest of setting the world back on its axis?!” Sukuna’s words immediately earn him a round of applause from his followers, all of them crying with joy, screaming with glee at the mere thought of Sukuna and Yuuji joining forces once again.

But Yuuji couldn’t be more terrified.

When Sukuna turns back around to face Yuuji, he’s smiling. The skin around his lips are pulled up tight, completely unnatural and deranged. Teeth sharp and perfect for tearing into flesh and bones. His eyes seem to glow with the candles surrounding the room, the crimson of his eyes turning brighter and darker, much like the eyes of their dead mother. The scars beneath his eyes appear to open and close, reminiscent of the god’s second pair of eyes, and– the shadows that swarm his body–make it seem like he has another set of arms.

Yuuji’s breath gets caught in his throat when Sukuna takes a step towards him, the wild glee spread across his face never deterring. When he gets close enough, he grabs Yuuji by the jaw and pulls him in close, their lips almost crashing into each other with how little room there is between the two brothers.

“You’re mine until the end of eternity, Yuu,” He whispers, scarlet eyes dancing from Yuuji’s eyes to his lips. Realization dawns on Yuuji like a freight train when Sukuna tilts his head, scarlet hues never leaving his trembling lips as he draws closer and closer, the smile never leaving his face as he declares, “I’m the only one who can take care of you, the only one who truly deserves you. No one other than me will treat you right, Yuu, do you understand?” His grip around Yuuji’s jaw tightens, his sharp nails digging into his skin as his smile widens. “We’re twins, two halves of a whole. There cannot be one without the other. And now…now that i have you…now that you're mine… *i will never let you go–”*

Slow clapping echoes through the air, joined by another obnoxious voice that ***booes*** *rather loudly.*

The room turns quiet as two figures emerge from the side of the stage, taking everyone by surprise, especially Yuuji.

Because, who he finds when he shifts his eyes to the side, is none other than Gojo and Getou.

And Yuuji couldn't be more happy to see them, especially at a time like this.

"Really? *Incest* ? I swear this kind of thing happens in every cult documentary I've watched!" Gojo whines, his blue eyes instantly piercing through Yuuji's soul with a single look. "I should've known a freak like Sukuna would be into fucking his twin brother…talk about disgusting!" His dismissive tone might seem nonchalant and incredulous to whoever is listening, but Yuuji can see through the twitch of his fingers and narrowed eyes that he's– *that he's worried.* His eyes never stray from Yuuji's suspended form, his body strung tight and ready to attack at a moment's notice.

Beside Gojo stands his dutiful husband, just as tense as his lover, but he hardly lets it show. His hands are dug deep into his pockets, his posture lazy and laid back, but his stance is one that shows Yuuji that he too is ready for action. His soft gentle eyes roam over Yuuji's body, taking in every bruise, every cut, every scratch on his skin that was inflicted upon Yuuji's drugged up body. The smile on his face quickly turns strained. *Forced* even.

"And isn't infidelity considered sinful in your commune? For a god that's supposed to promote holiness, you're pretty shitty…" Getou says calmly, as if he isn't just drawing attention to Sukuna's partner and soon to be child. "Why should these braindead monkeys follow you if you won't even abide by your original god's words? Seems pretty fucked up to me."

“No wonder our sweet boy left this dreadful place!” Gojo states while leaning dramatically on his husband who also nods his head to whatever is spilling from his lover’s mouth.

“No kidding…he probably would’ve been forced into sleeping with his own brother…or maybe his damned mother–”

“THE FUCK ARE YOU TWO DOING HERE?!” Sukuna screams with hatred, his sharp nails digging painfully into Yuuji’s jaw, causing a trickle of blood to trail down his skin. “YOU DID WHAT I FUCKING PAID YOU TO DO–TO BRING YUUJI BACK TO ME! WHAT MORE DO YOU WANT, YOU GREEDY BASTARDS?!”

...huh?

Sukuna…paid Gojo and Getou to scare him into Sukuna’s arms?

There’s nothing Yuuji can do to hide the heartbroken expression on his face, especially when Getou and Gojo are right there, not even fighting to deny his brother’s claims.

But it makes sense.

Why would two incredible, charming, dangerous men even *want* Yuuji?

He’s just some traumatic nineteen year old with nothing to his name but a long list of sins.

They never did love him after all–

Gojo and Getou take a step forward, their expressions no longer careless and crass, *but serious.*

“ *Want* ? We don’t *want* anything,” Getou says impassively, as if he’s talking about the weather rather than something detrimental. “That’s such a common word… *want*... used for things we like to have…like a hairbrush or a new puppy…but, if you rephrase the question into something like… *what more do you* ***need*** *, you greedy bastards,* then you’ll get the answer you're looking for.” Getou explains all of this with an irking smile, one that's full of darkness and violence.

“And–” Gojo interrupts with a cheeky smile, his hand reaching to pull out a *pistol* from behind his back. “What we ***need*** is simple!” His blue glittering eyes zone in on Yuuji, his gaze all consuming and possessive, so loving and adoring–just how Yuuji likes them. “Hand Yuuji over and we’ll get out of your hair! Easy peasy, yeah?”

H-Huh?!

“ *Yuuji?!”* Sukuna barks out, a wide smile stretching wide across his face as he laughs loud and maniacally, sending shivers down Yuuji’s spine. “You–hold on a second…I pay you two to scare Yuuji back into the commune and now you think you can just steal him back?! Just how *braindead* are you two?!” His laughter quickly dies away, leaving nothing but incredulous anger in its wake. “Do you really think Yuuji will accept you after everything you’ve done to him?! You’ve tried kidnapping him on four different occasions–actually, add *five to that*– abused, battered, and manipulated him beyond an inch of life and–and now you expect him to jump into your arms like some damsel in distress?!”

“No, we know Yuuji won’t forgive us for what we’ve done,” Gojo confesses, his tone dropping from its teasing tilt to something vulnerable. “We…we’re messed up in the head and we’ve accepted that, but forcefully dragging Yuuji into *our* world was wrong of us. It

should've been *his* decision to join us rather than us dragging him into our open arms. We made our mistakes and now we're here to correct them, even if that means Yuuji will no longer wish to have anything to do with us." Getou nods along with his husband, hsi expression melancholy and open as they reach across the clearing to watch Yuuji carefully, like he's afraid that if he looks away for one second that Yuuji might disappear. It causes something familiar to stir wildly in his chest.

It's love.

This disgusting feeling that consumes yuuji's every waking moment is love.

A dangerous, possessive, all-consuming love that makes Yuuji's heart ache and scream for the ones he wishes to sink his teeth into.

Against his will, Yuuji feels his heart growing warm at Gojo's admittance. The teenager never thought he'd see the day where Gojo and Getou would confess to their mistakes, but here they are, standing upon a stage, staring at Yuuji like he's their entire world while he's suspended up in the air, crying for everyone to see.

"Awww, how cute! You've had a change of heart!!!" Sukuna mocks, shattering the emotional moment between them with an ugly sneer. "BUT GUESS WHAT FUCK HEADS– THIS ISN'T A DAMN FAIRYTALE WHERE YOU TWO BASTARDS GET TO LIVE HAPPILY EVER AFTER WITH MY BROTHER!!! HE'S MINE, MINE TO CLAIM AND LOVE, MINE TO DO AS I PLEASE WITH, AND HE WILL NEVER, *EVER* HAVE TO INTERACT WITH SCUM LIKE YOU EVER AGAIN–"

BAM!!!

A gasp bubbles its way past Yuuji's throat when Gojo points his gun at Sukuna and fires, hitting his twin's shoulder with deadly aim.

" ***FUCKING–HELL!!!"*** Sukuna cries out, his body immediately stumbling onto the wooden panels below his feet. Yuuji watches with held breath and a pounding heart as Sukuna tries and fails to cover the bloody wound in his shoulder. His twin gasps for air, his scarlet eyes glaring angrily at Gojo as the white haired man approaches him, his husband–on the other hand–strides across the stage to reach Yuuji, his hands immediately working on setting Yuuji free from his shackles.

"G-Getou…" Yuuji mumbles, the ability to talk finally coming back to him, as he stares down at the long haired man working on relaxing Yuuji from the chains.

Getou glances over at Yuuji for a second, his expression soft and gentle, a smile spreading across his face as he acknowledges Yuuji. "Hey baby, sorry what took us so long to get here," He apologizes, his words soft and genuine. "We had originally planned to take you back home by force…but as you can see, we've had some time to think about our shitty actions." His words are honey to Yuuji's ears, getting rid of the static and cotton coating his eardrums, helping him hear clearly again. A loud click resonates through the air and–with it–follows the loosening of the chains around Yuuji's wrists.

Before Yuuji can even drop to the floor, Getou quickly maneuvers himself fast enough to catch him before his bare feet land on the ground, his strong arms wrapping tightly around Yuuji, keeping him stable.

Keeping him safe.

Even so, with his newfound freedom, Yuuji's limbs are still refusing to work for him. Left with no other choice, Yuuji has to rely on Getou to get him from place to place.

And, if he’s being completely honest, he doesn’t really mind all that much…

“Thank you,” Yuuji whispers tiredly into Getou’s ear, earning a satisfied hum from the older man.

“Rest my dear,” Getou says back while guiding Yuuji away from Sukuna and Gojo who are apparently engaged in a very heated argument. “You and your friend need all the rest you can get. Tokyo is a long way from Sendai after all.”

“W-Wait!” Yuuji proclaims, making Getou stop in his tracks. “I–I need to talk to Sukuna.”

The hold around Yuuji’s waist tightens.

“That’s a terrible idea…”

“Yeah? Then I'll deal with the consequences, now bring me to him.”

“But–”

“ *Getou.”*

“...very well…”

The older man resituates Yuuji until his arm is wrapped tightly around his waist, his feet no longer dangling in the air, but reaching the cold tiles of the wooden floor. With his arm still hung over Getou’s shoulders, the older man helps walk Yuuji over to his bleeding brother and the smug looking white haired man, their angry words turning the atmosphere thick and unbreathable. The crowd of servants that have been left to watch the shitty ceremony are left to gawk and mumble to each other in confusion, unsure of what to do next or who to believe; there all powerful Ryoumen has been shot, *defeated by a mere bullet,* and now their faith in their commune has cracked. Yuuji can already predict the kind of thoughts that must be spiraling around inside their heads.

Was all of this a lie?

Why aren't our Ryoumen getting up?

What happens now?

Who do we believe?

A tinge of pity awakens itself inside Yuuji’s gut at the sight. He remembers how confused and inflicted he was

“ *Sukuna.”*

The argument between Sukuna and Gojo comes to a halt upon hearing Yuuji speak. Sukuna, with his hand still trying to keep his blood from hitting the floor, looks up at Yuuji, his eyes still darkened with desire and lust–a look he hates to see portrayed on his twin of all people.

“Yuu,” He mumbles back, eyes softening and lips curling up into a forced smile. “Be a dear and tell these bastards that your place is beside me. Tell them that you’ve chosen to stay with me until we’re old and gray. Tell them–”

With Getou’s help, Yuuji crouches down, his knees hitting the floor, as he stares eye-level at his twin brother.

“No, I won't,” Yuuji says softly, almost regretting his words when he sees Sukuna’s gaze darken, but–despite this–he continues. “Why would I want to stay here with you when all you’ve done is lie to me? Not to mention that your getting the fucking commune into firearms and drugs! Why would I want to be a part of any of this, especially with you of all people?” Yuuji exclaims, as truthfully as he can.

The smile on his face instantly drops into a menacing frown.

“Because you're my brother! My–”

“I’m not your anything, not after what you’ve done and what you planned to do.”

Sukuna closes his mouth, rendered speechless.

Yuuji takes this as a sign to leave this shitty place behind.

"I don't know what you planned to do with those guns or the drugs and–frankly–I don't *wanna* know. I'm glad that you stood up for me and Junpei, I'm glad that you love me, but this–this love that you have for me is wrong. It's disgusting and I want nothing to do with it," Yuuji admits whilst gesturing for Getou to help him off of the floor.He does so without a second to waste. "Our mom fucked us up big time, but just because she abused us doesnt mean we too have to follow in her footsteps. Do you want to become the very person you used to fear in order to control this piece of shit commune? I doubt it, after all isn't it you who said you wanted to rule this place with respect rather than fear?"

Sukuna doesn't say anything. He just looks up at Yuuji like he's grown a second head, like he couldn't properly process the words spilling from his twin's lips.

But Yuuji doesn't care.

Sukuna is free to choose his own fate just as much as Yuuji is. Sukuna may have control over *Ryoumen's Joka,* but he doesn't–in any way, shape, or form–have control over Yuuji. No one does. Not anymore. Not ever.

Every choice will be made and executed by Yuuji himself.

Gojo and Getou will no longer force him to share a bed with them against his will.

Sukuna will no longer have a say in where he gets to spend the rest of his life.

No one will ever get to have a say in what Yuuji does.

Yuuji decides to let a smile appear on his lips as he bids his brother goodbye, unsure of how or when they'll meet again.

"Don't let yourself become the abuser. You're better than our mother, so don't let yourself turn into her, ok?"

Yuuji doesn't bother to wait for a response. He gestures for Getou to take him away, Gojo trailing closely after them after grabbing a tied up Junpei.

"I gotta say Yuuji," Gojo speaks up when they make it outside the building and into their porsche. "I think you were a little too kind to Sukuna after everything he's done to you." Yuuji shrugs his shoulders at Gojo's assessment, more content with watching the trees and greenery of Sendai fly by out their tinted car window.

Junpei's been untied and free from his ropes and is now clinging to Yuuji like he's seconds away from disappearing. Yuuji holds him close, their bodies squished tightly together in the back seat of the couple's car, as they make their way out of sendai. Junpei is already fast

asleep, his head placed comfortably in the crook of Yuuji's neck while his legs are thrown over Yuuji's thighs, practically in his friend's lap.

"Think I should've shot his other shoulder?" Yuuji asks, a playful tilt laced in his voice, his eyes never leaving the car window.

"Hm…i was thinking more along the lines of neutering him, but that works too."

A laugh escapes Yuuji against his will, covering the glass in a shroud of humid air.

"Sukuna doesn't need to be punished…he just…lost his way is all," Yuuji confesses, his mind immediately going back to his twin brother, the boy he spent his entire life with until he reached eighteen. "All I did was put him back on the right path, it's up to him to decide whether or not he wants to stay on it."

It's up to Sukuna to decide if he wants to do things differently than their mother.

If he wants to become a leader that'll think for the wellbeing of others rather than himself.

Yuuji just hopes he makes the right decision.

"So–" Yuuji says, hoping to change the subject into something more relevant. "Is this your last kidnapping attempt?" he asks, his voice light and teasing, but still very much on guard. If Yuuji finds out that everything they've said in the cleansing room was a lie, then he's gonna grab Junpei and jump out the car James bond style.

“It is,” Getou answers, his voice full of conviction and truth. “Everything is in your hands now, Yuuji. Whatever decision you hope to make, whether it’s ridding us from your life or deciding to join us, we’ll support and love you unconditionally.”

The moment Getou lets those words escape his mouth, Gojo tosses something over his shoulder, the object landing right in Junpei’s lap, surprisingly not jostling the boy at all. Yuuji picks it up and finds that it's none other than a key.

A house key.

“We love you, Yuuji. Not as a plaything, or a toy, or prey, but as a person,” Gojo confesses, bringing Yuuji’s attention from the car key to the car view mirror, revealing the red blush streaking across Gojo and Getou’s faces. “So, whatever decision you decide to make, We’ll respect it. You have our word.”

Yuuji gulps, his heart beating so wildly in his chets that, for a moment, he thinks it’s gonna burst out of his chest and jump into their hands like a greedy little puppy. Yuuji’s face is completely set aflame, from his neck to his hairline, he’s red, flushed, flustered, and completely overwhelmed.

He moves his eyes back down to the house key in his hands, the delicate metal shining beautifully under the moonlight that shines through the car windows. It glints gracefully in the light, revealing every nook and and ridge of the object, the perfect little thing that opens a house as well as a bleeding heart.

Yuuji loves them as well, so deeply it hurts. It makes his heart scream in agony, begging to be in their strong arms and feel another one of their soft consuming kisses.

Everything they've done to Yuuji is surprisingly forgiven in the blink of an eye.

And, Yuuji finds that he wants to be a part of their gruesome, violent, possessive love.

Their relationship that ties all of them together with countless strings, staples, and chains, no longer letting the other go out of devotion, love, and duty.

Yuuji smiles, giddy and so happy that he can hardly keep his blush at a minimum.

"Thank you Satoru…thank you Suguru."

They don't say anything back. Instead, they stay silent, simply driving from Sendai to Tokyo with hope, trust, and love overflowing in their hearts.

Chapter End Notes

Yuuji: 5 Satosugu: 0

Whomp whomp, the dramatic gay couple lost the game whomp whomp

EVERYONE THROW TOMATOES AT THEM LIKE WE BACK IN THE SHAKESPOOKIE ERA 🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅🍅

Fun facts for this chapter:

- first things first, When Yuuji and Junpei arrived at the commune, I was originally going to have them be greeted by both Sukuna AND his mother, but I thought having just Sukuna greet them would make the plot flow more smoothly.
- Uraume and Sukuna don't actually hold any romantic feelings for one another, just respect.
- the window opening during Yuuji and Sukuna's drinking night was caused by Satosugu! They arrived at the commune later that night and decided to spy on them from afar.
- the two people watching g Yuuji and Junpei out on the beach was ALSO Satosugu!
- I had planned for Yuuji's mother to last longer in the story, being killed by Yuuji himself to escape his demise, but I thought her dying by Sukuna's, her most dutiful son's, hand and having less scenes would be more suiting.
- the guns and drugs were shipped into the cult by Sukuna who wanted to forcefully spread his control across Japan. This was never explicitly explained in the story due to Yuuji not caring much about the cult's wellbeing itself.

Anyways, I hope you guys enjoyed the new chapter! Be on the look out for the last one, our +1!!! 💕💕💕

Feel free to leave feedback in the comments! Reading your thoughts and feelings on the chapters literally makes my day 💕💕💕💕💕💕

Twitter: @LofiNetw0rk

PART 6: But I Keep On Coming Back To You...

Chapter Summary

Yuuji and Junpei are finally back in Tokyo, exactly where they belong!

however, despite this, Yuuji still feels his heart tugging in the direction of two insane men, men who have taken his heart hostage and have refused to give it back.

Chapter Notes

HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!! THIS TOOK FOREVER TO FINISH OMLLLL

Again, i apologize for how long it took to get this damn chapter published, but oh boy, i sure hope you guys find it worth the wait!

Thank you guys for sticking along with this fic, for reading it and liking it and commenting on it and, seriously, it means a lot to me! so, without further ado, i hope you enjoy the new AND LAST chapter of "Back To You"! <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Playlist: Back To You

+1

The hand print shaped bruise around the front of Yuuji's neck has finally faded away, leaving nothing in its wake but tan skin.

Yuuji stares at his reflection in the mirror, his hand trailing the very same spot where *Satoru's* mark had once resided, the skin back to normal and no longer a deep purple. A tinge of sadness overwhelms Yuuji at its disappearance, his brown eyes turning watery and blurry. He takes his hand, puts it in the exact same spot Gojo had choked him, and tightens his hand around his throat.

There isn't a pleasurable sense of relief that washes over Yuuji when he grabs his own throat. There aren't any conflicting thoughts that circle through his mind, telling him to fight back or give in. There's only disappointment. Sadness.

It's not the same.

Yuuji releases his neck and finds that a bruise never formed, his hold on his neck having been far too soft to inflict a mark similar to that of Satoru's.

The bite marks around Yuuji's ear, collar bones, and shoulders have healed as well, not even bothering to leave any scars for Yuuji to trace lovingly. Just boring tan skin. *Suguru's* love bites have all but disappeared from Yuuji's body, as if they were never there in the first place. Unease fills Yuuji's gut as he stretches the collar of his sweater, his eyes narrowed and

concentrated, trying to find any evidence of his brutal *loving* marks, but he comes up empty handed.

When Yuuji looks at his face again, he finds that he’s frowning, eyes no longer glistening with unshed tears, but his expression is dull, mournful. This is the exact same feeling that bubbled up in Yuuji's chest when he lost his very first toy, looking everywhere for his precious belongings, only to cry and wail in distress to find nothing.

A small part of Yuuji wants to revert back to that child; he wants to throw a fit, cry, scream and throw a tantrum until the marks appear on his skin again. He can't help but feel pathetic for feeling this way, his hands circling the edge of the sink, knuckles whitening, as he fights the urge to let all of his anguish out into the open, wrecking his shared bathroom with Junpei and ruining everything and anything that stands in his way.

He watches with narrowed eyes as the mirror begins to fog up with Yuuji’s heavy breathing.

The sink beneath Yuuji’s hands creak loudly from how hard Yuuji is gripping it.

There’s an annoying sound surfacing from the back of Yuuji’s mind, a vague knocking that gets louder and louder and louder–

“Yuuji! Are you almost done in there? I can’t be late to English again!”

Said college student snaps out of his trance at Junpei’s voice, a shrill distressed tone that rings loudly from behind the locked bathroom door.

“Yeah, just give me a second!” Yuuji says back, making an extra effort to make his voice appear more unbothered than how he actually feels.

Yuuji gives his reflection one last look before releasing the sink.

Satoru and Suguru’s public claim on Yuuji is gone.

The mark that started this charade of endless kidnapping attempts has left Yuuji.

The bites that brought Yuuji’s issues to light have run away.

And the dullness that appears in its wake is almost enough to make Yuuji want to throw up purely out of spite, anger, and betrayal.

Yuuji opens the door, steps out of Junpei's way so he can enter the restroom, and slams the door behind him, leaving him alone in their dorm.

It’s been two weeks since Satoru and Suguru have brought Yuuji and Junpei back to Tokyo, and–ever since their arrival–things have reverted back to the ways things were before that fateful night where Yuuji discovered that Suguru spiked his own shot.

The couple still make an effort to seek Yuuji out, whether it's *accidentally* stumbling upon him at the local coffee shop full of college students, or running into him in the hallways, arms full of papers and folders, but still willing to give up enough of their valuable time to talk to Yuuji. They still flirt with him, their eyes full of familiar longing that mirror Yuuji’s own, lips

always curled up into a beautiful smile as they talk to each other, catching up, spending their time with one another without the threat of violence hanging dangerously over them.

Ah, but Satoru and Suguru still kill people in Tokyo, that hasn't changed a damn bit. Yuuji would be worried if he thought the people they went after were innocent but, as it turns out, every single one of their victims are people that should've rotted in jail. So, in a way, they're delivering justice in their own sick way that feeds their sadistic needs. Yuuji knows better than to encourage such a habit, but–honestly–he doesn't care for it. Satoru and Suguru could show up to Yuuji's apartment with a heart and a head in their hands and Yuuji would accept them nonetheless.

They've truly put the ball in Yuuji's court, allowing him to decide which way he wants it to go. The control given to Yuuji is overwhelming and addicting. On one hand, he could just show up to the couple's house unannounced whenever he likes, kiss them, and that will be it–*or* he can lie to himself and try to live a normal life while yearning for something more exciting, more fulfilling.

Someone more dangerous.

It's taken some time to admit this to himself but, secretly, Yuuji misses the thrill of being hunted. The adrenaline that would swim through his veins whenever he looks deeply into two pairs of narrowed, cutting eyes. The excitement and horror of two strong predators chasing and biting at his heels, keeping his poor legs running and running and running. The itching relief of being caught in their arms, thinking that there's nowhere left to go, only to outsmart them at the last second, setting himself free only to be caught in the same limbo over and over again.

Yuuji loved it.

He loved being desired so intensely that he was always in danger of being captured.

He loved the mere thought that Satoru and Suguru allowed their self control to fly to the wind in pursuit of him.

He loved the fact that it was Yuuji's fault that the couple's composure began to slip, turning them into dangerous, teeth-baring beasts.

He loved that, no matter what, Yuuji knew that he wasn't alone because somewhere, *somehow,* Satoru and Suguru would be watching him, calculating their next move.

He's spoken to Junpei about these feelings of his all while caressing the forbidden *house key* in his hands, his mind thinking only of pearly blue eyes and dark purple irises.

And what did Junpei say?

Well, it went somewhere along the lines of:

"If you miss them so much then just show up at their doorstep and flash them a little bit of ankle. They'll be devouring you in no time."

"J-Junpei!"

His friend is now… *very* supportive of his love for Satoru and Suguru. In fact, he encourages him to jump into their arms, to be swept away in delectable sharp teeth, ravenous

eyes, and strong muscles that could tear Yuuji to pieces. And, with every thought of them that surfaces to the front of Yuuji's head, he finds himself almost giving into the urge of doing just that: showing up to their house completely unannounced, horny and begging them for some release, knowing–deep down–that they'll accept him and finish him to completion.

Yuuji needs them just as much as they need him…right? They said so at least…but–

But what if that too was a lie?

Yuuji so desperately wants to believe everything that's left their lips. They've proven themselves to be trustworthy again, apologized for their mistakes and promised to do better…

Before he knows what he's doing, Yuuji's body is flopping onto his bed face first, his hands instinctively reaching for his pillow and screaming loudly into the soft white fluffy fabric.

When he finishes screaming his lungs out, he still feels unsatisfied.

He feels lost.

Confused.

Conflicted.

Yuuji knows he *needs* them. It's a fact. Simple and plain like how the sun rises from east and sets in the west.

So why doesn't he just give in to them already?

What the hell is stopping him from making that train ride over to their house, unlocking their front door, and climbing into bed with them cementing himself in their lives forever?

He doesn't know.

Yuuji groans so loud that the sound vibrates in his throat, almost making him heave out into a coughing fit.

He doesn't fucking know.

He doesn't contemplate on it for long since he has to attend Suguru's class in just thirty minutes.

Yuuji groans again, thinking about skipping class just for the hell of it, but thinks better of it. He needs to talk to Suguru. He needs to double check to make sure they're offer stands no matter what. He needs to make sure that they love him just as intensely as Yuuji does.

Yuuji then sits up, grabs his bag, slings it over his shoulder and makes his way out the door like a man on a mission, completely missing Junpei's voice that bids him goodluck.

Contrary to popular belief, Yuuji can still concentrate in Suguru's class despite everything that's transpired between the two–no– *three* of them.

Sure, watching Suguru roam around class with the elegance of a properly raised noble does things to Yuuji's erratic beating heart. And yeah, *maybe* Yuuji gets lost in his deep voice that sends vibrations straight to his ever aching groin. And ok, there might be a possibility of Yuuji shamelessly fantasizing about the man and his husband in Suguru's own classroom, imagining what it would be like to bend himself over his professors desk full of scattered papers, have his ass pounded from the back with enough force to make the assignments on Suguru's desk go *flying* to the floor while Satoru rams his massive cock in Yuuji's mouth from the front–

RIIIIIING!

And, just like that, class is over in the blink of an eye with Yuuji *shamelessly drooling* over his professor and husband like it's the most normal thing in the world.

But hey, Yuuji is anything *but normal,* so cut him some slack!

The college student decides to stay in his seat, not exactly thrilled with the idea of getting up and walking out of the classroom with a noticeable hard-on. He watches Suguru from his desk bid every single one of his students goodbye, his fake handsome smile plastered along perfectly plump lips. His figure leans carelessly on the wall beside the exit, his arms crossed in front of his chest to reveal bulging muscles beneath the tight form turtleneck Suguru decided to wear today. His dark eyes watch and observe every student that leaves with careful calculation, always on edge, ready to strike the moment a student retaliates. Yuuji failed to notice all of these little details before, but now that he sees them it's practically impossible to ignore them.

Completely lost in observing his handsome professor, he misses the moment the last student walks out of the classroom, leaving just Yuuji and Suguru by themselves.

Talk about a recipe for disaster.

When Yuuji’s consciousness comes back to him, he finds that Suguru is also staring at Yuuji, his brow raised in an amused manner, lips curling up into a smile that's more genuine and gentle compared to the one he shoots at his students. The simple action is enough to make Yuuji’s cheeks warm up, a pleasant feeling that spreads across his face in a delicate dance.

“Well isn’t this a wonderful surprise,” Suguru says after clicking the door shut, keeping both him and Yuuji trapped in his classroom with nothing but their complicated and overwhelmingly horny feelings for eachother. If the older man feels the tension in the air, it doesn’t show on his face–not one bit.

Yuuji watches with held breath as Suguru saunters his way towards him, his long strides taking him from point A to point B in seconds. When the older man reaches Yuuji, he pulls out a chair from a neighboring desk, turns it around, and plops himself down, still facing Yuuji with a patient expression. His crinkled eyes and adoring smile is enough to put Tuuji at ease; shoulders slumping and releasing tension he didn’t realize he was holding.

“Have you given our offer some thought?” Suguru asks, not bothering with small talk or breaking the ice gently–he slams his hammer into the glacier, revealing the truth underneath with no pauses, no lingering chatter, no hesitance. Yuuji’s grateful for the straight forward question seeing as he was mentally preparing himself to sugar and sweeten Suguru up before giving the man his answer.

“I…have,” Yuuji admits, resisting the urge to look away from Suguru’s enchanting purple irises, a royal color that Yuuji finds himself comparing to amethysts and expensive jewels. “And…I want to take you guys up on your offer…but I have some concerns I'd like to talk to you *and* Satoru about.”

Suguru leans back, his smile widening with glee as a pretty blush appears on the man’s cheeks, accentuating the lines beneath his eyes.

“Of course! That sounds–sounds splendid! *Ah, Satoru’s gonna be so excited!!!”* The last part is mostly spoken to himself, but Yuuji still catches it, finding the older man’s excitement endearing to see. It’s not every day Yuuji can see his professional professor slash serial killer slash lover (?) get riled up with pure enjoyment, nothing but pure happiness taking up every inch of his lovely sculpted face. “When’s a good time for you to talk to us? As much as I'd like to invite you over to dinner immediately, I do realize that final exams are right around the corner.”

Yuuji’s heart does a double somersault, three backflips and a handspring at the older man’s considerate words.

He’s truly like something out of a fantasy!

(minus the bloodshed and sadistic tendencies of course.)

“Um…how about we all get together at *Gyu-Kaku House* next friday? I should be done with all of my exams by then,” Yuuji’s question brings a sparkle to Suguru’s eye, one that hadn’t been there before.

“ *Gyu-Kaku House,* huh? That place is run by Yuki Tsukumo, yes?”

“You know Yuki?”

Suguru nods, his smile stretching into one of an amused smirk. “We went to highschool together. That girl was obsessed with knowing everybody’s type back in the day…” he explains with a roll of his eyes. “Kept pissing Satoru off with all her questions…ah, he was so possessive, even back then when we had the faintest idea of how *love* worked.”

“Ah, I see…” Yuuji mumbles, caught up in the imagery of Suguru and Satoru in highschool, wearing matching uniforms, snarky smiles, and holding a mightier than thou air to them as they walked the halls; just two kids with influential power at their fingertips, confident in their ability to run the world with power and money alone, possessive in their love for eachother, so much so that they would sneer and lunge at a curious cackling Yuki. Yeah–Yuuji can definitely see it; Suguru holding Satoru back from clawing Yuki’s eyes out as she asks her infamous question of ‘ *When it comes to women, what’s your type?’*

He shakes his head, ridding images of a babyfaced Satoru and Suguru from his mind as he steers himself back Into the conversation at hand. “If–If next Friday doesn’t work for either of you, then we can always reschedule–”

Suguru’s heartwarming chuckle halts Yuuji’s nervous stuttering.

“Of course next friday works for us,” Suguru confirms whilst reaching for Yuuji’s hands with his own. Yuuji gives in without a second thought. Calloused palms run soothingly over

the top of Yuuji's hands, running across each vein that pops out, every knuckle, and every fingernail; his expression one of a possessed man doing the things his own heart desires. When Suguru finally clasps Yuuji's hands in his own, Yuuji feels as if every ounce of blood in his body has traveled north straight to his head to reveal his burning, *flaming* cheeks.

"...I've missed holding these hands," Suguru states, completely out of the blue, his eyes staring down at the smaller hands in his palms.

"...What?" Yuuji mumbles, wondering–half to himself and to the man sitting across from him–if he heard wrong.

Yuuji's question causes Suguru's grasp around Yuuji's hands to tighten, like he's afraid Yuuji might pull them away.

Well, he can rest assured knowing that such a thing will never happen, especially with the way Suguru seems to handle them with more care than a mother would their newborn child.

"Your hands fit so perfectly in mine and satoru's–it's the very first thing we noticed when we met you," Suguru says, bringing forth a memory Yuuji had long forgotten.

It was Yuuji's first week of college.

His first class was Suguru's and–immediately–Yuuji was captivated by the older man. His crush was instant, festering incredibly loud beneath every bone and muscle within his body, as he watched the man teach with ease.

After the lesson was over, Yuuji went up to Suguru, introduced himself, and asked him some questions about the assignment that day. Suguru answered every question, eased every concern Yuuji had on his worksheets.

Before Yuuji left that day, he shook Suguru's hand, bidding him goodbye.

But the man held on longer than Yuuji was used to.

Suguru's eyes were filled with an unknown emotion Yuuji couldn't put a name to at the time, but now–knowing what he does–he can, without a doubt, label it as fascination.

Then there was Yuuji's first encounter with Satoru that transpired two weeks into his old job at *Kinko-Shitsu.*

Ui-Ui was getting onto him for not preparing drinks faster.

His head was aching from the bright lights and ear shattering noise.

But, when Yuuji was about to throw in the towel, he saw his professor and a man he never met before walk in like they owned the place.

People parted like the red sea, giving the couple enough space to walk and talk to those they find amusing. It didn't take long for Suguru to catch Yuuji's eye at the bar. In seconds, he was taking his husband to Yuuji, introducing him as his annoying, obnoxious, but successful lover *Satoru Gojo.*

Yuuji had reached across the bar and shook his hand, all too happy t0o meet his favorite professor's significant other, only to be swept up in the same look Suguru had given him.

Fascination.

Satoru's touch had lingered and–even when Yuuji took his hand away from the white haired man–he still tried to come up with excuses to touch and grab Yuuji's palms, long fingers trailing sensually up veins and nerves, until Mei-mei came around and made Satoru behave himself.

"My…hands?" Yuuji says, snapping himself out of his own mind, full of forgotten memories that Yuuji finds himself cherishing and rewatching as the minute sticks by. "Not my good looks or bubbly personality?" Yuuji teases, hoping to gain some bearings of his own the longer he observes Suguru look down at his hands like they're the most precious things since fresh bread.

The older man heaves out a chuckle, one that vibrates through his body until it reaches and trembles each of Yuuji's finger tips.

"I'm afraid your hands are much more fascinating to look at."

Gradually feeling his blush go down a few degrees, Yuuji sticks his tongue out in jest.

"What a bunch of creeps…if you wanted my hands so bad, all you had to do was ask."

“Oh? And what would you do? Cut them off for us and tie them up in red ribbons?”

Yuuji hums, his head tilted up at just right to expose his neck as he feigns thoughtfulness, acting like he’s truly considering the possibility of dismembering his own hands, before shaking his head no.

“Hm…Maybe, if you guys are nice enough, then I'll think about having Yuki cut them up all nice and perfect for you two.”

His brow eyes dance away from the ceiling, instantly making their way back to Suguru. What he finds is exquisite and breathtaking.

Suguru, staring at Yuuji with unconcealed adoration. Cheeks flushed and lips curled up in a smile full of love. Full of nothing but enlightenment and joy.

For a second, Yuuji’s breath hitches in his throat, unsure of what to do with himself as he finds himself lost in Suguru’s open expression, in the emotions etched into every crevice of his beautifully sculpted face.

This would be the perfect moment to kiss Suguru.

It’s a dangerous thought that crosses Yuuji’s mind the longer he stares deeply into amethyst gems, but one he’s more than willing to indulge.

It wouldn't be hard at all; all he has to do is turn the tables on Suguru by grabbing the older man's wrists in his hands, tugging him forward until there's no more space left between them. Soft pillowy lips would land against each other, sighing in euphoria at the pleasant tingles that would inevitably rack up and down Yuuji's spine…not hard at all.

Easy and simple.

Just a single maneuver could make Suguru lean over the desk in surprise–

Before either of them can commit to such an act, the sound of a door sliding open catches both of their attention.

In a flash, Suguru is letting go of Yuuji's hands, leaving his palms and fingers aching for his warmth touch, as Suguru stands from his chair, a fake *frustrated* smile taking place on his face.

"Ah, Nanami, what a pleasant surprise!"

Yuuji's eyes widen at the familiar name, his red blush reappearing across his tan skin in embarrassment. Taking a peek around Suguru, Yuuji finds that it truly is Nanamin in all of his fancy dressed suits and unique bow ties and strange glasses.

The blonde older man doesn't so much as blink at Yuuji's presence, something that the student can't help but find a little baffling.

Shouldn't Nanami be freaking out about how inappropriate it is for a professor to be spending his free time with a student? Or how close Yuuji and Suguru are–just a foot away from embracing each other and succumbing to soft needy lips?

What happens instead blows Yuuji's mind into oblivion.

Nanami–who's also carrying a stack of folders–strides across the room and puts them on Suguru's desk without as much as a hello.

"Oh? What's this? Is someone in a bad mood today?" Suguru asks teasingly, breaking the tense silence that began to take up every inch of Suguru's classroom. Despite Suguru's careless tone, Yuuji can still pick up some undertones of defensiveness, like he too is ready to be reprimanded for his unprofessionalism.

However, even with Suguru hoping to incite some sort of reaction from the blonde man, they get *none.*

Nanamin walks back across the room towards the exit, completely ignoring Suguru and Yuuji–

Before leaving the room, Nanamin shoots Suguru a glare that does more than send shivers up Yuuji's spine.

"I won't hesitate to report your behavior to the dean if I ever see you put your hands on Itadori-kun again."

Nanamin's voice is cold, spiteful and full of venom, hazel eyes seeming to glow with hatred. Yuuji's hackles raise, hsi shoulder tensing up with the need to defend, to correct Nanamin that such a thing wasn't transpiring between the two of them, that such protectiveness isn't needed, but before Yuuji or Suguru can get a word out, the door slams shut.

Silence fills the air after his leave, causing an uncomfortable feeling of unease to swirl inside Yuuji's stomach.

Was Nanami going to report Suguru for his behavior?

Will he be fired?

Will his reputation be ruined all because of Yuuji–

A familiar calloused hand finds its way into Yuuji's short strands of pink hair, startling him out of his thoughts.

"Don't mind him, Yuuji. He's just a huge stickler for rules and whatnot," Suguru dismisses like wiping dust off a freshly dried uniform.

"But–But you could get into a lot of trouble if anyone finds out about–"

"Awww~ Yuuji's worried about me! See, this is why you're my favorite!" the man cooes, not truly taking into account how quick his entire life could fall apart.

“I'm serious, Suguru!” Yuuji protests whilst reluctantly scrambling out of his chair to get out from underneath Suguru’s tempting hand. “The last thing I want is for you to get in trouble because of my carelessness! You–your entire reputation could be completely compromised because of me and–”

Hands on Yuuji’s shoulders stops him from continuing to ramble on and on about the cons of being caught in such an inappropriate setting with Yuuji. Looking up, he’s face to face with Suguru, all tense creases disappearing with the wind, leaving only a soft smile and gentle eyes. His hands on Yuuji’s shoulders help ground him, keep him from floating into a world of a thousand possibilities and outcomes, all of them ending with Suguru getting the short end of the stick.

“Yuuji–baby–*relax,”* Suguru whispers, his voice deep and gravely, sinking deep into the crevices of Yuuji’s mind. “Nanami won’t do a single thing to me, or–more specifically–*he can’t*,” he says, his voice dipping low and simmer. “HR won’t do a damn thing to me, nor will the dean for that matter. Me and my husband's funding for this school is what's keeping it from tearing itself down–*they need me whether they like it or not, so have some faith, ok?”*

Ah, that’s right.

Nothing and no one can touch Suguru or Satoru. They’re two beings with unimaginable powers, able to influence and manipulate things to their will without any worries of what might occur. They’re two men who, of which, have more money and connections than they know what to do with. They kill without a second thought, not caring if they get caught or if someone reports them because, at the end of the day, the government can’t do shit against them.

Tongue twisted and tied at Suguru’s expense, Yuuji can do nothing but nod dumbly at his words.

Suguru hums, seemingly satisfied, and ducks down to plant a soft kiss against Yuuji's temple. The feeling is light, almost nonexistent, but Yuuji still commits it to memory like a gift. Sacred treasure, even.

"As much as I'd love to keep you here until the end of the day, I'm sure you still have a few classes to attend today."

Yuuji jolts, having totally forgotten about the rest of his class periods.

"OH SHIT! HOW DID I FORGET–?!" Yuuji cuts himself off, his body turning and running away from Suguru's hold to pack hsi materials up in his bag.

Suguru's laugh follows Yuuji to the door, amusement heavy in his beautiful serene tone. When Yuuji spins around with narrowed eyes, he points a finger at his professor, demanding attention and focus.

"NEXT WEEK, FRIDAY, 8:30 PM, AT *GYU-KAKU HOUSE* ! GOT IT?!"

Suguru's laughter subsides, leaving an amusing smirk in its wake.

"Got it, sweetheart. See you tomorrow for tutoring."

Yuuji's fast heart rate and embarrassed flush don't disappear even after sliding Suguru's door closed. It doesn't subside when he goes to his next class, every useful lesson going in one ear and out the other. It doesn't fade away when classes are over and Yuuji's on his way to spend time with Megumi, Nobara, and Junpei at their local coffee shop. And it doesn't go away when he gets back to his dorm, body washed and taken care of while underneath the covers, honey brown eyes staring up at the ceiling in wonder.

The hell did he get himself into?

"Hey Megumi, I have a random question for you."

Beside Yuuji sits Megumi, his nose in a medical book as he gets himself ready for one of his final exams. They're not alone, of course. In mai's apartment, surrounded by cheap bags of chips, gas station sodas, energy drinks, and oversized textbooks, all of Yuuji's friends are studying in their own way.

Yuuji himself is studying through flashcards.

Megumi is reviewing his entire medical textbook from front to back, writing down important key notes in his journal to look over later.

Maki and Nobara are on the computer, going through quizlets and competing against each other on who can get through the lessons faster.

Junpei is rewatching each of his classes lessons online with Todo at his side, making offhanded comments about what the skinny college student should write down in his journal.

Okkotsu and Inumaki are quizzing each other and rewarding themselves with candy for every answer they get right.

Mai and Nishimiya, Yuuji's old co-worker, are shoulder to shoulder, trying to find the exam answers online on their phones to memorize later.

The gambling couple Hakari and Hoshi are praying with cheap prayer beads they bought off a monk outside one of the popular pachinkos in Japan, spouting nonsense about how studying is really just *doubting* your true potential.

Kamo, Mechamaru, and Miwa are talking quietly amongst themselves, reviewing math problems with scary attentiveness.

Boredom and unease is what brought Yuuji to talk to Megumi about something… exceedingly important.

…important and *highly inappropriate.*

Megumi raises a brow, probably taking note of the nervous beads of sweat rolling down Yuuji's face. "...What's up?" he inquires nonchalantly, his finger moving to the corner of his textbook to fold the corner of his current page, bookmarking it for later.

"Ok…so the question I'm about to ask you is *highly hypothetical."*

"...Ok?"

Yuuji takes a deep breath, pretends to center his chi like Hakari and Hoshi, and spouts out in a quiet fast tone:

"How would you react to me like–like dating your dads?"

Megumi's face darkens. *Immensely.*

"The fuck did you just ask me?"

Yuuji fights the urge to gulp and instead prattles on without a care in the world, feigning ignorance to the brewing storm next to him.

"Y'know…like me becoming their third I guess? A throuple? A threesome relationship that isn't strictly sex–"

“Is–Is this why they keep asking me about *you?!* Are you fucking my guardians–?!”

Yuuji quickly slaps his hands over Megumi’s mouth, hoping–praying like Hakari and Hoshi–that no one hears Megumi lose his shit.

“Shhh! Someone might hear you!” Yuuji scolds, deciding to ignore the menacing glare he gets from Megumi. “But, for the record, we’re *not* fucking yet.”

Megumi’s body sags in relief at the admittance.

“Oh thank god…for a second i thought you were being ser–” Megumi stops, his mouth gaping open uselessly, and–like before–the glare comes back full force. “ *Fuck do mean ‘not yet’?!”* he all but screams in Yuuji’s face.

“Oi! Shut the fuck up!” Maki screams from across the room without looking up from the computer, a middle finger aimed directly at Yuuji and megumi. “Some of us are trying to get shit done! If you wanna talk instead of studying like a normal person then get the fuck out!”

Yuuji opens his mouth, ready to protest that *yes* , they’ll be quiet, but Yuuji is unable to get any words out when Megumi reaches over to grab onto Yuuji’s wrists, his grip tight and damn near bruising.

“Good idea Maki.”

“H-huh? What do you–” before Yuuji can even finish his question, Megumi is hauling his ass up off the floor, dragging him to the door leading to the restroom.

Dread instantly fills Yuuji's stomach.

Well shit.

Megumi is most certainly gonna drown him in the tub…yeah?

Yeah.

That sounds like something Megumi would do.

Yuuji knows he can break out of Megumi's grasp with ease, all it will take is a simple twist of his wrist, a side step of his foot, and a strong tug and then boom–he'd be free!

But this is a conversation the two of them need to have.

In private.

As much as Yuuji hates the idea of being alone with a very hostile Megumi, he lets himself be pulled along with a grimace on his face, stepping over occupied college students and trash until they make their way to the restroom. Megumi shoves Yuuji in first, nearly making him fall into the bathtub, but manages to catch himself at the last second by grabbing onto the shower curtains. The click that reaches Yuuji's ear is much like the sound of a blade being unsheathed–quiet, but enough to send Yuuji into cardiac arrest.

When Yuuji turns around, he's once again faced with a red faced Megumi.

Slowly and cautiously, like a cornered animal, Yuuji pulls the curtains of the bathtub to the side, making room for himself to sit down on the side, preparing himself for the outcome of such an absurd conversation. Megumi shortly follows after, taking a seat on the closed lid of the toilet, his piercing blue eyes never leaving Yuuji for a moment.

"You…you have a thing for my dads."

Megumi forces the words out like it physically pains him to say it. Maybe, if Yuuji was in his position, he too would feel the same way.

"Yeah."

"And they have a thing for you?"

"Apparently."

Megumi takes a deep breath, his arms resting on his knees and hands clasped tightly together, knuckles turning white and skin turning red.

"Yuuji. *They're my fucking dads,"* Megumi huffs out, his gaze then turning stone cold. "They're thirty three, *we're nineteen.* They're practically taking advantage of you at this

point and–ha you guys met sooner–this could literally be considered rape."

Yuuji gulps, taking in what Megumi's saying, but easily brushing it off to the side.

Yuuji knows what he wants.

Sorry, *what he needs.*

And what he needs more than anything is Satoru and Suguru.

"But we didn't," Yuuji states, meeting Megumi eye to eye. "We all met when we were all consenting adults, played around with each other as adults, and so on. Nothing that we're doing is illegal."

Another groan leaves Megumi's lips, this time more exasperated than the last.

"You being with Suguru is illegal for damn sure– *he's your fucking professor after all,"* Megumi says with the finesse of a scolding parent. "He already has a lot of power over you as a professor, but now–with you two potentially seeing each other as partners–the power imbalance is just–it's worrying, Yuuji. He could take advantage of his position to do as he pleases with you."

For a split second, Yuuji is reminded of the heated glare Nanami had sent him a few days ago. He remembers the vivid hatred that flowed out of hazel eyes, the pull of his lip to reveal a menacing scowl, and the lines along his forehead that portrayed unease. Frustration. Anger. *Rage.*

Megumi and Nanami would get along great–after all, they're morals are so closely aligned with one another that Yuuji can hardly tell the difference between the two.

Yuuji bites his tongue, decides to keep this to himself. If he so much as whispers word about how alike the two are, then megumi will, without a doubt, tackle him into the bathtub with no remorse.

But, what surprises Yuuji the most about the conversation transpiring before them is that Megumi is talking about his parents, *his guardians,* like they're dangerous beasts Yuuji should stay away from. Shouldn't Megumi be more mad at Yuuji for the mere fact of wanting to get with the people who raised him? Not at all worrying about how they might treat him?

"You don't really see Suguru and Satoru in a good light…huh? Shouldn't you be more worried about them than me?" The words escape him before Yuuji can stop himself.

Belatedly, he thinks that Megumi *will* jump Yuuji for his smart mouth and cutting words, but all he receives is a defeated sigh, full of disappointment.

"Why should I worry about them when it's you who's been trapped in their web of lies and deceit?" Megumi counters with a stern look. "I left them as soon as I could because I saw how dark and dangerous they can be. Growing up with them was like living with two wild wolves hoping to create a misfit family of their own. They bite, Yuuji, and they bite hard." Megumi takes a deep breath, seemingly trying to cool himself off, before continuing in a more mellow, calm voice.

"I don't want them to fuck you up, Yuuji. They don't deserve you."

Yuuji might be a it oblivious to a number of things, but even he isn't blind to the way Megumi looks at him–blue eyes wide with hope and adoration, completely blind to the monster that also lives inside Yuuji, begging to be set free and create chaos hand in hand with Suguru and Satoru.

Yuuji smiles at Megumi, decides to ignore the flustered blush spreading across megumi's cheeks, and reaches forward to grab hold of Megumi's hands–warm skin engulfing cold trembling fingers.

"I'm already fucked up in the head, Megumi. There's nothing they can do to me that'll make me think of them any differently. I like them– *alot*– and I just really don't want this to tear our friendship apart…"

Megumi's face softens at his words, teh scowl that was there earlier practically vanishing in the face of Yuuji's admittance.

"Of course this won't tear us apart, Yuuji. You're one of the most important people in my life…you make my days just a bit more bearable after everything I've–" Megumi cuts himself off, a strained smile tugging its way onto his lips. "Just please be careful around them, Ok? If they so much as harm one hair on you, I want to be the first to hear about it so I can beat them into a bloody pulp."

Yuuji laughs, both at Megumi's overprotectiveness and at the fact that Satoru and Suguru have done much worse to him than harming a single strand of hair on his body.

"Of course," Yuuji lies, keeping his words gentle and sweet to keep Megumi in the dark. Guilt engulfs Yuuji at his own deceit, but this is the only way to reassure Megumi that nothing dangerous will happen between the three adults. "You'll be the first to know."

The smile Megumi sends him is almost enough to make Yuuji break out in tears. It's so genuine, full of trust and adoration that Yuuji wants to throw up into the bathtub. But he refrains. If he so much as messes up Mai's bathtub, then the short haired girl will surely put his head on a flaming stake for all to see.

"So…we're good?"

Megumi huffs out a breath of air out of amusement, his lips curling up at the corners to reveal an incredulous smirk.

"Obviously…so long as you keep me in the dark about all the weird sex stuff."

Yuuji's face bursts into flames, practica;;y on command.

"M-Megumi! You can't just say that shit!!!"

But Megumi doesn't make any indicator that he's listening. Instead, he throws the restroom door open–

Revealing every one of his friends eavesdropping onto their conversation.

"He's fucking my dads everyone," Megumi announces to the wave of college students.

And, to Yuuji's horror, everyone starts cheering.

God dammit it. Sukuna should've killed him when he had the chance, maybe then he wouldn't have to deal with this onslaught of embarrassment…

Yuuji barely got any studying done that night thanks to his friends.

They were more than adamant about dragging Yuuji out of Mai's apartment to celebrate the so-called *special occasion.*

"It's not everyday someone enters a threesome relationship with their professor *and their husband!"* Nobara had exclaimed while pulling Yuuji to a nearby shabby bar they all usually frequent, away from the public eye, full of dim lighting and shady figures, but dark enough not to question their real ages. If they did, then he and his friends would've gone to jail a long time ago…

But, Yuuji figured that if Suguru and Satoru liked him enough, they'd bail them out and tell the police to throw away all charges against them. They're sweet like that–always egging Yuuji on for his bad decisions and telling him to go wild~

That night was full of shots too strong for Yuuji to handle, dancing and grinding against familiar bodies, and bottles raised in the air in honor of Yuuji's newfound achievement: fucking his professors.

Yuuji was too drunk to correct them that *no, he hadn't fucked them yet **and** he'd much rather be the one being fucked than anything else.*

Instead, he enjoyed his night with all of his friends, drank till he threw up on the side of the street and was left with no choice but to call his older brother for help.

After what happened at the bar a few days ago, Yuuji has been stressing over his final exams, unsure if he;s even going to pass them. Yeah, he's had some extra help from Nanami, got a few messages of advice from Satoru and Suguru, but–in the face of preparing for his finals–he's completely stumped. And it's not like he can go to his friends for help either!

Every single time Yuuji attempts to get together with one of his friends from his study group, the time spent together is no longer about work but all about Yuuji and his self-proclaimed *sugar daddys.*

He tried studying with Okkotsu and Inumaki, only to be stuck in a three hour discussion about how to make sure the two men don't cross any boundaries that Yuuji isn't comfortable with crossing.

And, after that, Yuuji tried going over to Nishimiya's to study, but that too dissolved into a gossip sesh about all the men she's slept with and how Yuuji is oh so lucky to have a wide range of men to choose from.

Then, seeing as she's no help at all, he tried working with Todo and Junpei while they were studying for their film classes final project and got lost in a conversation about how Yuuji can easily pass his tests if he sucks Suguru's dick as well as the deans. Well, that was more Todo than Junpei; his best friend was more than content with watching the chaos unfold before his very eyes, metaphorically digging his hands into a box of popcorn.

So yeah…studying with his friends is a complete mistake.

Yuuji was left with no choice but to study alone which–honestly–is definitely not his first choice or his favorite one for that matter. He gets distracted easily; his mind drifts to places it shouldn't; he ends up forgetting about his learning materials all together and decides to instead watch television shows that do nothing for Yuuji's melting brain.

Eventually, Yuuji gets tired of staying inside his quiet dorm. Set on finding a quiet place to study and get work done, Yuuji grabs all of his flashcards for each of his subjects, puts them in his folders, and stuffs that clumsily into his backpack. Toeing his shoes on, Yuuji bids the empty dorm goodbye and sets out onto the busy Tokyo street with one goal in his mind: to find a place to study efficiently and accurately with no hiccups.

At first, Yuuji tries to study at the local coffee shop with its early two thousands music blaring through the speakers and bustling customers, but forget to consider the fact that other college students like himself had the same idea. When he arrived at the coffee shop, it was absolutely packed; each table was filled with college students and computers, and papers, and

everything a college student needs to study. Yuuji doesn't even try to consider the possibility of waiting for an open table, so he leaves without so much as a second glance.

Yuuji then goes to the nearby park that's usually, if not always, empty. But, of course, Yuuji's luck continues to run dry as he looks out at the sea of children and parents celebrating what looks like a school event. Yuuji has never turned on his heel so fast in his life. He can hardly study around his friends as it is, but kids? No fucking way! Yuuji would be too distracted watching them play, stuck between studying or reminiscing about what it would be like to be a kid in Tokyo rather than a kid in a commune. So yeah, he left as soon as he could.

His last choice wasn't all that great either, but one he decided to visit just in case the odds were somehow in his favor: the shabby dark bar. It's open 24/7, usually empty in the daytime and busy at night. No college student would willingly go there for a drink during the daytime and, when Yuuji arrived at the establishment, his hunch had been right: it was empty save for one bartender that's always drunk on the job.

Sadly, Yuuji wasn't even able to pull out his flashcards when a group of burly old men came stumbling in, demanding drinks off the shelves like greedy children in a candy shop. The bartender, for their credit, sent Yuuji a free shot of liquor before attending to the ruthless men taking up space at the bar. Yuuji quickly left after downing his drink, completely at a loss for what to do.

Unsure of where to go or what to do, Yuuji roamed the streets aimlessly with his hands in his pockets and his shoulders sagging from the weight of his backpack. He watched cars zoom past him with a look of indifference, observed stores open and close and kick people out for being too rowdy, and admired the loud bustling city that slowly began to wear Yuuji down, making him enjoy every nook and cranny of such a crowded area.

He eventually gets tired of just wandering aimlessly through the area. Reaching deep into his pocket, he pulls out his phone and dials his older brother's number, hoping that maybe going to Chousou, Kechizu, and Eso's tattoo shop will help him be able to study.

The phone rings longer than what Yuuji is used to, especially with how on point each of his step-brothers are about answering phone calls.

When they do manage to pick up the phone, Yuuji is met with an entourage of bustling voices in the background.

“Ah–hey Yuuji!” Chousou’s voice sings despite the stress wearing his tone thin. “How's studying going?”

Yuuji heaves out an exhausted sigh.

“Not all that good,” Yuuji admits with heavy disappointment. “I take it your shop is busy?” Yuuji’s question earns him a sheepish laugh from the other side of the phone.

“More so than usual! We have a fifty percent discount going on today for college students, y’know–boosting morale for final exams and all that–and it looks like we got more than we bargained for–Hey! Wait your damn turn, kid!” Chousou’s voice trails off, scolding someone in the background, probably a customer, for being too hasty and rowdy. “I’m sorry to cut our call short Yuuji, but–”

“It’s fine, I understand,” Yuuji interrupts, saving him from hearing Chousou go on and on about how sorry he is for his growing, bustling business. Yuuji isn’t upset–no, it's quite the opposite; he’s happy that Chousou is gaining a large number of customers, truly! But, still, a small selfish part of Yuuji had wished for the place to be vacant so he could spend his time studying with people who he knew wouldn’t distract him with conversations about Suguru and Satoru. “Have a good day at work Chousou! Don’t work yourself to death!”

“I’ll try not to–OI! THE FUCK DID I JUST SAY–” The call cuts itself off, leaving Yuuji feeling even more helpless than he did before.

What does he do now?

Where does he go to study in peace?

Who can he turn to for help?

The answer comes to him after a few beats of silence, the *key* –he always keeps in his pocket–seems to vibrate when the solution comes to him, basically calling out their names.

Would it be ok to show up completely uninvited?

To just surprise them with an unexpected visit?

Yuuji shakes his head, getting rid of all of his doubts in seconds.

If Suguru and Satoru were serious about their home always being open to Yuuji, then they shouldn’t mind him using the space to study.

This can be like…a test of sorts–to see if they were truly telling the truth rather than spouting a bunch of bullshit.

With his phone still open and lit up, Yuuji calls himself an uber to take him to Satoru and Suguru's.

And, when the car does arrive to take him to his chosen destination, he almost psychs himself out of going.

But he takes the first step into the car.

He looks out the window as buildings flash before his eyes.

And tells himself that if Satoru and Suguru really love him, then an impromptu visit would be more than welcome.

Their house is just as grande as Yuuji remembers it to be.

Sitting in a wealthy neighborhood, surrounded by the higher class in all their glory, money, and privilege, Yuuji looks like a lost puppy looking for his place in the world. Every driveway is filled with expensive cars, people with purebred pets walk the sidewalks with grace, eyeing Yuuji like they know he doesn't belong in such a place.

But hey, it's not like he can back down now, y'know? Not unless he uses more money on another uber.

Ignoring the pounding of his heart, Yuui walks up the smooth path leading to the entrance of such a beautiful house. He's at the door in seconds, simply staring and contemplating on whether he should ring the door bell or knock.

What should he do?

Knock or ring the doorbell?

Knock or ring the doorbell?

Knock or–

Yuuji doesn't even need to decide in the end.

Because, before he can even make a decision, the door flies open, revealing just one of the two handsome husbands that hold his heart hostage.

“Yuuujii!!!” *Satoru* cries out with glee, a bright smile stretching wildly across his face. “Please, come on in! You’r4e just in time for lunch!” the older man says excitedly, not trying to be subtle at all as he ushers Yuuji in by grabbing onto his wrist, *pulling him* past the door and into the house.

The college student lets himself be dragged into the house, his tongue still tied clumsily in his mouth as he tries to find the right words to greet Satoru. All words die off, however, when Satoru leads Yuuji into their grande living room with a huge couch that looks comfier than his own bed at the dorms. Satoru wastes no time at all in forcing him to take a seat next to him, and Yuuji is nothing but a sucker for Satoru.

Taking his backpack off his back and placing it beside him on the coach, he turns–belatedly realizes that Satoru is right next to him, thigh to thigh, shoulder to shoulder, personal space basically thrown out the window and run over by multiple billion dollar cars.

Yuuji attempts to keep his blush at bay, but it's impossible when faced with someone as gorgeous as Satoru. The man is dressed casually–in just a plain white tshirt and black jeans–yet he somehow pulls the look off with gold stars. His glasses are still perched along his nose, doing Yuuji a favor by hiding his mesmerizing blue eyes. Yuuji doubts he’d be able to control himself any longer if the man had thrown the shades away upon his arrival–if he did, then Yuuji could literally kiss his finals goodbye.

“I– *Hi* .”

Yuuji freezes, mortified by the words spilling from his mouth.

I–hi?! What the fuck is wrong with him–?!

Satoru, for his part, doesn't burst out laughing at Yuuji's incompetence or kick him out of the house for being a big nerd. Instead, his smile turns warm and soft, the grip around Yuuji's wrist loosening up, but still firm enough to keep Yuuji in place.

"My god, Finals have you stressed, baby!" Satoru says with a teasing tilt to his voice. "You're normally so much better with your words~"

Yuuji heavesout a defeated sigh, left with no other choice but to confess to the man his deepest worries. Ignoring the rapid growing blush spreading across his cheeks, Yuuji explains everything to Satoru; from talking about Megumi, his friends' noisiness, to not being able to find a place to study, he tells him *everything.* During Yuuji's long rant, Satoru sits there quietly, not saying a word and simply nodding his head along to whatever is spilling from Yuuji's lips. His complete undivided attention never leaves Yuuji for a second, making the young college student overwhelmingly flustered.

After everything is said and done, Satoru hums, seeming to take Yuuji's words into consideration.

"Ah, I see…and I'm assuming you came here to study, yes?" He asks, his gaze switching from Yuuji to the backpack sitting beside the college student.

"Y-yeah," Yuuji admits, his hands suddenly turning clammy. "But like–if you guys don't want me here i can totally just–"

A finger on Yuuji's lips keeps him from even finishing his sentence.

“Ughhh, when will you stop spouting a bunch of nonsense?!” Satoru exclaims in an annoyed tone, his soft finger pressing up harshly against Yuuji’s bottom lip. The pink haired man’s mind grows fuzzy with just a single touch. All he can focus on is Satoru’s finger playing with his bottom lip–tugging and pressing down on the soft skin playfully without a care in the world, oblivious to what it's doing to Yuuji’s insides. He feels like his guts are overheating, a simmering heat that warms his entire stomach, traveling down south, straight to his–

“We wouldn’t have given you our house key if we didn’t want you to stay with us, Yuuji!” Satoru continues to scold, his voice teetering on both a serious and teasing tone. “If you want to study here then you're more than welcome too! Hell, i’ll even help you!” Finally, Satoru removes his finger from Yuuji’s lips, but not before the college student jumps, surprised by what his own ears are hearing.

“E-Eh?! Wait, seriously?!” Yuuji finds himself asking, surprised by the offer handed to him on what appears to be a silver platter.

Satoru nods his head enthusiastically, his smile widening with every second that passes. “Of course!” He confirms before reaching over Yuuji and grabbing his backpack without so much as an ‘excuse me’. Yuuji doesn’t mind though. He watches, star struck, as Satoru rummages through his backpack, pulling out different colored folders and placing them neatly along the glass coffee table.

Unsure of what to say or do, Yuuji lets Satoru do as he pleases. He observes Satoru opening each folder, taking out the many flashcards Yuuji spent his precious time making for every subject, and arranging them by subject on the table before them. The older man even takes the time to compliment Yuuji’s choice in studying, stating how flashcards were also his go-to back when he was in school.

“Did Suguru ever tell you I was the top of my class in both highschool and college?” Satoru questions with a smug smile on his face.

“Really?”

“Yup! As serious as can be!”

Ah…that doesn’t really mean much coming from someone like Satoru…

“I grew up with private tutors, extra help, y'know–the whole rich kid treatment parents give their children when they want them to take over their company,” The man spills, his dark glasses moving ever so slightly down his nose, revealing a pair of blue sparkling sapphires turning dark, as if growing nostalgic. “I hated every minute of it actually. I hated the way they all talked down to me, hated that they refused to treat me like a human being, hated that no matter what I did or achieved, my parents were never satisfied with my work.”

His tone dips, taking a dark turn, but Yuuji doesn’t shy away from it. Instead, he caves in. He takes his hand out of Satoru’s hold and wraps his arm around the older man’s shoulder, pulling him into a half hug. Satoru immediately relaxes upon his touch, seeming to revel in it with the soft sigh that Yuuji pulls out of his glossy lips.

“What a bunch of dipshits…” Yuuji mumbles, relating to Satoru more than he’d like to.

They both had controlling parents who relished in putting down their own children, tearing them apart, and attempting to rebuild them in their image.

But they failed.

Horribly.

With both Satoru *and* Yuuji.

Satoru nods his head, his arm moving up to wrap around Yuuji as well, pulling him in close until the younger man is sitting in his lap. Yuuji lets himself be dragged. He allows his legs to rest across The older man's thighs. He gives into the comforting embrace by bracing his other arm around Satoru's neck, keeping them locked and together. This earns him a satisfied rumble from the man–his other free hand moving up to caress Yuuji's upper thigh, not in a way that feels seductive or lustful, but secure. Protective. Possessive. Yuuji leans his head against the taller man's chest, studying long forgotten as he listens to the sound of Satoru's beating heart.

Ba-thump.

Ba-thump.

Ba-thump.

What a beautiful melody that can rival that of the world's greatest orchestras.

"Yeah, but look at me now–head of *Gojo Core.* with more than a billion dollars to my name!" Satoru exclaims in a mock form of excitement. Yuuji sees right through it though. He doesn't even have to look up at the man to know that his smile is strained and fake, that his beautiful blue eyes are darkening in thought, that there's a furrow in his brow revealing the sour mood the memory of his parents brought.

“That still doesn’t excuse what they did to you, Satoru,” Yuuji says, voice muffling against the man’s white shirt.

“No,” Satoru’s happy tone drops, revealing nothing but his true thoughts. His real emotions. “No it doesn’t.” Satoru’s grip around Yuuji’s body and his thigh tightens, caging him in strong limbs. Rather than running away from his touch, from his dark voice that’s dangerous to Yuuji’s ears, Yuuji stays right where he is, absolutely fawning over the man whose heart bleeds through his white shirt, sticking to Yuuji, an dripping to the couch they sit upon, surrounding them in an illuminating red.

It’s beautiful, Yuuji thinks to himself as he lets himself close his eyes, falling deeper into the pit of darkness.

These raw emotions of Satoru’s are so perfect, so in tune with Yuuji’s own. Why did he try running away from this? What on earth made him think that they weren’t made for eachother? Yuuji’s made a handful of mistakes in his life: Hurting those in the cult, abandoning Sukuna to suffer under his mothers control, working under Mei-Mei, bringing Junpei to the place that traumatized Yuuji from the inside out, but his biggest mistake thus far was not giving into his true feelings and intentions, giving himself to Satoru and Suguru the day they decided to spike his drink.

But the past is the past, as cliche as that is.

Yuuji vaguely feels the hand on his thigh move to join Satoru’s other arm–wrapping Yuuji in not one, but *two* strong arms.

“If it weren’t for Suguru knocking some sense into me, then those two old hags would still be alive and kicking, thinking they still have the right to control my life.”

Yuuji hums, his heart growing fluttery and warm at the thought of a young Suguru helping Satoru overcome his struggles, their hands intertwined tightly as they go up against the world and everything that stands in their way. He imagines Suguru's kind purple eyes glaring at Satoru, telling him to *get over himself,* while Satoru scoffs, giving into temptation and letting the very man–his now husband–sweep him away.

"I'm glad you two were able to meet each other," Yuuji says happily, snuggling deeper into Satoru's chest. "You two are so–so perfect together, like two puzzle pieces…" His voice trails off, his body growing tired with every second he stays in Satoru's lap. Yuuji's earlier adventure around Tokyo must finally be catching up to him; his limbs are beginning to feel heavy and loose, like his sleeves and jeans are full of weighty stones.

"And you, my precious Yuuji, fit so nicely with us *puzzle pieces,"* Satoru whispers while one of his hands reaches up to scratch the back of Yuuji's nape. It's hard not to lean into the comforting touch, especially with how cozy and nice it feels against Yuuji's skin. Listening to his instincts, he does just that, letting his head fall back into Satoru's hand with a blush running across his cheeks, Satoru's words replaying in his mind like a holy mantra. "A piece we never knew we'd need, yet now that we have it, we can't bear to be without it."

Yuuji's heart hammers loudly in his chest, his brain barely able to handle the sweet *sweet* symphony slipping from the older man's lips. There's a strong urge that boils up inside Yuuji; a feeling that wants nothing more than to turn his head up and crash his lips onto Satoru's, not throw every piece of doubt and caution to the wind and declare himself theirs. He wants to–no– *needs* to wrap his hands tightly around Satoru's neck, making his pale skin bruise and darken beneath his palms, claiming the man as his own. He needs to hear Satoru moan his name, to have the man worship every inch of Yuuji's body with large hands, to feel every beat of the man's heart against his own until both organs are beating as one.

Yuuji instantly throws this desire of his away to the back of his mind.

The college student has plenty of time to claim both Satoru and Suguru if the two men were serious about being willing to wait for him. They still have plenty to discuss over a nicely made meal, preferably in a place that didn't give either of them an advantage.

Confessing all of his worries on Suguru and Satoru's turf feels wrong, almost like a last line of defense. It's too desperate. Too needy almost.

With this in mind, Yuuji keeps his mouth shut, unsure of what to say or do to further their conversation. He snuggles up closer to Satoru, his head leaning away from the man's outstretched hand to the man's chiseled chest once again, his eyes closed and relaxed as he lets his mind drift away from reality.

Yuuji can still feel Satoru's hands caressing his body, keeping him close and safe in his arms, and Yuuji revels in it.

He sinks into the man's embrace, his homework long forgotten, as he drifts off to sleep.

The smell of cooked chicken, eggs, and onions coaxes Yuuji back into the world of the living, his stomach growling loudly for all to hear.

Yuuji, however, is too tired to care about the loud sound.

He squints his eyes, allowing them to gradually be adjusted to the bright lights hanging over him. The warm body Yuuji's still cuddling up against hasn't moved an inch since he fell asleep. Satoru, the kind sentimental idiot that he is, has stretched out across the couch while keeping Yuuji safe and protected in his arms. The grip around Yuuji's body hasn't deterred in the slightest, making it seemingly impossible for Yuuji to break free. Usually, if this were any other day, time, or place, Yuuji would just give up and accept his place in Satoru's arms, but he's in need of food.

And, when Yuuji is hungry, he will stop at nothing to get his food.

At first, Yuuji tries wiggling and squirming in Satoru's embrace, attempting to wake the older man up from whatever slumber he slipped into, but he doesn't even budge. If anything, his arms tighten more around Yuuji, further frustrating the young man.

Yuuji then tries calling Satoru's name out, hoping to wake him up by straining his hearing, but that too is a bust.

His last resort, of course, is bodily harm.

Yuuji pulls his arm ups, bends his arm until his elbow is pointing down towards the man's ribs, and–

"Save the violence for after lunch, dear."

The low amused hum of Suguru's voice stops Yuuji from committing an act that would either let him eat a handful of good smelling food or land him in an unwanted predicament.

Looking up, Yuuji's eyes make contact with Suguru's over the back of the sofa. Tneh older man is leaning over Yuuji and Satoru, long black hair pulled up into a high ponytail, all the while smiling and smelling like the gates of heaven.

"Nice to see you again, Suguru!" Yuuji says softly, his body no longer struggling in Satoru's hold, his attention solely on the long haired man and–

"Oh my god, that's the coolest apron I've ever seen in my life," Yuuji blurts out on his own accord while staring at the piece of clothing draped tightly around the older man's midsection, chest, and tied around his neck. The apron is a gray color, complimenting nicely with Suguru's overall features, with imprinted images of hanging meat. Below the pictures, in all caps, reads *Well Hung.*

Suguru rolls his eyes at Yuuji's compliment, not seeming to take it as seriously as Yuuji intends it to be.

"It was a gag gift from Shoko…but it has its uses," Suguru explains as he picks and pride at his own apron, not appearing to hold the same amount of excitement for it that Yuuji has. What a shame. Yuuji would *kill* to have an apron just like that. *Seriously.*

"Just a gag gift? Suguru, this apron was a gift from GOD!" Yuuji declares with the confidence of someone who's an expert on aprons and clothing essentials alike. He isn't, of course, but–for a few moments–he wants to think that he is for both his and Suguru's amusement.

And, to Yuuji's surprise, an embarrassed flush appears across the older man's cheeks.

“Yuuji, please just ignore the–”

“You want me to ignore your *well hung meat?* Sorry, but i’m gonna have to refuse.” Yuuji can no longer hold back the laugh at the sight of Suguru completely scandalized by Yuuji’s words. His eye sare wide, lips falling open in shock. A sense of accomplishment washes over Yuuji at seeing his own coolheaded professor embarrassed–it makes for quite the sight.

But, Yuuji forgot to consider how fast it takes for Suguru to regain his composure and *that* is Yuuji’s greatest mistake.

The red blush across his cheeks disappear, leaving nothing but a malicious smirk in its place.

“Oh? Well if you wanted a peek at my well hung meat, all you had to do was ask, dear~” He whispers seductively, each word slipping off his tongue like a soothing remedy, something dark and musky but enough to warm Yuuji from the inside out.

Yuuji watches with bated breath as Suguru leans down even further, hsi face now only centimeters from Yuuji’s own. His smirk hasn’t left his ridiculously beautiful lips. Hsi eyes are crinkled in amusement, enchanting purples taking up every space of Yuuji’s vision. His arms reach down to cage Yuuji even deeper, both hands moving to caress his sides with a strong grip.

Yuuji’s breath hitches, the implications of what's about to happen next not lost on him in the slightest.

“What’s wrong Yuuji? Not a fan of my apron anymore?” The man teases, his lips nearly brushing up against Yuuji’s, making every bone in Yuuji’s body shiver in anticipation.

Gulping down the saliva that's made its way up yuuji's throat, the college student does his best impression of a seductive smirk, making his lips curl up just right to catch the older man off guard once more. "No…just the opposite," Yuuji whispers huskily in the small space between them, not at all oblivious to the way Suguru's eyes dilate at his confession.

Suguru then makes a move forward, seeming to be ready to place his lips upon Yuuji, but a pale hand reaches out and blocks the older man from diving in for a kiss.

"You–"

"Remember, Suguru? We promised not to lay an inappropriate hand on Yuuji until he gives us the answer we want?" The way Satoru phrases the question makes it sound like he's mocking Suguru, making fun of him for his attempts at sabotage and hypocrisy. "And to think you made these rules in case *I did* something out of hand!" The man chuckles darkly, the tone instantly traveling to Yuuji's core, making goosebumps line his exposed arms.

"Tsk…Who says I was gonna do something *inappropriate* to Yuuji- *kun?"* Suguru shoots back who is weirdly defensive about this whole thing.

"Oh? You mean to tell me you were about to swoop down and do something completely innocent?"

"...absolutely."

"Ok, now I'm curious. Please, tell us what you intended to do to our sweet little virgin– *not-yet lover*– Yuuji-kun."

Suguru opens his mouth as if to complain, but promptly shuts it, his face turning blank without a proper answer to give.

"...a hug…"

"WRONG!!!" Yuuji shouts, interrupting the couple while crossing his arms in an X formation. "YOU WERE ABOUT TO EAT ME ALIVE!!!"

Yuuji listens with great enthusiasm as Satoru cackles loudly from behind him, each chuckle making Yuuji's body tremble with warmth. Suguru, on the other hand, looks absolutely scandalized, like someone had accused him of beastility or some fucked up shit.

"Says who?!" Suguru counters in a childish manner.

"Your eyes, of course!" Yuuji answers without a second thought, his gaze instantly moving two two deep pools of violet–or what *would've* been violet if his pupils weren't so dilated. "Your pupils are fuckin' blown, Suguru! I swear, I can't even see the true color of your eyes anymore."

Yuuji's assessment actually earns him an amused chuckle from the man above him. Suguru, who seems to have finally dropped the childish facade, straightens up, his hands lingering ever so slightly along Yuuji's ribs before they return to his sides, setting Yuuji's cheeks aflame with *need.*

"Think what you will, dear. By the time you've come to your own conclusions, lunch will be cold."

Yuuji's face drops in mere seconds.

"Yknow what? You're right, Suguru–you definitely had no ill intentions towards me whatsoever."

The college student can feel the bottom of Satoru's chin hitting the top of his pink strands of curls, telling the younger man that Satoru is nodding his head enthusiastically.

"My dear husband is a wonderful pure saint who'd *never* go back on his word!" Satoru sings with just a bit too much desperation, but hey–so long as the two of them get to eat Suguru's cooking, then who cares?

The young man watches as Suguru rolls his eyes, giving off the appearance of someone who's been dealing with a handful of idiots for hours on end.

…wow…actually, now that Yuuji thinks about it, that might just be *more* than an observation.

"Quit kissing my ass and get off the couch. Lunch won't be as good if it's reheated," The long haired man says before spinning around and walking away from the two cuddle bugs on the couch.

Yuuji feels Satoru moping from above him, his strong arms reaching to squeeze a hug out of Yuuji while his chin rests lazily on the crown of Yuuji's head. "I wouldn't mind having a piece of Suguru's ass for lunch," Satoru whispers into Yuuji's ear who instantly finds himself agreeing.

“You and me both…”

“LUNCH– *NOW!”*

Both Yuuji and Satoru fly off the couch in record speed, their growling stomachs making their way into the pristine kitchen where Suguru’s sweet ass and food is waiting.

Suguru’s cooking is *incredible* .

Yuuji says this to the very man who made his Oyakodon for what seems like the tenth time that afternoon and, every time he praises the man, he waves it off as if it's no big deal. The older man clearly doesn’t see how incredible his skills are in the culinary arts and it pains Yuuji that he’s oblivious to them. Oyakodon is an easy dish to make, sure, but *because* it is an easy dish to make, most people half ass it with barely fried chicken, poorly chopped onions, and out of date eggs and call it a meal.

But this masterpiece? Everything is perfect. The chicken is cooked just right, the pieces of egg scrambled along the inside of the bowl are delicious and the shredded onions don't take too much flavor away from the whole meal, sending Yuuji's taste buds to heaven.

The young college student has lost count of how many tie booths he and Satoru moaned in delight after each precious bite, and–just to piss Suguru off for not realizing how gifted he is at cooking–Yuuji is tempted to let another wanton moan leave his lips.

Satoru will probably join in without a second thought, further exciting the college student stuffing his face with fried chicken.

"God, how have I survived without your delicious meals, Suguru?" Yuuji sighs dreamily before taking his chopsticks and digging it into his bowl while his eyes are trained on Suguru, the man sitting right across from him.

Suguru's cheeks have been dusted pink since the moment both Yuuji and Satoru sat down at the table. The long haired man is *always* ready with a defense of his own that seems to undermine his cooking and Yuuji doesn't appreciate it in the slightest. But, from the look Yuuji received from Satoru–one that's full of amusement and endearment–that this isn't the man's first rodeo with his compliments. Satoru must also praise the man up and down for many things, yet still refuses to take any of them seriously.

It's a real shame, in Yuuji's opinion.

Suguru should come to terms with the fact that he's an excellent chef for Satoru and Yuuji and whoever else he decided to prepare meals for–

Yuuji cuts that last part out, wanting nothing more than for Suguru to cook for only himself and Satoru.

No one else.

"By making your own delicious meals, Yuuji," Suguru answers with ease while finishing up his own dish. The bowl in front of him is close to being empty.

Satoru, on the other hand, finished his bowl a long time ago. Beside Yuuji he sits, munching on a vanilla cake he must've gotten up to grab while Yuuji was distracted with all the beautiful flavors dancing around in his mouth.

"Well, yeah, but this is the embodiment of perfection, Suguru!"

"You're wasting your breath, baby," Satoru hums with a roll of his eyes, the vanilla cake *also gone (what the fuck? Who eats a cake that fast?).* "Suguru knows how to take a compliment but–when it comes to cooking–he believes he's mediocre."

"DESPICABLE!" Yuuji shouts in exasperation, instantly earning a nod from Satoru, agreeing whole-heartedly with Yuuji's observation. "SUGURU? *MEDIOCRE*?! THOSE TWO WORDS SHOULD NEVER BE UTTERED IN THE SAME SENTENCE!"

"I'm right here, you know…" Suguru groans, his cheeks still stained a delicious shade of red. "Besides, i hav plenty to improve upon; I could've grilled the chicken a bit longer to add a more rich texture to it, and the eggs were hardly satisfactory–"

"And there he goes, criticizing himself like he's the great chef Gorden Ramsey," Satoru says dejectedly, shutting Suguru up in seconds.

“Ugh, I'm not–” Suguru shuts his mouth and calmly breathes in through his nose as if trying to calm down. After a few seconds of silence, Suguru turns his attention away from Satoru and onto Yuuji who’s just now finishing up their bowl of Oyakodon. “I saw your backpack in the living room earlier. Am I right to assume that you're staying here to study?” He asks, changing the subject and turning everyone's attention onto Yuuji.

This man sure knows how to redirect attention…

“For as long as you two will have me,” Yuuji answers with a shy duck of his head.

Yuuji feels a hand tug on his hair, forcing him to look up and stare into two glassy pools of azure. “Ugh, will you stop that?! You’re always free to stay here whenever and however long you want, ok?! We gave you the damn *house key* for a reason, baby…” Satoru scolds, hsi grip in Yuuji’s hair tightening, causing a nervous pitter patter of Yuuji’s heart.

“I know! I just–”

“Just nothing,” Suguru speaks up, his form standing from the table. Reaching over the wooden surface, he grabs hold of both Satoru and Yuuji’s bowls, stacks them up on top of eachother, and retreats down to where the kitchen must reside. “We *love* you, dear, and there's nothing we won’t do for you.”

Yuuji watches the older man enter the kitchen, his chest feeling light and warm with his sweet, kind, reassuring words.

How, in the fucking world, did he get so god damn lucky?! LIKE SERIOUSLY!!! It doesn't make any damn sense! This is the type of shit that should happen to pretty girls in shoujo mangas, not an ex cult leader turned college student who still has a problem cleaning up his mess of a room–

"Well?"

Satoru's voice takes Yuuji away from his thoughts in seconds.

The hand in his hair loosens, but doesn't leave Yuuji's short pink strands. The demanding touch is stabilizing–it brings him back down to earth, reminding him where he is, who he's with, and the truth before his very eyes.

Their attraction towards Yuuji doesn't *need* to make sense. Afterall, isn't love the most confusing emotion of all?

Yuuji smiles up at Satoru, his head leaning back into Satoru's hand greedily.

He doesn't miss the twinkle in the man's eye when he gives into him–to let Satoru do as he pleases without a single complaint.

"You ready to study your ass off with the one and only *Gojo, Ceo of Gojo. Corp?"* The older man asks, his voice dropping an octave and making chills run up and down Yuuji's back.

It's a pleasant feeling, one Yuuji *deeply* wants to indulge in, but he has a job to do.

“I have no idea who *Gojo, Ceo of Gojo. Corp* is, but I *am* ready to study my ass with the one and only *Gojo Satoru~”* Yuuji responds with ease, loving the way he still manages to catch the older man off guard despite everything that’s happened between them.

Beautiful white lashes flutter in surprise, lips parted slightly, until they eventually morph into a soft smile.

“...Wonderful.”

It’s just one word, a simple word at that, yet the way Satoru lets it fall off his tongue makes Yuuji’s insides turn fuzzy and warm.

When Satoru stands up from his chair, his hand travels from the back of Yuuji’s head to his outstretched hand. Yuuji grabs onto his hand and lets himself be led out of the dining room with his heart in his throat.

Studying with Satoru and Suguru was a lot more productive than he thought it would be.

In the beginning, Yuuji feared that his attraction to both men would distract him from getting his shit done, but it was quite the opposite. Both men played a part in keeping Yuuji's mind on the chosen subject at hand, keeping him engaged and interested.

And, as it turns out, Satoru wasn't bluffing when he said he was the top of his class in both highschool and college.

The ease at which he went through each problem was that of a student valedictorian– *like Megumi,* so to speak. The spiky haired college student has always been incredibly smart and has helped Yuuji in more ways than one when they used to study solo together and now Yuuji finally understands where he got his expertise in academics from.

While Satoru was good at helping Yuuji with Math and science related subjects, Suguru excelled in History and English, something that helped Yuuji a great ton. Satoru had a way with explaining things in simple terms for Yuuji to understand, but Suguru–on the other hand–went into depth, helping Yuuji get a better understanding of things.

Together, the couple was able to properly prepare Yuuji for his final exams.

By the time the three of them decided to call it a day for studying, the sun had already gone down, leaving room for the moon to shine its glory over the land of Japan. Yuuji was curled up on the far corner of the couch, a blanket draped around his body while Satoru leans against him lazily, his voice trailing off about whatever math problems Yuuji needed to look out for in his exams. Suguru is sitting dutifully next to his husband with a coffee mug in hand, steam rising and decorating the air with a cozy atmosphere. His eyes seem to observe Yuuji and Satoru from a distance, clear fascination dancing in purple irises.

Yuuji pouts, not liking the amount of distance between them and Suguru.

The college student beckons Suguru closer with a wave of his hand, making the man raise a brow in interest.

“Join us, Suguru!” Yuuji cries out, his homework and studying material brushed to the side in hopes of making enough room for Suguru to join in on their cuddling.

The older man sighs, clearly endeared by the grabby hands Yuuji keeps making at him from afar. Satoru also begins to join in, lips pushed together in a kissy face, *enticing* the man into joining them.

“We still have a few more problems to tackle—“

“Nonsense!” Satoru interrupts with a wave of his hand. “He’s accomplished a lot tonight! Let’s celebrate with a movie!”

“But we’ve barely gone over his past english assignments–”

“It’s *fineee* Suguru,” Yuuji reassures with a smile. “I’ve pretty much got english in the bag!”

“...Your last essay says otherwise–”

“ *That’s because you two kept trying to kidnap me!”* Yuuji defends, remembering that god awful night of writing on a bright laptop while constantly looking over his shoulder. “It’s hard to get any work done when your scared shitless…”

Satoru’s arms around Yuuji tighten. “Oh baby, you were a little more than *scared~”* He recalls cheekily, his head ducking down unto his lips are inches from Yuuji’s exposed neck. Satoru blows a cold puff of air behind the young man’s ear, earning a scandalized yelp from Yuuji and an annoyed *tutt* from Suguru.

“...I will watch *one* movie with you two. After that, we’re getting back to work.”

Yuuji cheers excitedly alongside Satoru as they watch the man set down his mug of coffee on the coffee table. Feigning a disgruntled look, Suguru scooches over on the couch until he’s sidled right up against Satoru. The tall white haired man releases one arm from around Yuuji, wraps it around Suguru’s shoulder, and pulls him into his lap.

Suguru and Yuuji chuckle at Satoru’s antics.

“Your legs are gonna fall asleep again, my love.”

“Who gives a fuck about my legs?” Satoru counters with a mischievous smirk.

“Satoru, *move* , I gotta grab the remote!”

“Relax, Yuuji, i’m sure Suguru will get it for us~”

“Hmph…. *fine.* ”

“YAAAAY!”

“But that means I get to pick the movie we get to watch.”

“NOOOOOOOOOO!!!”

One movie turns into two.

And then two turns into four.

And then, the next thing Yuuji knows, he’s fast asleep in Satoru’s arms with Suguru snoring softly in his lap.

Sleeping with Satoru and Suguru like this feels so goddamn right. Perfect. Unexplainably incredible.

He doesn't want this feeling to end comemorning, but he knows–deep down–that if the couple answer truthfully and promise to never leave Yuuji in the dark ever again during their dinner together, then this could become Yuuji's new reality.

The thought beckons Yuuji into a further slumber, one that has his eyelids feeling heavy, and his lips gaping open to heave out a few sounds of his own.

If everything goes as planned, then Yuuji will never have to yearn for anything ever again.

Yuuji has been using Satoru and Suguru's house as a safe haven of sorts to study. Thecouple always welcome him in with a bright smile, telling him to set everything up in the living room so they can all work together to get Yuuji prepared for finals.

Sometimes Yuuji stays longer than he knows he should, even going as far as spending the night and sleeping on their comfortable sofa with Satoru and Suguru around him, engulfing the young man in their warmth. On those days–or mornings, per say–yuuji is always an embarrassed mess, apologizing profusely for overstaying his welcome. And everytime without fail, the two reassure him that they wanted him there, that they too yearned so greatly for Yuuji that they couldn't bear to let him go.

It's perfect–this routine he's fallen into.

And, when finals week arrived, Yuuji was prepared for everything.

Yuuji had a better understanding of every assignment he was given, making him feel confident and proud whenever he handed the papers to his professors. The stress that once weighed over him like a heavy blanket disappeared in seconds with every paper he turned in, with every problem he figured out thanks to Satoru and Suguru's help, with every acknowledging nod from his professors.

His shoulders became light.

His heart was full of joy rather than anxiety.

His eyes became bright, sparkling in accomplishment.

And finally, after a couple of days of doing nothing but staring at papers, circling in or putting down answers for his teachers to see and grade, Yuuji was done with his finals.

His last test was Wednesday, leaving him two days to get ready for his upcoming date with Satoru and Suguru.

Yuuji feels like he should at least be a bit nervous, maybe anxious and jittery for what he can expect from the two men, but with all the time he's spent with the couple, he finds himself vibrating with excitement instead.

All the days Yuuji spent with them preparing for his finals, they were nothing but respectful and nice towards them, free and open with their thoughts rather than keeping everything hidden and sacred. They were finally an open book for Yuuji to predict and read, to see if he likes what he sees rather than being surprised for what's to come.

Surely they'll act the same at *Gyu-Kaku House* …right?

Yuuji hopes they will, or at the very least keep their sadistic tendencies at bay since they'll be out in the open for everyone to see, especially with Yuki Tsukumo being around. If she even gets one peek at a flash of red, then she'll be running to Chousou, telling him how bad Satoru and Suguru are for Yuuji and then all of his hardwork would be flushed down the fucking drain. But, with Suguru and Satoru somehow already knowing the lady, he hopes he doesn't have to worry about such a thing.

Satoru and Suguru may be idiots at times, but they're good at hiding their true nature.

It's with this final fact being embedded in place that Yuuji allows himself to *officially* be stress free.

“I hate to admit it, Yuuji, but you look good.”

Yuuji blinks a couple times, pitifully confused at the sudden compliment thrown at him by Nishimiya–his ex-coworker and now shopping buddy– but he smiles nonetheless, his cheeks dusting a tinge of pink.

The college student stops scanning through the nearest section of clothes, giving his attention to his small blonde headed friend.

“About time you noticed,” Yuuji says teasingly, immediately earning a scoff from the girl.

“That’s not what I mean…” she groans while pushing Yuuji aside to get a better look at the clothes before her eyes.

“So you’re not talking about my dashing looks?”

“ *Fuck no.”*

Yuuji’s shoulders fall in defeat, but hey–that's to be expected when talking to someone as blunt and cruel as Nishimiya.

“Then why would you–”

“What I mean to say is–” she takes her eyes off the clothes and switches them over at Yuuji, her expression a cross between serious and jealous. “You look like you finally have your shit together.”

…Wait, what?

Yuuji can't stop himself from gawking at his smaller friend who’s already gone back to looking at the shirts on sale.

“What–What do you mean by that?” He asks, feeling oddly exposed despite wearing one of Suguru’s thick wooly sweaters and a pair of vintage straight legged jeans. He’s more than just a little covered up with the cold front that recently blew in over Tokyo.

Why would she say that?

What the hell is going on in that head of hers?

The blonde sighs, appearing to be thoroughly put out by Yuuji's questions, but not doing anything to satiate his curiosity. She turns, a furrow evident in her brow, as she explains bluntly, "From the first day we started working together at *Kino-shitsu's* , you always looked lost, like you were waiting for someone to hold your stupid hand and guide which way to go….like a lost puppy i guess."

"A lost…puppy?"

Nishimiya hums, tilting her head with a thoughtful expression on her face before–

"Actually no, more like a lost kid at a Walmart or some shit like that."

How–how did Yuuji get downgraded to a damn kid?!

Before Yuuji can even voice out his complaints, Nishimiya cuts him off by continuing on with her explanation.

"But that confused look in your eye is gone," She states, a hint of a smile tugging upwards on her lips. "You look more…confident, sure about what you want and what you want to achieve and…" she pauses, her cheeks suddenly turning red in…what? *embarrassment* ? But why would she be–

"And I'm…*h-happy for you."*

…holy shit.

Nishimiya just said– *said that she's happy for Yuuji, that she's noticed how down Yuuji was since the moment he landed in Tokyo, that she was concerned for him and has seen the improvement done to him after meeting and finding two incredible lovers in Satoru and Suguru.*

She saw all of that, witnessed it from start to finish, and said that she's happy for him.

No fucking way.

"I'm dreaming," Yuuji concludes after a few moments of silence, more than convinced that Nishimiya would never say such a thing.

This is all just some weird dream he conjured up. The shirts on the rack aren't actually shirts, but his imagination. The comfy sweater keeping him warm and cozy isn't even there. In fact, he's probably still at Satoru and Suguru's house, cuddling up between them with a dumb smile on his face–

A punch to Yuuji's arm jolts him out of his thoughts, the pain barely there but noticeable enough to tell Yuuji that he *isn't dreaming* and yes, this is his reality.

A reality in which Nishimiya is nice to him.

Isn't he so lucky?!

“i should’ve kept my mouth shut–” Yuuji doesnt let Nishimiya finish her words. He cuts her off by hooking her arm with his and pulling out a platinum card Satoru *accidentally placed* in Yuuji’s bag.

“How do you feel about going on a shopping spree, Nishimiya?!”

The embarrassed flush disappears instantly, leaving big sparkly eyes and a big smile that nearly blinds Yuuji.

“LEAD THE WAY SUGAR DADDY!!!”

It was finally time for the long awaited date and the nerves that Yuuji thought he would never have to feel again return tenfold.

Yuuji has no idea why his anxiety decided to return at such an unprecedented time, especially with Yuuji’s date happening in just a few hours, but it has its intended effect: making yuuji’s hands clammy and sweaty, legs trembly, teeth rattling, and–worst of all–second guessing himself.

He knows better than to second guess himself after all the times he spent time with Suguru and Satoru. He knows better than to let his body turn into a fucking mess at the mere thought of sitting at the same table as the couple, with people surrounding them, trapping them together until there's no escape. Satoru and Suguru have already gotten onto Yuuji for his self-depreciating thoughts whenever he asks them if they're sure about wanting him in their house, and Yuuji knows–for a fact–that of they were to hear the thoughts circling around his head, they'd waste no time in smacking the nonsense out of him without a sliver of guilt.

Actually, that's something Yuuji definitely needs right now.

He needs to talk to someone who will be absolutely straight up with him and tell him that he's over exaggerating, that he's just making a big fuss out of nothing.

With this in mind, Yuuji takes his lazy ass body off his bed and makes his way into the main room where Junpei resides.

When Yuuji walks in, he sees the young man sitting on the sofa with a blanket wrapped tightly around his body, keeping him protected against the cold front that recently blew in. In his hands sits a steaming cup of what Yuuji assumes is hot chocolate; his roommate has been going on and on about how much he's been craving the delicious delicacy and now–with the way empty boxes of hot chocolate powder litter the kitchen counter–that eh finally indulged in his sweet tooth. The t.v. screen is lit up, playing a new movie that recently came out by the name of *Saltburn.*

Ignoring the television screen altogether, Yuuji hops onto the couch, nearly making Junpei spill his cup of hot chocolate.

“What the fuck, Yuuji?! I’m finally getting to the good part!” Junpei exclaims frustratedly despite his eyes nt leaving the television screen.

Yuuji takes a glance at the television screen to see what his friend is watching, and instantly regrets it at the scene that unfolds before his eyes.

“Holy shit is that semen?!”

“What else would it be? *Pantene Shampoo?”* Junpei mocks like it's the most normal thing in the world to watch a scene of a man drinking leftover semen out of someone else’s bath water.

“I– *This is the good part?”*

“Yeah! You see, the symbolism of–”

“Ok, i don’t need to hear the hidden meaning of someone slurping up semen like lits freshly made noodles. *I need your help.”*

Junpei’s lips pull down into a frown, his gaze still not leaving the screen.

“Can it wait till after the movie…?”

“Absolutely not.”

Junpei groans into the air, irritation flowing through his entire body as he reaches for the remote, clicks pause, and finally– *finally*– turns to look at Yuuji with dead green eyes.

“This better be good.”

“Junpei… *literally anything on earth is better than what you were fucking watching.”*

“God you just don’t understand the–”

“The hidden meaning? Sure, whatever, but seriously–I need your help.”

Finally, a serious look crosses over Junpei’s face. His entire demeanor does a full one eighty as he shifts in his spot to properly look at Yuuji, giving him his utmost undivided attention. “Ok…what’s up?”

“So…you know how I have my date with Satoru and Suguru tomorrow?”

“Yeah…what about it?”

“Well…i don’t know why, but i’m like… *really nervous about it.”*

Junpei doesn’t so much as scoff at Yuuji’s words like he expected him to do. Instead, he levels Yuuji with a look that almost washes his worries away.

“I don’t blame you for feeling nervous about it, especially with what happened last time you were on a date with those two,” Junpei states plainly, reminding the young man of the aquarium turned restaurant, the bright lights, the fish swimming within the walls *watching Yuuji* as he was being devoured by Satoru and Suguru on the dining table. “You guys might love each other, but that doesn’t dismiss the trauma they put you through.”

Yuuji balks at Junpei, surprised by his words.

“Trauma? They didn–”

“They tried kidnapping you five different times–and yes, before you interrupt me, they’re original goal of coming to the commune *was* to kidnap you–and ever since then you’ve always looked over your shoulder like a bunny looking out for a hawk.”

“I–I might still do that, but being cautious keeps people safe in a city like Tokyo!”

“Ok, yeah, I see where you're coming from, but does a normal person check their door and window locks three times before going to bed?”

“Maybe? I’m sure I'm not the only person who does that.”

“That’s not saying a lot seeing as the only people who obsess over those kinds of things are people with OCD.”

“So what?!”

“ *So what?!* They traumatized you Yuuji whether you wanna admit it or not!” Junpei exclaims loudly, his voice bouncing off the ceilings of their shared dorm.

“But–But I like it! *All of it!”* Yuuji protests. “I–I like how obsessed they are with me, how scared they make me feel, how *loved* they make me feel–”

Junpei slams a finger over his mouth, keeping Yuuji from finishing his sentence.

“Yeah, and that’s fine! It’s ok to be into that kind of stuff, but Satoru and Suguru went fucking *overboard* to the point that freaking out is your body’s natural reaction to going on a date with them!”

Yuuji opens his mouth, ready to tell Junpei off for spouting such bullshit, but he doesn’t. Words dry out on his tongue. His lips clamp shut. His eyes widened in realization that yes, while he might like what the couple did to him, that doesn’t excuse the fact that they did it at *all* . If Yuuji was anyone else, free of traumatizing memories and without a cult background, he sure as hell wouldn’t find what they did attractive…just downright terrifying and sickening.

“Fuck…I think you have a point…”

“Hell yeah i do,” Junpei says proudly than he should when talking to a distressed Yuuji. “I paid attention in psychology.”

“I can see that…”

“Now–” Junpei thrusts his hands forward and grabs Yuuji by his shoulders, pulling his body in close. “You’re gonna go on this date with them, talk to them about *boundaries,* make sure that they aren’t just fucking with you, and then–if all goes well–you go home with them and get your ass railed.”

As much as Yuuji wants to fight out of Junpei’s hold out of embarrassment, he knows deep down that he really, *really,* needs to talk to Satoru and Suguru about what they did, *why* they did it, how they can all move past this and live together happily.

“You’re right,” Yuuji sighs, letting himself relax in Junpei’s hold. “I’ll–I’ll make sure we discuss our–our boundaries and shit once we all get settled over at *Gyu-Kaku house.”*

“Good!”

Then, all of a sudden, Yuuji is being pushed off the couch.

His body rolls onto the floor rather ungracefully; his temple nearly crashes against the side of the coffee table, his eyes confused and wary, unable to tell his ups from his downs, and his hands scrambling for something to hold onto.

Finally, after getting his bearings together, Yuuji shoots up off the floor and glares at Junpei who's already got the remote in their hand, their finger pressing the play button on the small device.

" *THE FUCK WAS THAT–"*

"I helped you with your internal crisis, Yuuji, so give me and the t.v. some peace and quiet."

Oh, the urge to jump the boy right then and there is almost irresistible. He could easily just shove the young man down onto the cushions, grab his throat in his hands, and squeeze as hard as he fucking can–

"Shouldn't you be getting ready for your date with the devils instead of fantasizing about killing me?"

Ok, now this is just getting *freaky* .

"UGHHHHHHH!" Yuji cries out in frustration, but–in the end–does what Junpei says.

In a dejected like manner, Yuuji stumbles out of the main room, ignoring the little *later~* Junpei sends his way before entering their shared dorm room, and shuts the door noisily behind him. Junpei can watch his creepy as show all he wants, even if its weird a fuck.

Without much else in his way to stop Yuuji from getting ready, the college student takes a deep breath, centers himself, and makes his way to hsi closet where his bundle of clothing awaits.

8:30 Pm eventually portrays itself on Yuuji’s phone screen, telling him that it's time.

Standing in front of the restaurant in all of its bright red, yellow, and orange lights, Yuuji takes a deep breath, calming his nerves. Even though the place is pretty casual, Yuuji still felt a need to dress up for such an important occasion.

He exchanged his plain hoodie for a red sweater that drapes over his body like a warm blanket, keeping him protected from the cold breeze that sweeps across the back of Yuuji’s neck. His legs are adorned in a pair of baggy jeans, thick enough to wade off the chilly weather that threatens to turn Yuuji into a blue popsicle. And, after completing the look with a pair of new shoes he bought using Satoru’s card, he finally decided he looked good enough to leave for his date with Satoru and Suguru.

Yuuji internally sends his wishes and prayers over to Junpei before sliding the door open to the restaurant. A warm gust of air greets him at the entrance, along with a wild crowd of college students celebrating the end of their final exams. The rambunctious sounds of young men and women shouting and hollering over drinks and grilled food eventually made its way to the back of his mind as he let his gaze wander, looking over for a couple in particular.

He doesn’t find them.

The college student tries not to let this get to him though. They’re probably just running a little late or something, nothing Yuuji should be particularly worried about.

Yuuji makes his way to the podium where the hostess awaits, her fake smile adorned across red stained lips as she welcomes him into their establishment. Yuuji nods, not quite processing the words spilling from he vermouth, more focused on looking for Satoru and Suguru–

“Table for three please!” two familiar voices pipe up from behind Yuuji.

And, just with one sentence, Yuuji’s nerves are washed away.

Conversation flows easily between the three men, not a single bump or hiccup in their words to act awkward over, but hey–that’s how it's always been with Satoru and Suguru.

Why would tonight be any different?

Yuuji figured, with the heavy topic lingering on the back of their minds about their soon-to-be-established relationship, that small talk and ice breakers would make all of them fidget uneasily in their seats, trying to break the odd tension hanging over them like a dark cloud.

But none of that happens.

The couple immediately take the lead; guiding Yuuji to a booth in the far corner of the restaurant, near a t.v. monitor in case the conversation dulled, with bright smiles and excited chatter. Suguru immediately complained about how long Satoru took to get ready and Satoru, in jest, made a big deal about how many times Suguru got lost while trying to get to this specific restaurant. The anticipation nestled restlessly beneath Yuuji's bones simmered down immediately upon their light hearted jokes. Eventually, after sitting down and ordering the many pieces of meat and vegetables to grill, Yuuji gave into the light atmosphere and told them about how well the finals went. Suguru and Satoru congratulate him, even going as far as to offer Yuuji shots, but Yuuji shook his head no at the gesture. As nice as it was for them to offer that, Yuuji would like to have a clear mind when he gets around to talking to Suguru and Satoru about boundaries and what not.

And, right now, the three men are engaging in a competition of their own making: who can create the best Yakiniku the fastest.

Yuuji has taken to watching his meat like a hawk, Satoru is carelessly flipping the piece of small meat, and Suguru who’s taken to nudging the meat around the net, his attention more focused on the fried rice beside him.

“If I win this, you two have to take me on a trip to the states!” Yuuji declares, completely out of nowhere, but finds that it's necessary to shock the two men into another conversation.

“Sounds fun,” Suguru comments, his purple eyes watching his fried rice with utmost attention. You’d think he was staring at a precious artifact with how intense his gaze is. “We have a condo in New York city we could spend our time in…or, if you prefer, we could go to L.A. instead.”

Yuuji sighs, upset that he’s not taking the challenge as seriously as he would’ve liked.

“Oh c'mon! You’re supposed to be like ‘ *no way, I’m never gonna let that happen because my well hung meat is gonna be the best!’* Yuuji teases, making the long haired man beside him groan out in irritation. From Yuuji’s other side, Satoru cackles like a hyena.

“Ok, your little joke is starting to get old fast, dear.”

“Like hell it is!” Satoru states, coming to yuuji’s defense in a heartbeat. “It’s the greatest shit I've heard since Haibara called Suguru an ass licking monkey!”

“Notice how both jokes are extremely childish?”

“Notice how both jokes are fucking hilarious?”

“Notice how both of your meats are turning into char?”

“Huh? What are you–SHIT!” Suguru shouts, his eyes finally dancing away from the fried rice to the meat on the net and–lo and behold–the bottom side of both Satoru and Suguru’s meats have been completely ruined, overcooked and inedible.

And, in that short time it takes Suguru to take both meats off the grill to keep them from actually being set on fire, Satoru reaches over Yuuji and staches up a few big pieces of fried rice.

“Damnit Satoru! The fuck did I say about you stealing my rice?!”

Ah, so that's why Suguru was keeping a close eye on it.

“Do it when you least expect it?”

“Don't do it, *period.* ”

“Ah, I must not have heard correctly,” Satoru teases all the while stuffing the piece of rice in his mouth without a care in the world.

Suguru sighs, completely at a loss at his husband’s mischievousness, but doesn't make a move to berate him further. Instead, Suguru turns in his seat and grabs a napkin, wiping up the stray pieces of rice that fell off of Satoru’s chopsticks, dirtying their table.

Yuuji watches, absolutely endeared by this amazing couple sitting on either side of him.

They’re both so mischievous, yet balance eachother out so nicely, like tasting something with the right amount of sweetness and sourness. It’s the definition of perfect, enamouring Yuuji's taste buds, leaving him craving for more, and more, *and more.* And that’s the thing, Yuuji *can* have as much as he wants, but will it be good for him in the long run?

That’s what he needs to figure out tonight.

As wonderful as it is to converse between each other, acting like nothing else is amiss, Yuuji knows that he must be the one to bring their situation to light: the real reason they’re here, sitting together and eating delicious food while enjoying each other's company.

Yuuji clears his throat, drawing both of their undivided attention to the younger man.

“I’d love to keep acting like everything is normal between all of us…but I think we need to start having our um… *serious discussion* ,” Yuuji mumbles, the words tangling down his tongue ungracefully, nerves causing knots in his belly to form. His guts feel queasy. His head is light and fuzzy. Hands, clammy and sweaty, unable to pick up his chopsticks without dropping them clumsily onto the table–

The atmosphere around them changes in the blink of an eye.

The sound of a pair of chopsticks meeting the surface of the table makes Yuuji jump, painfully reminding him who exactly he’s sitting with and what both of them are capable of.

What if they decide to do something to Yuuji right here in front of everyone at the restaurant?

What if they decide they don't like the idea of having witnesses and pull out a gun, killing everyone in sight?

What if–?

A pair of hands rest comfortingly along Yuuji's shoulders, drawing him away from his impending panic attack.

"Dear, relax, everything is ok," Suguru whispers into Yuuji's ear, easing the young man's rapidly beating heart.

Satoru comforts him in much the same way–his grip on Yuuji's shoulder tightening with care, grounding him to reality-- *this reality,* one where Yuuji is finally in control of something.

"Talk to us baby–we're here for you whether you like it or not," Satoru teases lightly, his tone mischievous, but still holding an air of care to it that makes the tension in Yuuji's shoulders disappear.

"S-Sorry, I don't–" Yuuji pauses, attempting to get his thoughts in order before continuing. "No i…sorry, let me start from the beginning," Yuuji says quietly, his voice still somehow being heard and acknowledged amongst the loud chatter resonating throughout the restaurant,

"Take all the time you need," Suguru says softly, his voice wrapping around Yuuji in fabrics stitched with love and desire, making yuuji's insides feel warm and fuzzy.

“We have all night, baby, we’re not in any kind of rush,” Satoru adds on with a chaste kiss to Yuuji’s clothed shoulder. The warm touch is fleeting, barely there and hardly felt through the fabric of Yuuji’s wool sweater, but he still feels it, the warm sensation of glossy lips given to the young man. The knots within Yuuji’s guts begin to untie themselves, letting loose his true feelings, ridding himself of the anxiety that plagues his mind.

Yuuji inhales sharply, counts to ten, reminds himself that nothing bad will happen, and opens his mouth, spilling every little thing that runs circles through his mind.

He confesses to the terror he still feels from being around them, knowing damn well that they will no longer attack him.

He admits to liking the thrill of being chased, but hating the fact that it turned him into a person who checks his locks more than twice a day.

He goes into detail about how much their kidnapping attempts affected him–from making him aroused to downright petrified–and how feeling such a way made him feel inferior to Satoru and Suguru, like he was never quite on equal grounding with them.

He expresses concern of feeling constantly trapped, never seeming to have choice in any matter that crossed his path, feeling utterly hopeless and weak.

And Satoru and Suguru listen closely, never interrupting Yuuji and his long, *long* list of shit that’s been going through his head.

“I–I enjoyed most of what you two did to me…but sometimes you two took it way too far,” Yuuji states firmly, his brown eyes never leaving the brown table in front of him–the food brushed off to the side and long forgotten in favor of something more important: creating a stable relationship with Satoru and Suguru. “I just–I need to make sure that I can really trust you guys again…that I can be in a relationship with the both of you without fearing for my life,” He finishes up, pretty much getting out everything he wanted to say, to the two men.

When he looks up and gauges the couple's expressions, Yuuji’s a little surprised to find himself looking at two thoughtful faces, as if they too are considering the consequences of their actions.

Satoru’s the first one to speak through the stretching silence.

“Me and Suguru have always had trouble expressing our love,” Satoru begins, his voice sounding nostalgic like he’s reminiscing on some memories he thought to be lost to the passage of time. “We grew up in…less than happy households, were closed off from feeling the stereotypical kind of love parents give to their children…so when we finally met each other and found that we never wanted to be parted from each other we…turned violent.”

Yuuji’s eyes widen, shocked to find that he’s actually getting an explanation for their violent tendencies.

Suguru nods along to Satoru, his eyes downcast and guilty. “Our depiction of love was twisted and toxic and every aspect and we *knew that,* but it worked for us so we chose to ignore it,” Suguru tacks on, his eyes still refusing to look Yuuji in the eye. “But then…but then you came along and we were forced with an obstacle we had no experience with surpassing.”

“We did the only thing we were familiar with in order to make you fall for us. We– *fuck*– we were so goddamn blind to the way our actions affected you. We only ever cared about

having you in our arms, never your well-being. It was…damn, saying it was shitty of us is a fucking understatement," Satoru heaves out, his voice pained and ragged to Yuuji's ears.

"Obviously," Suguru sighs out. Finally *, finally,* purple irises move to look Yuuji in the eye, not leaving his face as he says, "I promise, from here on out, we will never force you to do something you never want to do. If you never wish to be in a relationship with us, we will respect your decision, if you *do* wish to keep seeing us, then we promise to abide by your rules and to never cross them… *without permission* ."

Satoru reaches over Yuuji and smacks his husband in the back of the head. " *The fuck did Yuuji just say about boundaries!!! And you say I'm the reckless one–"*

"I'm just putting that in there for Yuuji's benefit!!! After all, he *did* to some degree enjoy what we did to him. So long as everything is consensual and safe then–"

"Alright, that's enough," Yuuji interrupts the two, having heard all he needed to hear from the men. "I–Thank you guys for owning up to your mistakes and promising me to do better… it seriously means a lot," he praises, his heart feeling so full and so warm that, for a second, Yuuji's convinced it might erupt and explode like a burning volcano, covering the restaurant in his warm magma-like love.

"And…I wish to be with you two…as a lover and an equal. My…the love I have for you two bastards is just as twisted and sickening as yours and–and I want to embrace it…relish in it, even."

Yuuji's whole world seems to stop when the words leave his mouth.

His ears feel like they're muffled with cotton.

His voice feels awfully dry despite having drank more than enough water earlier to keep his tongue sated.

His hands are back to trembling and shaking and–

“I–I mean, you know, *safely, of course!”* Yuuji adds on, his nerves practically sky-rocketing through the clouds. “I don't want you two putting me in a hospital again or–or drugging me without my consent, or–”

Two strong arms wrap themselves around Yuuji, stopping his long useless rambling that means absolutely nothing when he’s in the embrace of the two most important men in Yuuji’s life.

Yuuji doesn’t waste a single second to melt in their arms, a content sigh leaving his red bitten lips. His entire soul feels like it's ascending, being lifted and held carefully by warm hands. The hands are warm and can be scorching hot at times, but Yuuji will withstand any temperature they throw his way so long as they don’t burn him alive.

“Ah, *finally, you’re ours!!!”* Satoru sings happily, his lips brushing up against the shell of Yuuji’s ear. “This is *soooo* worth the wait!”

“Quiet Satoru, you’re ruining the moment.”

“ *‘Ruining the moment?’* I'm just saying what’s on everybody’s mind!”

Yuuji can [practically hear suguru's eyes roll to the back of his head in annoyance, but deep down, Yuuji and Satoru know that there's nothing they can do to *truly* get on suguru's nerves.

"Ok so…this means we're all dating then?" Yuuji asks with a blush spreading wildly across his face, more so out of embarrassment. He knows deep down it's a silly question to ask at this very moment, especially with the many love confessions that's been thrown his way, but he just needs to make sure there isn't any miscommunication.

The airs of Yuuji's nape stand on end when Suguru chuckles–the hot air sending a thrilling chill down the young man's spine.

"Of course it does," Suguru states with the utmost confidence in the world. "Granted, we will have to pull a few strings to get you married to the two of us, but we've got all the time in the world before that matter needs to be discussed."

Yuuji's face *explodes.*

"M-Married?!" Yuuji shouts, right as Satoru cackles joyfully into his ear. "But that's–isn't it a little too soon to be talking about marriage?!"

"Not at all!" Satoru answers without a care in the world, as if the three of them didn't just become an official *couple.*

Or throuple, whatever way you wanna look at it.

Yuuji groans, this time more out of endearment than irritation.

“You two sure love to rush things…” Yuuji breathes out while all too aware of the cutting grins thrown his way by both directions, trapping him in curled lips and shiny teeth.

“You only live once baby~” Satoru cooes teasingly, his hands roaming from Yuuji’s shoulders to his hips. The young man does nothing to stop the older man as he grabs his hip bones in a vice grip, one that almost makes Yuuji wince from the nails cutting into his skin through the thick fabric of his sweater. “And when we need something, we get it, no questions asked, no quarrel, and–”

“I dunno about that Satoru,” Suguru pipes up, ending his husband's lulling speech. “To say Yuuji put up a fight would be an understatement…”

Yuuji can’t help but laugh to himself when he feels the two men shiver involuntarily.

“Ugh…who would’ve thought our third would be such a little pest~?” Satoru purrs both to Yuuji and Suguru. The young man’s heart flutters at his deep tone, and–with the way his long fingers are massaging and kneading the skin and muscle around his hips–Yuuji feels like he might pass out. “Did you really have to kick me in the balls, baby? That’s no man’s land in a fight, everyone knows that!”

Yuuji turns his head to shoot the white haired man a half-hearted glare, his mind going back to that fateful evening where Yuuji barely managed to escape the husbands by kneeing Satoru in the dick.

“It isn’t no man’s land when you’re being jumped by the two people you trust the most,” Yuuji shoots back while letting his head loll forward, almost knocking roughly against Satoru’s dark tinted sunglasses. The grin on his face reaches ear to ear upon watching the pupils in Satoru’s ethereal otherworldly eyes dilate, almost consuming the bright blues in darknessYuuji himself has invoked.

Yuuji brings his hand up to satoru’s face, his thumb rubbing idly along the bottom of his glossy lips. Curious, seeing what else he can get away with, Yuuji pushes satoru’s bottom lip down, revealing an array of pearly white teeth that can smile as brightly as he can bite. He can feel the skin beneath his palms warming up, a pretty pink color dusting seductively over Satoru’s nose, a soft breathless sigh escaping the man as Yuuji pushes his thumb in deeper until he’s forcing the man’s jaw open.

The young man can feel his own face flush with the amount of trust and power given to him at this very moment. Save for the curious hands encircling Yuuji's waist, Satoru has yet to actually lay a sensual hand on him, same for Suguru.

How long will it take for them to snap?

How long before they decide enough is enough and they take what's rightfully there’s?

How long before the men before him forgo all sense and reason to ravage Yuuji whole?

These questions cause a pleasurable warmth to travel south, building up obscenely in his groin as if to say ‘ *yeah, this is what i want, this is what i crave more than anything.’*

And Yuuji can't help but grudgingly agree with his horny ass dick.

How lovely.

He's actually thinking with his dick rather than his head.

"And you–" Yuuji interrupts while turning his head to properly face Suguru. With his other hand, he does the same thing to Suguru that he did to Satoru: framing the older man's sculpted face with the palm of his hand, his thumb roaming teasingly along his bottom lip, making the man before him open up, making him bare his neck to Yuuji, making him submit when every fiber in his body is screaming to dominant. "You're just as cruel as your terror of a husband," Yuuji whispers in the small space between them–truly taking the time to map out his teeth and tongue.

Suguru doesn't say a word. Instead, he nods, his purple eyes leering down at Yuuji, picking apart the younger man with his gaze alone.

What kind of images are flying before Suguru's eyes?

What kind of dirty thoughts are running rampant through his mind?

What kind of god awful things is he wanting to do to Yuuji right now at this very moment?

The young college student is left to wonder in silence seeing as neither men are willing to speak, not with the young man's fingers grazing curiously and flirtatiously over their salivating lips.

As much as Yuuji wants to keep torturing them, teasing and toying with them until they snap, Yuuji finds that the restaurant they're in is no place for such a scene. If he wants his bones to be jumped by Satoru and Suguru then they're gonna do it at their house, *away* from prying eyes. Yuuji would literally die of embarrassment if anyone were to see them in such a compromising position and–with Suguru and Satoru being such prominent figures in Japan– he'd hate for some distasteful rumors to start spreading about the two lovely, sinister husbands.

With great reluctance, Yuuji draws both hands away from their faces, allowing the tips of his fingers to skim along the warm skin of their finely cut jaws that house dozens of sharp dangerous teeth, the adam apples of their throats, jumping excitedly beneath his touch, their exposed collar bones that lead to bulging muscles that can force Yuuji down and force him into any position they desire. The boiling heat within his body nearly overflows with the images surfacing to the front of his mind, nearly making him drool and moan in pure ecstasy. He doesn't, of course. He'd rather die than make a fool of himself in public, especially his soon-to-be sister-in-law's restaurant.

Bringing his hands back to the table before them, Yuuji moves his gaze back to the piece of meat he was grilling previously. Unlike Satoru and Suguru's, his small piece of yakiniku has yet to succumb to the burning flames of the skillet, still nicely roasted without the telltale signs of suffocating smoke. He takes the piece of meat off the skillet and places it on his plate, his gaze not bothering to move to either Suguru or Satoru despite feeling their eyes boring into the sides of his head.

Not a single word leaves their lips when they watch Yuuji demolish the piece of meat he took his precious time grilling.

They don't make a move toward Yuuji when he sighs in contentment, full and ready to leave.

Not even a whisper slips past their lips when they gesture for the bill, paying for their meal and *lovely experience with a jaw dropping tip,* their eyes still staring at Yuuji in wonder, with lust, with complete utter fascination that makes the many bones of yuuji's spine tingle excitedly.

The tension that surrounds the three of them can be easily compared to a heavy cloud of rain, ready to pour and ruin them should the moment arise. A heated storm swarms above them, ready to lash out and consume, to ruin, to pick apart each other with greedy hands and hungry mouths.

Yuuji was never afraid of thunder or lightning or the big heavy clouds that held the dangerous elements up with the dark damning sky. Instead, he found it comforting and beautiful and now, with teh storm returning with a fierceness that nearly topples Yuuji over with *need* , he finds it enchanting. Thrilling. *Incredible.*

Deciding to ignore the storm hanging over their heads, ready to strike them down with electrifying lust, Yuuji turns his attention back to Satoru and Suguru who are still silent, *waiting* for Yuuji to make the call, to seal his own fate by handing himself over to the monsters den.

And Yuuji bares his neck, ready to be devoured.

"May I spend the night with you two?"

Yuuji hands his heart over to the men without a second thought, more than ready for them to tear it apart and put it back together.

Yuuji has never felt so nervous in his entire life.

It’s odd, especially with everything he’s experienced up until now and it's *this* that takes the trophy for *Yuuji’s most heart wrenching moments!* Somehow, in some way, Yuuji’s soon to be romantic night with Satoru and Suguru is what causes Yuuji’s nerves to hardwire themselves into knots and electrifying sparks. Sure, he was familiar with the anticipation that settled deep in his stomach, waiting for his life to be flipped, turned inside out forever until the end of time, but to feel it to *this extent* makes Yuuji want to throw up rather than throw himself into the two older men’s arms.

The ride back to Satoru and Suguru’s place was a calm one, full of light hearted chatting and teasing remarks, but beneath the playful jabs and sly smiles was an undertone of ever consuming lust that Yuuji himself is absolutely entranced and *terrified* by. As wonderful as the cloud of hunger is to yuuji’s own senses, he finds himself afraid of the electrifying strikes that will welt and harm his skin upon contact.

But it's the pain that he finds himself yearning for, the thrill of being on the very edge of a cliff only to be pulled back to somewhere safe and sound. The adrenaline that rushes through one's veins while being chased or craved by a dangerous beast, the satisfaction of submitting to that same beast so they tear your throat out into your nothing but a pile of mush and meat on the floor, to be consumed and a part of someone who’s animalistic needs chose *you* as the victim rather than someone else.

These carnal, less than innocent thoughts of his, lands Yuuji into a state of complete silence the entire ride back to his lovers’ house.

Yes, he might've made a mistake by making such a bold move on both Suguru and Satoru, but does he regret making his desire so cut clean and clear to them? No, not one bit. He needs to let them both know how much he needs them, desires them to be his one and only. Yuuji needs them to know how much they mean to him, that only they are able to draw such possessiveness and longing from his big ever beating heart.

These anxious thoughts of his don't slow down in the slightest, not even when Satoru pulls the car up into their driveway.

Yuuji stays quiet and obedient as he's carefully guided out of the car by Suguru's warm hand.

He doesn't say a word as Suguru and Satoru chat amongst themselves behind Yuuji, as if their mere presence behind him isn't taking up every spot in Yuuji's mind.

And, when they enter the house, lock the door behind them, leaving the three adults alone and away from curious eyes, Yuuji braces himself, ready to be swept off his feet by the two men, dragged into their room without a fight, greedy teeth and traveling mouths attacking each other with yearning–

But none of that happens.

Instead of being rammed against the wall and attacked by an onslaught of plush lips, Yuuji turns around and is met with the sight of both husbands smiling down at him like he hung the stars in the sky.

“How do you feel about spending the weekend with us, Yuuji?” Satoru asks while usheringYyuuji deeper into their house, his arm slung lazily over the younger man’s shoulder. The warmth of his arm seeps into yuuji’s skin, reminding him who exactly Satoru is and what the man himself is capable of. The white haired man could easily pin him against the wall, kiss him without as much of a fight, and grab him by the neck, springing pitiful whimpers from yuuji’s lips…

But instead, he decides to hang off of Yuuji, choosing to be ignorant of the sexual tension in the air.

“That–that sounds wonderful…”

“Splendid!” Suguru exclaims from the other side of Yuuji, his face appearing jovial and gleeful in the young man’s peripheral vision. Yuuji turns to Suguru, forcing himself to sport a smile of his own as he nods along to whatever is spilling from the man’s mouth. “We actually planned to go on a road trip this weekend! Having you join us is simply the cherry on top!” he states with a twinkle in his purple eyes.

A… *road trip?*

Even Suguru, who is just as guilty as his husband when it comes to acting first and thinking later, seems to find the suspense in the air more fun to play with than going with the flow of nature aka, tearing *yuuji’s clothes off.*

…what the hell are these two planning?

“A road trip, huh? Where to?”

“To *Nagasaki,”* Satoru answers, the words slipping easily into yuuji’s ear. “Our friend Shoko said the hot springs over there this time of year are nothing short of *relaxing!”*

Yuuji watches with quiet suspicion as Suguru takes the lead, gesturing for both Yuuji and Satoru to follow him through the hallways.

They pass by the living room.

And the grand kitchen.

And the amazing dining room Yuuji has had the pleasure of eating at *twice.*

And down the halls of which Yuuji was dragged through during his first visit under an unknown drug.

And–

They stop in front of a door that’s right beside the one that leads to Satoru and Suguru’s bedroom.

“This–” Suguru gestures with a wave of his hand, “will be *your* room for as long as you intend to stay with us.”

Yuuji gawks at Suguru, and then at Satoru who's clinging onto Yuuji, face impassive and watchful, then to the door that's *supposed* to be Yuuji's.

The college student blinks, feeling every ounce of anticipation inside him die away, leaving nothing but disappointment in its wake.

...what?

...are they…not going to do anything with him tonight?

The answer to that very same question comes as fast as it appears in the form of a smiling Suguru, *seemingly oblivious* to the torment he's still inflicting onto Yuuji.

"We'll be in the next room over if you need anything!" Suguru states plainly with a beautiful smile that shows every pearly white tooth of his.

Yuuji fights the urge to clock his jaw a second time and nods numbly, not letting any words slip past his lips in case he says something he can't take back.

He doesn't want to come off as some desperate slut but…shit, Yuuji didn't imagine the hungry look in their eyes at the restaurant, right? It was definitely there, making a home for itself among pretty blue and purple eyes. It…wasn't just his imagination. Their slack jaws, the copious amount of saliva that poured onto yuuji's finger tips, begging to be given something to chew on to satiate the need in their stomachs–all of that happened, *he knows it did.*

So why in the world are they refusing to give themselves to Yuuji?

It just– *it doesn't make sense–!*

"Yuuji? Is everything ok?" Satoru asks, his body moving away from Yuuji until he's no longer slumped lazily along his shoulder. The cold that hits Yuuji can almost be compared to being buried beneath a pile of snow–cold and inescapable. "Did we say something to–"

"No, everything is fine," Yuuji interrupts, the smile on his face feeling strained. His smile is so obviously fake, even a child could tell, yet when he turns to the couple waiting patiently behind him, all they do is quirk their brows up in interest.

What kind of game are you playing here?

Yuuji allows his face to relax more so he can send the two of them a more natural smile, one that fits nicely along the seam of his lips. "Thank you for everything…i–i promise to be a capable and dutiful lover to the two of you!" Yuuji says, his face heating up at the declaration that left his own lips.

Satoru and Suguru jolt, taken off guard by Yuuji's words. They quickly regain their composure, faces adorning a look of complete fascination. Before Yuuji can even blink, the two men are reaching forward and wrapping Yuuji in their warm comfortable arms.

Yuuji's breath hitches at the feeling of strong muscular limbs entangling themselves around his body; stroking sensually down his back, rubbing comfortingly in the space between yuuji's shoulder blades, tightening around his waist and pulling his hips in close until his

entire body is flush with theirs. It takes everything in Yuuji not to throw his head back and moan, to let the men before him maneuver him in any way they like, to give them complete control over him as he just stands there, taking anything they're willing to give him.

Two soft pressures on either side of Yuuji's face makes his cheek light up with a red fury. Their lips against his skin feels magnetic, addictive, *magical.*

Yuuji wants more.

Two child-like kisses on his cheeks isn't enough.

He needs more–

But they pull away, leaving just enough space for Yuuji to scramble free from their grasp should he choose to.

Yuuji looks up at both men, baffled by the sudden loss of the warmth that once engulfed his entire being, threatening to swallow him up.

What the hell, what the hell, what the–

"And we promise to love you–"

“And to cherish and care for until death is knocking on our door,” Satoru finishes, his eyes more narrow than usual, holding a hint of darkness that Yuuji has slowly become familiar with.

“Don’t hesitate to knock on our door if you need anything Yuuji, ok?” Suguru emphasizes, his dark purple eyes holding the same mischievous glint as his husband.

Yuuji feels like he’s missing something, like a piece of a puzzle that's hiding in plain sight.

So, being none the wiser, Yuuji curls his lips up into a sickening smile, taking the affection he was given and locking it away in his heart to fantasize and dream about later.

“Goodnight baby,” Satoru whispers softly before releasing his grip on Yuuji’s hips. Suguru’s hands follow him shortly, leaving Yuuji's body devoid of their tantalizing touch.

“Goodnight *my loves’...* ” Yuuji whispers back into the empty space between them.

With narrowed honey brown eyes, begging them to stay, to ravage him and devour him with sharp teeth, Yuuji watches the couple enter their room, closing the door behind them.

But, one thing that stays in Yuuji’s mind is the tempting view of the door being cracked open, almost beckoning Yuuji in like a secret invitation.

Rather than giving into his greatest desire, Yuuji turns on his heel and enters his own room trying to push the image of the cracked door out of his mind for good.

The room he's assigned by both Suguru and Satoru is filled with an elegant sized bed, a fancy vanity, a large t.v., and–lastly–items of Yuuji's that he hadn't known he had lost.

Along the comforter of the bed sits Yuuji's red hoodie–the one he wore on his first day to college, to Suguru's class. He forgot about the pair of clothing after Yuuji befriended Nobara and Mai and they introduced him to a new array of clothes.

There's also a few shirts here and there, an old pair of sneakers, a stuffed animal or two, and–

And a pair of boxers, one that Yuuji vaguely remembers masterbaiting in on one of the first nights he thought he was truly alone in his dorm room.

As it turns out, *he wasn't.*

Yuuji carefully picks up the blue pair of spandex boxers, his face nearly on fire by the discovery and dirtiness of the situation before him. Hell, the cum stains from before are *still there,* right in the crotch area, for everyone to see. Yuuji drops the piece of clothing with a scandalized gasp, his hand–the one he used to pick up the boxers–is closely drawn to his chest as if burned by the offending fabric.

Yuuji knew the two snuck into his dorm room when he wasn't aware, he knew they were capable of doing something so–so inappropriate, but to actually see the real thing before his eyes is a whole new thing, one that sends a burning heat traveling to his ever aching groin.

And still, after sending him in here to discover all of his missing items, even a pair of cum stained boxers, they still refuse to lay an actual hand on Yuuji?!

THIS IS RIDICULOUS!!!

The college student wants nothing more than to strip out of his clothes, pump a hand around his weeping cock out of frustration and moan loudly, just to irritate the couple next door, but his eyes travel to a door on the other side of the room, drawing his attention away from his straining dick.

Grumpily crossing the room, needing some kind of release but still overwhelmingly curious, Yuuji opens the door and finds himself staring into a large bathroom. The walls are shiny and sparkly, untouched by anything that isn't just clorox. One side of the wall is taken over by a large glass mirror, reflecting the large bathtub and glass shower enclosure with buttons and switches on the inside of the glass. In the corner of the room sits the toilet, all shining and twinkling like everything else in the damn room. And, of course, on the bathroom counter in front of the large encompassing mirrors, lay multiple fluffy towels that look softer than any blanket he's draped over his body.

Not really knowing what else to really do with himself knowing that he probably isn't gonna have sex with either Suguru or Satoru tonight, Yuuji strips himself in a slow manner,

wishing, i *magining* it to be one of his lovers dressing himself rather than him doing it himself. Once he's completely naked, Yuuji takes the pile of dirty clothes and places it carefully on the bathroom counter right next to the pile of fluffy towels. Yuuji glares at the offending piece of material as if it had personally attacked and slaughtered each and every single one of his family members.

He reaches out with an aggravated hand and feels the texture and–yup, it's softer than he ever imagined it to be.

So the tw bastards can send him into a room full of his old shit, give him a bathroom with fluffy towels, and still *somehow* refuse to have sex with him? Talk about annoying…

Yuuji groans frustratedly to himself when he walks towards the glass enclosure, his brown eyes drawn to the switches on the wall like a moth to the flame. When he steps inside the small space and closes the glass doors, he immediately flinches at the cold tiles beneath his feet. He pretends to ignore the shiver that racks up and down his spine as he reaches for the switches–

A spray of cold water washes over him from head to toe, scaring the absolute shit out of him.

He squeals, completely taken off guard by the cool temperature, and immediately moves his hand to the other switch with lightning-like speed.

In seconds, he's being engulfed by warm water.

It's hard to tell if the sign that leaves his lips is from frustration or contentment, but he allows it to happen either way.

He hangs his head, hands bracing the wall of the shower, as watches with droopy tired eyes as droplets of warm run down his tan skin, traveling south and–

His eyes catch sight of his hard-on, not showing any signs of flagging anytime soon.

Yuuji's forehead hits the wall lightly, his mind slowly spiraling out of control the longer he's away form Suguru and Satoru.

He's missing something–something obvious.

Why else would they refuse to have sex with him after everything that's happened?

Why else would they willingly lead Yuuji into a room with his old belongings, some of which still have his cum on them?

And why, oh why, would they leave their door cracked open?

These two men are far from a stupid. Everything they do, they do for a reason. Nothing is a coincidence as much as Yuuji wants to say that it is. They're sinister, meticulous, and manipulate things into going their way in a roundabout way that makes Yuuji want to tear his own skull in two.

They obviously want him, no, *need him*– that they've clarified on more than one occasion.

So, if they need him, then why don't they just *take him?*

What's stopping them from dragging Yuuji into their room and fucking him stupid?

What's–

Oh.

Yuuji's eyes widened, realization hitting him all at once like a lightning bolt.

Satoru and Suguru have truly, *truly,* given Yuuji full control of what happens from here on out.

This is their way of apologizing, of showing that Yuuji has a place with them and isn't just some ragdoll for them to play with when they get bored.

Even with the need so heavy and dripping from their eyes, they still refused to touch Yuuji as a sign of respect.

Yuuji quickly comes to a decision, one that makes his face heat up like a campfire, but one that must be done if he actually wants to get laid tonight.

If Yuuji wants anything to happen tonight, then he has to be the one to initiate it.

Ok, to be completely honest with oneself, Yuuji doesn't have much of a plan.

Well, he *does* have a plan, but a shitty one that–if told aloud–would make the ghosts in the room cackle out of either glee or embarrassment.

And what's this glorious idea of his?

Barging into their room with nothing but a fluffy wrapped tightly around his waist and hoping that *maybe* one of them will rise to the bait. Ok, he might try his hand at seduction and seducing, but other than that, Yuuji has nothing else planned. He's just kinda hoping that fate will be on his side and that Satoru and Suguru wil take the obvious, blunt, bold hint for what it is.

After roaming his hands over the fluffy white towel for what must be the hundredth time (he just can't seem to get over how soft it is…just who the hell owns towels that are softer

than a pair of blankets?!), Yuuji takes a deep breath and leaves his room, not caring about the loud creak that follows him after closing the door.

Taking a swift peek over to the room next to him, he sees that the obvious crack in the door is still there, inviting Yuuji in with its ominous glow.

Before he can even think about talking himself out of his ruthless, idiotic, stupid decision, Yuuji peeks inside the room, only allowing his face and wet head of hair to be seen.

Upon peering inside the room, he finds that neither Satoru or Suguru have gone to sleep.

Satoru's curled up next to his husband on the bed while Suguru is in the middle of a phone call, a serious one at that if the sober expression on his face is anything to go by.

Yuuji's presence is instantly known as each husband whips their head in Yuuji's direction. Both of them send Yuuji a smile, one that's full of its usual greed and lust, and Yuuji eats it all up like a starving child. He basks in it, coats himself in the emotions it stirs from within his soul, and sighs out of pure bliss.

"Need help with anything, baby?" Satoru whispers, his voice barely carrying over to the other side of the room, but Yuuji picks it up regardless.

"Not really…" Yuuji heaves out softly, feigning spout, as he lets the door open wider, allowing his half naked form to be revealed to the couple before him. "I'm just feeling a little lonely, Satoru…Do you mind if I spend some time here with you two?" He asks, all too aware of the way Satoru and Suguru's eyes hungrily take him in. Yuuji lets his body lean up against the doorframe, his hip popping out in a way that he hopes looks attractive, and that instantly earns him a pair of dropped jaws.

Hell, he even managed to distract Suguru from his so-called important phone call.

"Aw, I'm sorry we made you feel lonely baby…" Satoru apologizes–the sympathy that would've been heard in his voice is replaced with complete, utter *lust.* "Let me make it up to you, my sweet boy~" The white haired man beckons Yuuji over with a wave of his hands, blue eyes turning darker with every second that passes.

"You promise to make me feel good, *daddy?"* Yuuji asks while taking a hesitant step towards Satoru and his husband.

Yuuji observes with a smirk as Suguru's eyes widen at the nickname that fell from his lips, but he doesn't hang up the phone. Oh no, he stays on the call while purple eyes stare a hole into Yuuji's exposed, wet, *glistening* skin.

"I promise, baby boy…now come over here and get in daddy's arms~"

Yuuji doesnt think twice after that.

In just a couple of strides, Yuuji is by satoru's side, lifting his leg up to crawl into the man's lap. As he ascends onto the bed, the towel around his waist keeping his goods hidden from his two lovers, falls away, sliding off his body and hitting the floor with a satisfying thud.

Satoru's hands *immediately* reach for Yuuji, pupils completely blown with lust as Yuuji giggles, letting his body be moved up into the older man's lap.

The white haired man's hands fall around his hips and *pull,* bring yuuji's body completely flush with satoru's. The quick movement catches Yuuji off guard for a second, somehow forgetting how fast and strong the man beneath him truly is, before giving into his instincts and wrapping his arms around the man's neck, closing what's left of the small distance between them. When Yuuji's body moves, his exposed ass grinds up against something poking up from Satoru's jeans.

It doesn't take a genius to figure out what that feeling is.

Yuuji smirks at the feeling of Satoru's large erection and grinds down, pulling a ragged moan from the older man's lips. The younger man's gaze falls upon Satoru's, loving the way his lips form a beautiful *oh* shape, the roll of his glistening blue eyes, and *god,* his exposed neck is so enticing to look at. Yuuji lets his face hover closely against Satoru's enough to where their lips are brushing sensually against each other, but not quite enough to call it a kiss.

"S-Stop baby this isn't–"

Yuuji silences him by taking his lower lip in his teeth and biting down.

Hard.

A sharp inhale is drawn from Satoru, the grip around Yuuji's hips tighten, and he continues to grind down on the older man's boner, no matter what he has to say.

“This is what you want, isn’t it?” Yuuji mumbles against Satoru’s lips, his brown eyes looking down into azure shimmering pools of water. “So why are you complaining? Am I not *doing it right?”* he says this while rotating his hips around Satoru’s erection, earning himself a loud groan.

“Oh baby, you’re absolutely perfect…” Satoru sighs, his hands traveling up from Yuuji’s hips to his lower abs. Fingers splay possessively across the tan skin, but they don’t stop there. They travel up past the lines of Yuuji’s ribs and reach up until they land perfectly along Yuuji’s pecs. A surprised gasp is stolen from Yuuji’s lips as cold fingers tweak and pinch his pink nubs. Yuuji throws his head back, the pleasure sinking deep into his groin, as he moans loudly into the air, his grasp around Satoru’s neck loosening.

“B-But…?”

Yuuji catches a devious smirk spread across Satoru’s lips, one that causes the heat in Yuuji’s core to intensify.

What happens next is a blur.

One moment he’s straddling Satoru’s lap, rubbing his ass up and down the man’s large, mouth watering erection, and the next he’s on his back, looking up at a dangerous sea that threatens to drown Yuuji in possessive waves.

“But daddy’s supposed to be taking care of his baby boy… ***not the other way around.”***

Yuuji watches with wide eyes as Satoru leans down and captures his lips with his own.

He instantly shuts his pretty brown eyes, letting the euphoric feeling of being consumed take over yuuji's body. The hands on his nipples haven't stopped in their movements in the slightest and have instead gotten harsher; they claw and scratch at his chest, turning his pink nubs a blistering red, enough to make Yuuji cry out in both pain and pleasure. The lips moving against Yuuji's completely control him–they guide his head this way and that, and–when his tongue pierces his mouth with a greediness that thrills Yuuji, he doesn't think before opening his lips wider. He's instantly attacked eagerly and efficiently, leaving no places in his mouth untouched.

Satoru sucks up every pathetic moan that leaves his lips.

Swipes his tongue over every gum and tooth.

Satoru tangles his tongue with Yuuji, making the young man think that *maybe* he wants to fight for dominance, but the moment Yuuji tries his hand at sucking Satoru's tongue, The older man above him bites down on his lower lip, causing a gush of blood to fill every crevice. The copper liquid surprises Yuuji, almost making his eyes fly open in fear, but…

But Yuuji doesn't pull away at the pain.

He leans into it, his mind numb and floaty, as he lets Satoru suck up every drop of blood that lands on his tongue.

This is what he wants, to be consumed in every way possible by the two men he loves.

"Oi, Satoru, keep it down, I'm on a call with the Dean," Suguru scolds all of a sudden, but Yuuji ignores him, clinging pathetically onto Satoru to keep him from pulling away. Satoru chuckles against his lips, the vibration against his plush skin setting yuuji's face further aflame.

“Fuck off, I’m trying to enjoy my meal,” Satoru heaves out, his lips moving away from yuuji’s to trail curiously along yuuji’s jaw and neck, sucking and biting places that make his toes curl.

“Y-Yeah,” Yuuji gasps, feeling a spark of playfulness surge up inside him. He somehow manages to open his eyes to look at Suguru but, even then, he’s barely able to keep them open with the way Satoru keeps plucking every part of his body that makes him sing with glee. Looking up at Suguru, Yuuji does his best to maintain eye-contact as he says, “Let daddy e-enjoy his meal in peace.”

Yuuji watches with satisfaction as Suguru’s jaw tightens, causing a vein to pop out in frustration.

“You little shit–” Suguru perks up and shifts his body away from Satoru and Yuuji, shielding his phone from the horrid sounds Yuuji and Satoru are making in the background. “Sorry sir, that was meant for–for Satoru…Yeah…” Suguru apologizes sheepishly, his eyes still pinned on Yuuji, *glaring* at him as if *he’s* the one at fault for having the Dean mistake the insult for himself rather than at the young man being taken apart by his Satoru’s hands.

“So u-uptight– *FUCK!”* Yuuji’s breath hitches when Satoru’s mouth travels to his abused nipples, his warm tongue running over and licking each nub with pure enjoyment. Yuuji’s hands make their way into his white strands of hair, fingers scratching and kneading at silver tufts as he keeps Satoru even closer, keeping him in place. “Ah–yes, Satoru, so good~” he praises senselessly into the air, not caring if Satoru even hears him or not.

The man on top of him hums pleasingly against his chest, the vibrations traveling straight to Yuuji’s erection. “So damn sensitive,” the man mumbles against flushed red skin. Tongue falls out of his glossy lips, the warm wet muscle raking across his pecks until they end up at Yuuji’s other nipple. He begins his assault all over again, keeping Yuuji beneath him, taking him apart at whatever pace he deems satisfactory, and Yuuji can do nothing but accept it. He

can try to speed things up, sure, but what's the good in that when they have all night to explore each other's bodies?

“Mm, ah, c-can’t help it,” Yuuji moans, his mind phasing in and out, eyes watering and glistening with unshed tears at the overwhelming pleasure invading every one of his senses. His veins feel like their seconds from popping, his muscles feel tense yet loose at the same time sending so many mixed signals to his sorry excuse of a brain, and–fuck–the noises that are leaving his lips are downright sinful, so lustful and unwarranted that it makes shame prickle at the back of his mind, telling him he’s acting like a needy slut.

But that’s ok.

So long as it's either Satoru or Suguru pulling these noises from his lips, then he can be their slut until they're old and gray and withering away into the wind.

“You sound so wonderful, baby…” Satoru breathes out, his body grinding down against Yuuji’s standing erection the moment those words leave his mouth. Hot air hits Yuuji’s pink nubs the second he feels satoru’s clothed boner against his groin–an agonizing yelp pierces through the air, the sound so guttural and raw that Yuuji fears he might’ve ruined the mood.

Oh no.

It’s the complete opposite.

Satoru’s laughter fills the air, cold air switching over to trail along Yuuji’s chest, an overwhelming sensation that has Yuuji gasping for air struggling to breathe properly.

“God, it doesn’t matter what the fuck i do to you, your body just responds in anyway it wants to! So fucking lovely~”

Yuuji can feel his face heat up at the older man’s teasing remarks. “S-Shut up! I can’t fucking help it!” he tries to defend, albeit weakly with the way all of his energy had been zapped out of his body by none other than the conniving demon above him.

Satoru lifts his face up from Yuuji’s chest and sends him a cheeky smirk. “I know, baby, and that’s the best part.”

Yuuji goes to open his mouth, to shoot him another cutting remark, but the sudden tight grip around Yuuji’s hips catches him off guard.

Suddenly, satoru’s face is in front of Yuuji’s–his pearly white teeth on display for Yuuji, his nose brushing lightly against Yuuji’s cheek, eyes dark and oh so possessive. “Don’t you think it's rude that Suguru hasn’t joined in all the fun?” Satoru asks quietly, baffling the flustered, out of breath college student.

“I–huh?” Yuuji breathes, unsure of where the sudden question came from.

Satoru scoffs from on top of him, not seeming to be bothered by Yuuji’s cluelessness, and decides to fill him in on a little thing called a *thought process*. “He’s been on that phone the moment we got in bed and I've been *trying* to get him to hang up for who knows *how long,”* Satoru explains, the words sinking deep into yuuji’s ears. “Here you are, all pretty and ready to be taken by us, and there he is, sitting on this bed talking to *another man.* Doesn’t that upset you?”

…Seriously? This is how Satoru wants to rile Yuuji up?

Yuuji fights off the scoff that threatens to leave his lips.

“N-no, not really…i mean, he’s a busy man so it makes sense if–”

“But *we* are his first priority!” Satoru interrupts with a frown. “And, instead of joining in on all the fun, he’d rather talk to a man in his sixties who’s seconds away from kicking the damn bucket! It pisses me off, baby, oh so much!”

Yuuji is unable to fight off the smirk that takes over his lips. In the young man’s mind, Yuuji has a portfolio made for both Satoru and Suguru full of information that he’s learned about the two and a couple of assumptions he couldn’t help but make along the way. Him being clingy and needy for attention twenty four seven is definitely on the top of the many things he’s assumed about the white haired man and to find out that he’s right causes a little giggle to slip past his lips.

“Awww, I'm sorry daddy…” Yuuji decides to play along for the hell of it, curious as to where Satoru has planned and–in all honesty–he just wants Satoru to get over himself so they can get back to the earth shattering pleasure that threatens to take over every fiber of yuuji’s mind, body, and soul. “But what do you want me to do about it?”

The frown on Satoru’s face quickly morphs into a mischievous smirk, one that promises nothing but fun and humiliation.

Fun for Satoru, and humiliation for Yuuji.

“I want you to put on a little show for him, to show him what he’s missing.”

Yuuji tilts his head, undeniably confused.

Isn't he already giving Suguru a show? Yuuji *is* being taken apart by the man's husband *mere inches away from him* after all, so isn't that more than enough to rile him up–?

Yuuji doesn't even manage to finish his train of thought before the hands around his hips are digging sharply into his skin and muscles, quickly drawing blood. A small *hey!* unintentionally leaves Yuuji's lips, but it's completely ignored as Satoru uses his strength to roll Yuuji over on his stomach.

He tries to get his bearings, to fight back just a little, by attempting to hold himself up by his forearms, but the hands on yuuji's hips quickly leave to grab his wrists, pulling them behind them until they land on the small of his back. Yuuji gasps, surprised by how fast Satoru subdued him, but he doesn't have long to think about it, not when satoru's other hand is grabbing Yuuji by the back of his neck and pulling him up, dragging and maneuvering his body until yuuji's face is facing Suguru with Satoru behind him, keeping him beneath cold unrelenting hands.

A spike of pleasure runs down Yuuji's spine at the feeling of having Satoru's hand around his nape, forcing his head into the comforter of their bed.

He tries to move his head.

He fails–Satoru keeps his face in place with ease.

He tries to wiggle and move out his grasp.

He fails again–Satoru’s grip on his wrists are strong, unbreakable, and with his added weight behind him, it's nearly impossible to escape.

He tries to call out for Satoru, to ask what he intends to do to him.

He fails again–Satoru stuffs Yuuji’s face into the bed, muffling any sounds that try to escape his lips.

Yuuji is truly at Satoru’s mercy, exposed and served on a silver platter.

And he can’t wait for the man to take a bite.

Yuuji fights to keep his eyes open when everything in his body is screaming at him to submit, to just be swept away by the feeling of overwhelming pleasure, but Yuuji wants to see Suguru’s reaction. He wants to see how long it’ll take for the man to hang up the phone and join his husband in taking Yuuji apart limb by limb. Yuuji yearns to see the man get riled up, unable to do a thing, as he’s forced to take care of more *important* matters.

He feels satoru’s hand leave his wrists, allowing them to move freely, as he uses his free hand to hoist Yuuji’s ass high up into the air. An embarrassed squeak slips past Yuuji's lips, his brain going out of control at being so exposed and vulnerable in someone else's hands.

A pleased sigh rumbles from behind Yuuji, making his insides tighten and squirm in anticipation, unsure but excited for what Satoru has planned.

“You look so beautiful like this,” Satoru grumbles from above him, the hand on his hip moving across his flushed skin until they land along his plump cheeks. A cold hand grabs one cheek in his hand and fondles it, bringing a when to surface past yuuji’s throat.

The sudden crack of Satoru’s hand along his ass cheek makes Yuuji jump, the sparking pain and pleasure that resonates from a single strike tears a strangled noise from Yuuji’s lips, one that Yuuji himself has never made before.

“You like that?”

Another smack to his ass lights yuuji’s body on fire.

“Y-Yes! Feels– *ah*– feels good daddy!” Yuuji responds breathlessly, his eyes almost rolling to the back of his head as he tries to come down from the high of getting his ass smacked like a petulant child.

“What a masochist you are, baby~” the hand around Yuuji’s throat tightens, causing a shrill whine to leave Yuuji. The familiar sensation of losing oxygen and succumbing to darkness hits Yuuji at full force and he chases after it without a second thought. He spreads his legs to accommodate Satoru, lets his face fall forward onto the cushions, and groans–

SMACK!!!

The air returns to yuuji’s lungs just in time for him to shout in surprise at the sudden crack to his ass cheek.

“You’re not gonna pass out on me, are you?” Satoru asks mockingly, the hand around Yuuji's throat tight but loose enough for him to get some semblance of air into his body.

“N-No!”

Another smack rains down on Yuuji, harder than the last. The force of his hit makes Yuuji’s jolt forward, his head almost ramming Suguru’s thigh.

“‘No’ what, you needy bitch?”

“No daddy!” Yuuji corrects himself quickly.

“Good.” The hand on Yuuji’s bruised–possibly reddened cheek–begins to caress the skin, fondling it as if he wasn't just smacking the shit out of it a second ago. “Now I need you to be a good boy for me and spread your cheeks for me.”

…huh?

The demand immediately makes Yuuji’s face flare into a million shades of red.

Spread his–his cheeks? Was he–was he seriously gonna dive in with no prep?

Yuuji gulps, nervousness beginning to make his body shiver, but he does as Satoru says. With shaking hands, he reaches behind him and grabs both cheeks. Inhaling sharply, he spreads them as commanded, allowing his puckered dry hole to be exposed to the cold air.

A strangled moan hits Yuuji's back, one that has his dick twitching with interest.

"Your little hole is just as pretty as I thought it was gonna be…" Satoru sighs, his voice full of nothing but amazement, as if he is looking at something truly extraordinary, breathtaking and revolutionary.

And Yuuji? Well, he's never felt more embarrassed in his entire life.

Here he is, on Satoru and Suguru's bed, head down ass up, his cheeks spread and open, revealing his most sacred part, while the man behind him–his lover–fawns over it like a new puppy. God, the comparison is more than enough to make Yuuji whine in humiliation.

How can anyone stand to do this in bed with their partner without sweating bullets?!

Yuuji doesn't have a lot of time to think about it when he feels something warm and slick suddenly hit his exposed hole. His gasp is muffled by the comforter beneath him, his fingernails digging sharply into his own butt cheeks as Satoru does– *does something* to him from behind.

A cold finger brushes up against his hole, swirling the wet slimy substance around, making Yuuji pucker and keen into the sheets.

“ *Perfect* ,” Satoru sighs softly, like he’s afraid any loud noise might break this magical moment. Satoru then makes a sound, one he made before the sticky substance landed on his hole, and yuuji’s back arches, his mind finally catching up to him.

It’s Satoru’s spit.

Holy fucking shit–

“Beautiful,” Satoru heaves out, voice adoring and downright smitten as he keeps playing with the outside of Yuuji’s hole, rubbing and swirling his spit around without a care in the world. Yuuji’s whole entire body vibrates from the odd sensation. He can’t decide if he likes this, if he wants Satoru to keep doing whatever the hell he’s doing, but–

But a hot wet muscle latches onto his hole .

A strangled moan rips past Yuuji’s lips as he’s overcome by unimaginable pleasure: Satoru’s very own tongue.

The younger man squirms and wiggles as Satoru launches his tongue deep into Yuuji’s asshole, sucking and swirling his tongue and spit around until they become a part of him, intermingling with his insides, and claiming them for his own. Yuuji’s brown eyes roll up to the back of his head, his body unconsciously rocking back into Satoru’s awaiting mouth as a foggy cloud of euphoria takes over Yuuji’s mind.

Satoru hums approvingly when Yuuji rocks back onto his tongue, the pleasing vibrations wracking Yuuji’s body into a tightly strung string. Yuuji can feel his cock weeping, pre cum

trailing down his length and to his freshly groomed balls. He can feel a familiar pressure begin to build up in the core of his stomach, his groin leaking and twitching, begging for something to give it the final tug to allow itself to finally let itself go.

Yuuji's mind and body are no longer his own. He allows instinct to drive him, to take over completely, as he finds himself completely lost in such overwhelming bliss.

The tongue continues to spear and swivel around in Yuuji's insides, licking his inner walls, coating Yuuji in Satoru's essence. A warm pressure in Yuuji's groin continues to grow with every suck and lick of Satoru's tongue, nearly pushing Yuuji off the edge of a steep cliff.

Every moan, groan, and– *shit*– ***scream*** that leaves Yuuji's lips is muffled by the sheets beneath him, but that hardly does a thing. The room is already filled with such obscene sounds: Satoru's tongue, the mattress beneath them creaking with every rock of Yuuji's hips, and his muffled screams of pleasure bounce off the walls of Satoru and Suguru's room.

Yuuji can't find it in himself to be embarrassed anymore. The humiliation that once reddened his skin has flown out the window as Yuuji tries desperately to chase after his own pleasure.

His fingernails dig deeper into the plump skin of his cheeks as he attempts to spread himself even wider for Satoru, he moves back against Satoru's tongue, keeping the older man's face trapped between his cheeks–

A loud thud momentarily takes Yuuji's attention away from the life changing pleasure.

He somehow manages to force his eyes open and–the scene he finds himself stumbling upon–is none other than Suguru slamming his phone onto the nightstand beside the bed.

The long haired man's face is completely flushed–red and rosy like a pretty ripe cherry. His narrowed eyes slice and cut into Yuuji's skin with how powerful his glare is. The purple in the man's eyes are completely gone, leaving nothing but darkness and lust.

"You two are the most disgusting, needy, bitches I have ever laid my eyes on," Suguru spits out, his voice low and sending an exciting thrill through Yuuji's body.

The moment those words reach Yuuji's ears, the warm pleasing touch of Satoru's tongue disappears. Yuuji whines, deep and pitiful, into the sheets beneath him as the growing pressure in Yuuji's lower abdomen slowly disappears, leaving the young man empty and so dreadfully disappointed.

"S-Satoruuu! Don't stoppp!" Yuuji cries out with a quick lift of his head so the man behind him can hear him clearly.

A warm body presses up flush against Yuuji's back, hot air tickling the back of Yuuji's sore throat, and–slowly–he feels the very same warm tongue trail up from between his shoulder blades to the part where hair meets skin. A full body shiver wracks through Yuuji's body, making him nearly fall face first into the sheets.

"Have you ever played with your little hole, baby?"

The question makes Yuuji whine in frustration.

Why is Satoru asking him these meaningless questions when he should be pleasuring him until his mind is screaming *Satoru, Suguru, Satoru, Suguru?*

“I…uh…I tried, but it didn’t feel right…” Yuuji answers quietly, hoping they don’t find his answer pitiful and–

“Aww, of course it didn’t feel right~” Suguru’s voice speaks out,breaking through the fog of Yuuji’s ever impending doubt. A familiar calloused hand then reaches under Yuuji’s chin, forcefully lifting the younger man’s head until his gaze is facing Suguru. The strain of this odd angle makes his neck ache, but Yuuji doesn’t even think about complaining, not when he finally has Suguru’s attention. “You didn’t have us there to do it for you…”

Yuuji’s ears

The pad of a rough thumb rubs gently against Yuuji’s lower lip. With his big brown eyes staring up into dark, blown pupils, Yuuji opens his mouth and lets Suguru’s thumb in. The older man dives in without much preamble. The thumb repeats the same action Yuuji did when they were at dinner–across the inner side of his lips, along the tips of his reddened tongue, and roaming over rows of red blood stained teeth.

Yuuji groans, loving the feeling of Suguru’s rough, textured thumb between his lips, exploring him with utmost curiosity like a cherished item worth discovering.

Suguru’s thumb goes deeper into his mouth, along the back of Yuuji’s throat until it touches his uvula, and a sharp inhale brings Yuuji’s eyes back up to the long haired man.

“Holy shit…” Suguru whispers, voice strained and barely put together, as he continues to glower down at Yuuji, fascination and possessive lust swirling within purple amethysts.

Yuuji and Satoru mumble, the sound confused and interested as to what caught Suguru's eye.

"What?" Satoru takes the bait, seeing as he's the only one who's able to get any words out of his mouth.

"He–He doesn't have a gag reflex."

Yuuji raises a brow, the word unknown even to Yuuji's own ears.

A gag reflex?

What's that?

It must be something important or desirable with the way Satoru gasps, his grip on Yuuji's hips tightening in a vicelip grip.

"Well you know what to do with that, don't you?" Satoru sings pleasantly, mischievousness lacing heavily in his deep tone.

"Of course i do~"

Yuuji watches with big brown eyes as Suguru slowly trails his thumb out of Yuuji's mouth, leaving a small string of saliva in its place.

"Whats… *what's a gag reflex?"* Yuuji questions, undeniably interested in what got these two men so riled up.

Yuuji waits in anticipation as he watches Suguru's hands fly to his belt. With a single maneuver, the belt slides off with ease, a loud jingle ringing through the air. Suguru tosses it off the bed, his fingers now focused on unbuttoning and unzipping his pants. The young man observes the long haired man move his pants down, revealing his boxers in which a large package awaits, poking and reaching towards Yuuji as if begging to be sucked, to be *touched* by his lips.

His impulsive thoughts get the best of him and–before he knows it–Yuuji's leaning forward, nudging the man's cock with his nose and cheek.

A contented sigh leaves Suguru's face, his cheeks flushed lightly with a pretty color that contrasts nicely with his violet colored eyes.

"You don't remember?" Suguru questions deviously, hsi eyes haunting yet oh so beautiful at the same time. "We covered it in class."

…oh shit… *they did?*

"I think our baby was in the hospital when that lesson was being taught," Satoru sighs, hot air spilling along the expanse of Yuuji's exposed back. "It just means you won't throw up if something hits the back of your throat."

“Um…ok, then what is the big deal about me having no– *oh,”* Yuuji stops himself, his brain filling in the blank spots of the puzzle in his head.

Yuuji’s dick, which had wilted in the time Satoru had stopped touching, shoots right back up in excitement.

His dirty little mind begins conjuring up obscene images of taking Suguru’s cock in his mouth, being absolutely choked and destroyed by his large length that his vision will blur, his throat with bruise from the inside out, and his taste will be filled with nothing but the older man’s semen. It’s a beautiful fantasy, something Yuuji deeply wishes to experience in the flesh.

Looking up from beneath his lashes, Yuuji continues to rub his face against Suguru’s groin, a playful smirk gracing his lips when he feels the fabric beneath his cheek begin to dampen with the man’s pre-cum.

The older man above him chuckles, low and deep, making yuuji’s heart flutter pathetically into the wind.

“It seems you figured out what we were implying…” Suguru groans, his finger dipping into the waistband of his boxers.

Yuuji hums, pliant and patient, against Suguru’s ever-growing erection.

“More or less,” Yuuji mumbles against him. He lets his lips part obscenely, just enough to take Suguru’s covered dick in his mouth.

Suguru breathes out slowly, like he's trying to keep his composure in check which–to yuuji–is just plain silly.

"You wanna see how good this throat can handle your big dick, daddy?" Yuuji teases, his tongue lolling out to lick a long stripe up the man's boxers. His nose lands at the top of the man's boxers, nestled comfortably against Suguru's happy trail of hair.

"Watch it, dear," Suguru warns despite his voice being so playful and tempting. "Those words will get you in trouble."

Yuuji's smile grows.

" *Good."*

A sharp pressure enters him from behind, past his spit soaked rim, startling a muffled scream from Yuuji's throat.

Yuuji tries to move away, not prepared for the feeling of satoru's long finger entering his tight hole, but Suguru holds his shoulders, keeping the young man in place.

"Shh, it's ok dear, Satoru's just getting you ready for us," the man explains, all the while Satoru's finger goes so far up Yuuji's ass that he thinks, for a second, that his finger will reach his stomach. It doesn't, *he knows it won't* , but just the feeling of someone being so deep inside of Yuuji scares him as much as it excites him.

“Feels weird…” Yuuji draws out against damp fabric, vaguely tasting something salty on his tongue, just as Satoru pulls his finger back, stretching yuuji’s walls out with just the pad of his long finger.

With one hand still on Yuuji’s shoulder, Suguru brings his other hand to Yuuji’s head full of hair. He grips the pink tufts of hair tightly, grounding Yuuji in place. The young man closes his eyes, trying to keep his nerves from skyrocketing, as he tries to adjust to the feeling of Satoru’s finger inside of him.

This is what he wanted afterall–for Satoru and Suguru to fuck them. They can’t do that if Yuuji is unprepared and too tight to take a single finger.

It’s with this single thought that makes Yuuji open his eyes again, determination bristling dangerously through his veins.

The hand in Yuuji’s hair begins to rub circles into his scalp, instantly putting his rapidly beating heart to rest. His tense muscles relax, loosening up enough for Satoru to add another finger–one that has Yuuji gasping and wincing in pain–but, after a while, the sensation of Satoru’s finger going in and out, in and out, becomes familiar to him. He allows himself to feel every skim of Satoru’s finger stretch his inner walls, lets himself feel at ease knowing that–no matter what, without his consent–they won’t willingly hurt him.

“That’s it baby, you’re little hole is doing so good for me,” Satoru teases, his warm comforting voice ringing loudly in Yuuji’s ears. The younger man feels the man behind him nibble and bite at Yuuji’s earlobe, bringing a pleasing shiver to go through his body. “Its sucking my fingers up just right~”

Just as the words leave Satoru's lips, he adds another finger–three in total–and Yuuji can do nothing but take it.

He pushes back, hoping to finally get used to the sudden stretch of something so long and thick inside of him. Suguru helps him move back into Satoru's open hand; the hand on Yuuji's shoulder and hair push him back, right into Satoru's waiting fingers, and Yuuji obeys without a second thought. Tears well the sides of his brown eyes, the ache of his hole being stretched, being too much for him to bear, to handle, but–after a while of doing the motion over and over again–the pain begins to subside, leaving something that's reminiscent of *pleasure.*

It's a nice kind of feeling, one that's bordering on painful yet pleasing. Rocking back against Satoru's hand, Yuuji no longer gasps in pain, but in bliss, the feeling of Satoru's finger beginning to feel like ecstasy to his greedy little tight hole.

Satoru continues to sing praises into his ear, both sweet and dirty, while Suguru keeps rubbing soothing circles into his wild strands of hair, keeping the young man grounded despite his mind feeling oh so floaty and light. The simple motion of Satoru's fingers digging deep into his hole becomes a pleasant sensation, one that Yuuji would've never obtained on his own, one that Yuuji himself can't help but find addicting– *plentiful and fascinating.*

And, the feeling returns tenfold when Satoru's fingers go even deeper, his knuckles crooking at just the right angle. Yuuji's eyes fly open, mouth gaping open in a silent scream, as an electric current travels through his entire body, making stars appear across his eyes like traveling comets. "Oh! *Ah–RIGHT THERE!!!"* Yuuji cries out, his face smooshed up against the growing wet spot in Suguru's boxers as Satoru rams his fingers back into that exact same spot, jostling his hips forward.

Yuuji screams, the sound so high pitched and slutty, that he fears he might've burst his own eardrums. This concern of his is quickly brushed aside in seconds with the way Satoru's fingers keep hitting that beautiful spot inside of him, making Yuuji gasp and keen like a bitch in heat. His eyes roll to the back of his head for what seems like the tenth time this night, Satoru's magical fingers milking out every moan, groan, *sound* out of Yuuji's lips.

The pressure in Yuuji's lower abdomen returns with a vengeance, making his thighs tremble and shake, his breath coming out in stutters, hsi head growing light and fuzzy, vision blacking out as finally– *finally*– a wave of relief seems to flow out of him as Yuuji cums completely untouched. A high pitched sound–something akin to a whimper–leaves Yuuji's lips as he releases himself all over the bed sheets, his cum landing shamelessly onto what's left of Suguru's clothes and comforter.

His eyelids begin to grow heavy and–just for a moment–he allows himself to close them, to bask in the afterglow of his life changing orgasm.

When Yuuji finally comes down from his high, he finds himself on his back, cum still decorating the inner sides of his thighs, as his eyes stare dazedly up at the ceiling.

He feels his body trapped between two men, two very familiar men at that. Vaguely, he can hear Satoru and Suguru in the midst of some debate, one that seems to have turned heated with the way their faces are flushed red. Despite the frustration that seems to carry out every word that leaves their lips, the hands that rest and caress yuuji's waist and cum-soaked thigh are gentle, *loving.*

Everything feels so nice, even with the argument transpiring before his very own eyes and ears.

As Yuuji looks up, tired brown eyes staring up at two beautiful men in the middle of what appears to be nothing but a silly argument, he chuckles, feeling oh so happy. The sound erupting from his saliva soaked lips grab their attention in seconds. The argument seems to disappear into thin air as they give Yuuji their complete undivided attention.

“Everything ok, Baby?” Suguru’s the first to ask, his grip on Yuuji’s thigh tightening in a way that’s both grounding and comforting. Nails dig into his muscular thighs, but it doesn’t hurt. It feels pleasant to Yuuji’s scrambled mind.

“I’m fine…” Yuuji answers quietly, a smile slowly making its way onto his face. “Why did you two stop?”

“Because you passed out, dear.”

Yuuji’s eyebrows shoot up to his hairline.

He did?

His face begins to heat up, embarrassment building up deep in his core, as he thinks about how humiliating it was that he passed out in the middle of–of his *preparation*…

“S-Seriously? But I don't–” a finger on his lips keeps him from continuing his sentence.

“It’s because your mind’s in subspace, baby,” Satoru cuts in, his hand on Yuuji’s waist leaving traces of soothing circles around his hip bones. Yuuji sighs into the touch, turning into nothing but flesh and bones in Satoru and Suguru’s hands. “Sometimes, during sex, one’s mind can begin to drift away from their body: this is called subspace. It makes them completely pliant and accessible to their partners. Though, when in subspace, time seems to pass differently,” the older man explains, voice soft and gentle that helps keep Yuuji’s embarrassment at bay.

“Subspace…” Yuuji mumbles, testing the word out for himself, seeing how it rolls off his tongue, as his smile appears back on his face. “That’s what happened last time, right? When you two were…y’know…” Yuuji fumbles with his hands, somehow finding it hard to express himself despite all of the embarrassing things he said to both Satoru and Suguru.

“When we were punishing you?” Suguru supplies helpfully, the stupid smirk on his face widening at Yuuji’s flustered state.

Yuuji playfully slaps the man’s cheek, his face setting itself aflame by the memories that threaten to make his dick hard again. Suguru merely chuckles, accepting the light assault. His free hand takes hold of Yuuji’s wrist, taking it away from his face, and bends it just right so he can place a soft pleasing kiss against each protruding knuckle.

“Yeah… *that,”* Yuuji heaves out like a man who has a rock stuck in their throat. “I felt all floaty and weird then too…so was that also subspace?”

“It was," Suguru states plainly while keeping Yuuji’s hand against the soft skin of his lips. The young man can feel every word that forms on those beautiful lips, feel every pulse and sigh along his fingers, and *Yuuji loves it.* “But back then, you had a drop, that’s why we stopped and didn’t keep going.”

“I had a drop last time?”

Satoru chuckles above him, right as an annoyed groan surfaces from Suguru’s lips.

“Remember how freaked out you were when you woke up in the tub *all alone?* While a part of you reacted that way in order to *not* be kidnapped, the other part of you did it because of something called a *subdrop.* It happens when someone in subspace isn’t properly cared for

after intercourse or alone after everything is said and done," Satoru explains with a hint of a cheshire smile.

"Ohhhh…so that's why I clocked Suguru in the jaw!" Yuuji exclaims, every piece of the puzzle fitting together nicely before his eyes.

Suguru heaves out a pained groan, one that instantly catches Yuuji's attention.

"You've got one hell of a right hook…" Suguru complains with a roll of his eyes. Yuuji chuckles, not taking much offense to what he did seeing as it was *rightfully deserved.*

"Not my fault it happened!"

Suguru's unpleasant scowl quickly morphs into a soft smile, something endearing and pleasing to look up at after everything that's happened. "No, not at all, dear."

The grip around Yuuji's hip returns, bringing his attention away from Suguru to Satoru.

"We don't have to keep going if you don't want to baby," Satoru says, completely out of nowhere, with a grave look on his face–dead serious and sincere. It instantly catches Yuuji off guard and–in a way–fills him with a smidge of doubt.

Of course Yuuji wants to keep going…but if they don't then Yuuji shouldn't force them…

“Well…i mean…” Yuuji fumbles, fighting to keep the disappointment off his face as he attempts to give Satoru and Suguru a clear answer. “I wanna keep going…i really do…but if you guys aren’t in the mood anymore, then–”

“Oh, baby, don’t be ridiculous!”

Two sets of arms wrap around Yuuji, caging him in a warm embrace. Satoru nuzzles his cheek lovingly while Suguru plants his chin atop Yuuji’s head, hands circling Yuuji’s chest and rubbing soothing circles into the tan skin. The young man melts in their embrace, all sliver of doubt dissipating in seconds.

“Of course we want to make love to you!” Suguru reassures, the words instantly scratching the itch in his brain that tells Yuuji that they don’t *really* want him.

But Yuuji knows the truth.

They’re infatuated with Him. *Yuuji* .

And Yuuji, himself, is infatuated with them in turn.

“We just needed to check to see if you were certain about continuing *this,”* Satoru explains with a sheepish look on his face. “I didn’t mean to insinuate that we don't want to ravage you–Just, y’know, trying out the whole boundaries thing that you seem to be so obsessed about–!”

Yuuji silences Satoru by placing a finger over his lips, shushing him with a playful grin.

“It’s fine! I shouldn’t have jumped to conclusions…”

“And we shouldn’t have made you think that we didn’t want you,” Satoru counters with Suguru nodding in agreement. “Speaking of which…” the white haired man’s voice trails off, his eyes darting from Yuuji to his husband. “That leads us to another question.”

Yuuji tilts his head, Confused yet curious.

“Yes?”

“Who do you want to be fucked by first?”

Yuuji’s eyes nearly bulge out of their sockets.

“I–Huh?” Yuuji stammers, taken completely by surprise by the question, *shocked* more than anything that they’re letting *him* decide.

The couple stare down at Yuuji, waiting in anticipation for his answer, two pairs of blue and purple boring down on Yuuji’s soul, picking him apart with just their gaze alone. The responsibility and control given to Yuuji makes him shake, his mind and heart completely unsure of how to handle such a question seeing as he’s never really done any of this before.

He doesn’t want to pick one and make the other feel bad or–god forbid–upset or feel like they’re not as worthy as the other. He’d hate for one to think favoritism is at play when, in reality, Yuuji loves Suguru and Satoru so god damn much that he can’t imagine a life without either of them.

“Um…Can’t you two like… *do it at the same time?”* Yuuji suggests shyly, thinking back to the porn he used to binge shamelessly in the comfort of his dorm when his crush on the two men first manifested. He knows it's possible for two dicks to go into one hole. It takes a lot of preparation and and almost appears to rip the bottom person in half, but knowing Satoru and Suguru, this is an option that both parties should be satisfied with–

“ ***Absolutely not,”*** both men answer at the exact same time, faces deadpanned and so god damn serious.

Yuuji splutters, not having expected this kind of response.

“W-What?! Why not?!” Yuuji argues, a shameful mix of frustration and confusion boiling in the center of his core. His brown eyes watch the two men above them, impatiently awaiting for their answer.

“Because you're a virgin, sweetheart.” Suguru begins with a pointed look that leaves little room for argument. “If we both shoved our dicks in your hole, the skin would tear and then–instead of being filled with pleasure–your asshole would be filled with *blood.* Is that something you want? To be rushed to the emergency room with a ripped asshole? *”* Suguru’s words are sharp and cutting, but they do the job in making Yuuji back down. The fight and irritation in the younger man’s body washes away in seconds and is instead full of guilt, ashamed that he hadn’t exact;y thought *that* far ahead.

“But I don't–I don't want to make you guys think that I'm favoring one of you over the other!” Yuuji confesses, cheeks flamed and so goddamn red despite his face feeling ghostly pale.

“Are you?” It’s Satoru who asks this, his smile all too playful for how stuffy the tension in the air is.

“No! *Fuck no!”*

“Well there you have it! Now we know you're not resorting to favoritism! Problem solved!” Satoru says with a clap of his hands, the sound resounding off the walls with a shrill echo, bringing an end to their discussion.

“Just–Just like that?” Yuuji asks, completely dumbfounded.

“Just like that,” Suguru confirms, hsi voice no longer stern but soothing. “You have no reason to feel guilty. Tonight is all about you, ok? Everything that happens tonight will be your call, including who exactly gets to fuck that cute hole of yours~”

Yuuji’s eyes squeeze shut, unprepared for the sudden onslaught of dirty words spilling from Suguru’s lips.

“I–Ok…” Yuuji mumbles, face feeling like it's been set on fire by yours truly, *Suguru.* “Then…I want you to be the one to fuck me tonight,” he decides quietly, the words leaving his mouth bare;y above a whisper, but ensures its loud enough fro both older men to catch.

Yuuji expects Satoru to throw a fit, seeing as *he* was the one who prepared him with his tongue and fingers, but all he gets from the white haired man is a simple smirk.

“If Suguru’s gonna be the one making love to you, can I be the one to have your lips wrapped around my cock?” Satpru asks mischievously, eyes staring down at Yuuji with clear interest and love.

Yuuji’s breath hitches, his mind completely turning into a pile of mush at the mere thought of being allowed to place his lips on Satoru’s dick, to lick and suck up his precum, and–

“Fuck yeah!”

Both of their smirks widen, reaching their narrowed eyes as they gaze down at Yuuji. The pupils in their eyes dilate, fingers clasp onto Yuuji’s limbs and, suddenly, the young man finds himself being pulled near the end of the bed.

The young man yelp as Satoru drags Yuuji near the edge of the bed where his head is hanging off the side, but quickly stops after seeing Satoru climb off the bed to stand before him, hands scrambling to take his own clothes off, and straining boner hitting the side of Yuuji’s nose. Realization hits him as hard as the belt that lands on the floor, rattling and signaling a time of fun and pleasure.

Momentarily distracted by the view of Satoru undressing, revealing plains of pale skin, muscular arms and legs, and a six pack that has Yuuji keening and yearning to lick each bump with his salivating tongue, he completely misses the sound of Suguru’s boxers hitting the floor.

It's not until after he feels two warm hands grab his ankles to drag Yuuji into a more comfortable position, does the young man realize that Suguru is finally naked. Lifting his head up, Yuuji ignores the strain in his neck as he looks down at the suguru’s naked body. Tan skin stretch every crevice, muscular lines frame and sculpt his devilishly attractive limbs,

hsi snarky smile that seems to grow with every second Yuuji trails his eyes shamefully over his body, and his cock–his large weeping hell of a cock–hits the inner sides of his thighs, eliciting a pitiful whine from his own lips.

“It’s gonna hurt in the beginning, dear, but–if it ever gets too much–slap satoru’s thigh two times. Do you understand?” The older man demands, voice so low and alluring that Yuuji can’t bring himself to form any words of his own. He decides to nod his head instead.

The grip around Yuuji’s ankles, nails tearing into skin, startling a gasp out of Yuuji.

“I need words, sweet thing” Suguru commands, his hands moving from his ankles to yuuji’s hips, finger digging down and framing the bruises Satoru left behind. “If this is ever gonna work out between the three of us, then i’m gonna need to hear a solid yes or no from you, understood?”

Yuuji’s body reacts on its own and decides to nod *again.* However, after seeing the serious glare on Suguru’s face, Yuuji straightens up his act with a trembling smile. “I understand–I'll do better.”

Suguru’s face melts at his words–expression no longer humorless but soft and gentle.

“Ready, darling?”

Yuuji inhales sharply, steadies his breath right, and smiles.

“Yeah.”

He tries to relax, to keep his body loose and steady for Suguru, but nothing–not even Satoru's long thick fingers–could've prepared him for the sudden stretch of Suguru's cock.

Yuuji gasps at the feeling of Suguru's head breaching his hole and–even something so simple–has yuuji clenching the sheets beneath him in pain, But he perseveres. He closes his brown eyes, tells himself over and over that everything will be ok with every inch that enters a greedy, saliva slicked hole. The hands on his hips clench and unclench, seeming to be torn between reassuring Yuuji and tightening their grip to ram forward, but Yuuji's glad the former is what occurs. Suguru's thumbs rub circles into his hips the same time another pair of hands frame yuuji's face, wiping something away from beneath his closed eyes.

Something wet and salty trails down his face, catching on Yuuji's bottom lip that Yuuji's biting for dear life, surprised to find that he's *actually crying.*

"It's ok baby, you're doing so so good," Satoru soothes gently, his thumbs moving over his feathery lashes and cheek bones, distracting Yuuji from the pain of having more than a couple of inches of Suguru's dick inside him. Yuuji nods, a slight hiss slipping past clench teeth when Suguru readjusts his grip and *keeps pushing forward.* His eyes nearly fly open, the feeling of Suguru's cock filling him up with just his length more than enough to make the younger man nearly fly off the handle.

The ache is painful, but god, is it also *addictive.*

When Suguru finally stops, the older man sighs from above him, voice full of nothing but relief, pleasure, and overwhelming self-control. It feels like his cock is buried to the hilt, ending deep in between Yuuji's ribs; it's as terrifying as it is arousing.

“That’s it, sweetheart, you took me in like a good boy,” Suguru praises, his voice coming out in breathy rasps, control wavering in his tone alone. “Let me know when I can move, sweet thing.”

It takes everything in Yuuji to respond with a meek *got it,* but–even then–the strain of Suguru’s cock has Yuuji feeling an overwhelming amount of excitement. Having something so big and thick inside of him is exhilarating in the best way possible–to have Suguru, a man he loves, inside of him stretching his walls out to the shape of his large dick. With every rise and fall of his chest, Yuuji can feel the member inside him twitch, itching to move, to take pleasure for its own, but Yuuji takes Suguru’s words to heart and lets himself adjust to the man’s size first.

Yuuji distracts himself from the ache by grabbing Satoru’s wrists and placing soft kisses along each knuckle, watery brown eyes looking up and peering into two adoring pools of ethereal blue, glossy lips curling up into a smile that lets Yuuji know that he’s not alone. He’ll *never* be alone, not when he finally has Suguru and Satoru wrapped around his finger like a beautiful piece of thread.

After a few moments of simply breathing in and out, fighting to squirm and wiggle out of suguru’s grasp, the ache inside begins to subside; Yuuji’s tense shoulders fall to the bed, head leaning back over the edge of the bed until he knows his face is facing Satoru’s crotch, and his legs twitch, desperate to get the cock inside him moving again.

“You can–you can move now.”

Suguru doesn’t waste a single second.

Fingernails go back to digging into the skin of hips when Suguru slowly begins to move, his cock moving in and out, rubbing against his walls until they reform perfectly to accommodate Suguru. Every slow thrust of Suguru’s hips has Yuuji gasping, lips pulled apart greedily, as a painful pleasure spreads throughout his entire body. The constant sensual drag

od suguru's cock makes the nerve endings int Yuuji's body alight with electricity, a thrilling spark that travels from the center of his aching core to the tips of his toes, a feeling that Yuuji finds himself craving now that he's finally got a taste.

Then, all of a sudden, Suguru's thrusts change angles and hit a spot so deep inside Yuuji his eyes fly open. The same blissful electric shock that passed through his body when Satoru crooked his finger inside his body returns, basking the young man in pleasure.

The pain that Yuuji was once so hungover about quickly subsides, leaving nothing but an unexplainable pleasure that seeps so deep into his muscles that his body falls limp in suguru's grasp. His mouth hangs open, pleasure filled moans spilling from his lips like a raging waterfall, as Suguru aims at the same spot over and over again with fervor. His thrusts begin to speed up with a sharp snap of his hips, his strong calloused hands tighten more around Yuuji's hips and draws him back onto the man's cock over and over again, each moan being punched out of Yuuji with great enthusiasm.

"OH MY– *FUCK KEEP GOING, PLEASE!!!"* Yuuji screams into the open air, his eyes dancing around the room–from satoru's amused face to suguru's expression of complete pleasure. He doesn't know what to focus on, who to look at, and finds himself no longer having a choice in the matter with the sudden hand on Yuuji's jaw, forcing his head back over the edge of the bed.

"Wouldn't– *damnit*– wouldn't dream of s-stopping!" Suguru groans back with a harsh snap of his hips, his thrust no longer soft and caring but powerful and fast, making the bed beneath their bodies creak noisily with every slap of skin made. Th elude sound of suguru's dick squelching and fucking Yuuji like a sex toy fill the room, reaching yuuji's ears, telling him that *this is finally happening, he's finally losing himself,* and he accepts it. "Gonna feel you up so nicely baby!!! I'm gonna have this hole drenched in my fucking seed."

His lips form a maniac-like smile as Suguru brings Yuuji's legs up, folding the young man's body beneath him, and thrusting so goddamn hard that Yuuji chokes on his own moan. "You want t-that, sweetheart? You want your womb full of my cum? You wanna get fucked so hard you get pregnant, you needy bitch? *Answer me!"*

“YES SUGURU *FUCK YES* !!!”

The constant slap of their skin aches, the powerful force of the man’s dick inside him reaching places he didn’t know existed makes Yuuji keen and cry out in bliss, and all of the pleasure begins to build and build within his core, making Yuuji’s hard cock slap against his own stomach with every thrust of Suguru’s hips.

The hand beneath Yuuji’s chin begins to move, but he can hardly pay it any mind with the way Suguru’s dick keeps pistoning in and out of his tight hole, the head sometimes catching on his rim on its way back in. It’s until the hand beneath his chin moves up to stuff three fingers into his mouth, keeping his lips apart, does Yuuji finally open his eyes.

What he’s faced with is none other than Satoru’s cock.

It’s just as big and thick as his husbands, standing on end and nudging the side of Yuuji’s nose with a swivel of the older man’s hips. The head leaks precum, the clear liquid trailing off down Satory’s member and traveling down to his balls. Yuuji’s eyes follow shamelessly whilst his legs are pushed further apart, Suguru somehow *still* manages to surprise Yuuji by going at a new angle to hit that magical spot better.

Satoru unabashedly brushes the tip of his cock along Yuuji’s stretched out lips, a wicked smirk taking up most of the man’s handsome face. “Lets see how good this gag reflex of yours really is~” Satoru huffs out, face flushed and overcome with a look of complete deliriousness. Danger. Possessiveness. The mere look on the older man’s face has Yuuji slackening his jaw, readying himself for the man’s throbbing cock.

“Open wide, bitch.”

The head brushes past Yuuji's lips, ramming straight into the back of Yuuji's throat.

"Holy fuck, your mouth feels like heaven~!"

" *Mmmph!"*

In and out, in and out, in and out, the same movements persist by both Satoru and Suguru, abusing and using both of Yuuji's holes with great enthusiasm. With every hit to Yuuji's uvula, a tear runs down his cheek. A strangled noise slips past his occupied lips as Satoru keeps thrusting his heavy and thick cock inside yuuji's mouth, groaning and moaning loudly into the air as he continues to use Yuuji mouth like a sex toy. The mere thought is enough to make another strangled scream rip violently out of his throat, especially with how devoured and helpless he feels in the hands of both of his lovers.

But he basks in it.

Relishes in the fact that he's being taken apart, being reformed, being used, played, and toyed with until tears are trailing down his face and his cheeks are flushed a bright red.

This is what he's been needing all along: a good love making session by none other than Yokyo's devils themselves.

The building pressure in Yuuji's stomach continues to grow heavier and heavier, the need to release and let himself go growing with every direct hit to that amazing spot buried deep inside of him, with every brutal hit to the back of his throat. The feeling coils around itself

until it's nothing but a tightly strung ball waiting to be set free. His cock aches to be touched, to finally cum all over his chest and thighs and god knows what else–

A hand wrapping around the base of his own cock stops Yuuji from reaching his breaking point.

Yuuji screams, voice full of frustration as he attempts to shoot Satoru a mean glare. In the midst of having his mouth split apart at Satoru's whim, he manages to catch Satoru's eye.

And what does the man do?

He *laughs.*

The hand, *satoru's hand,* on the base of Yuuji's cock tightens, keeping the young man from cumming.

"Awww d-does our little baby wanna cum again?" Satoru gasps out, his movements growing harder and harder that causes a dull ache to blossom at the back of Yuuji's throat. It's as pleasant as it is annoying. "You already wanna make a bigger mess of our sheets? Is taking you apart with my tongue and finger snout enough for you? Of course it fucking isn't, it never will Mr. *i-wanna-have-both-you-at-once!"* The man mocks loudly, his cock sliding so deep into Yuuji's throat that he finally begins to choke, his lungs begging for air. The haunting pressure is gone as fast as it appears, but it doesn't disappear for long. It returns with a revenge, knocking the air out of Yuuji every damn time.

"You're such– *fuck*– such a greedy little thing!" Suguru taunts alongside his husband, the dirty mean words traveling straight to yuuji's flushed red cock, wanting desperately to explode.

“Do you think he deserves to cum again, dear?” Satoru asks, his gaze traveling from Yuuji to his husband. The long haired man hums, the sound adding more pressure to Yuuji’s core. With wide eyes, Yuuji watches as Suguru lunges forward, his lips crashing wildly against Satoru’s right as he stuffs his thick cock so deep inside Yuuji that his entire body surges forward deeper onto Satoru’s cock. He observes from below as the two begin to devour each other with closed eyes and hard thrusts, both taking turns to thrust their hips somewhere inside Yuuji: his saliva filled hole and cock filled mouth.

It suddenly dawns on Yuuji that he’s never seen the two kiss. It's a weird realization to come to in the midst of being hammered by both husbands, but one that definitely has his floaty mind surfacing from the depths of this so-called *subspace.* And, in all honesty, watching the two kiss is like watching two lions fight: it’s messy, desperate, like this kiss might be their last, but it's full with so much love–love that's transcended nearly ten years, love that hasn’t dimmed in the slightest, love thats so dangerous that could surely get one of them killed.

But that’s what's so amazing about them.

They love so deeply, so possessively, that Yuuji knows for sure that he’ll never be without them for the rest of their lives. They’d much rather kill Yuuji than let him go now, that much is obvious, and the same is true for Yuuji: if either one of them decide to end things with Yuuji, then the young man won’t hesitate to join in on all the sadistic killings.

Thankfully, that doesn’t seem like that's gonna happen anytime soon, so all of them are safe.

For now, that is.

Yuuji will slice their necks the moment one of them steps out of line.

It’s sadistic, it's downright terrible, and he knows this, but it's his true nature that he’s been dying so hard to fight this entire time.

Yuuji’s drawn out of his thoughts when a loud smack resounds through the air. Looking back up at the two men, he sees a thin trail of saliva still connecting their lips, keeping them tangled in each other's possessive chains.

“Hmm…why don’t we ask him?” Suguru sighs against Satoru’s lips, his purple eyes glancing down at a mesmerized Yuuji. The young man stares back, fighting back the tears that keep springing from his eyes at every harsh thrust from both lovers' ruthless hips. “Do you deserve to cum a second time, darling? Do you think you’ve been a good boy for us?”

Yuuji tries to nod, tries to speak, tries *anything* to indicate that yes, he *does* deserve to cum, but all that comes out of his mouth is a bunch of senseless gurgling thanks to Satoru’s massive dick.

Both Satoru and Suguru laugh mockingly at Yuuji’s predicament, their lips pulled back in the form of sadistic smiles.

“What was that, Baby? I couldn’t *hear* you!” Satoru shouts with a harsh thrust of his hips, yuuji’s throat instantly being stuffed with the man’s cock, stopping his airways from getting the oxygen they need. The young man tries grabbing onto Satoru, hoping that maybe *that* is enough to get the man to realize his answer, but all the man does is grab his wrists in his own and hold them to his own hips, extending his arms until they’re reaching out to Satoru’s sides.

“You gotta be louder than that, honey~” Suguru groans out, his thrusts growing ever-so frantic, his dick beginning to twitch violently inside yuuji’s soaked asshole.

Yuuji whines loudly, the noise nothing but nails on chalkboard to his own ears, but–he figures–with how sadistic and evil Satoru and Suguru are, that they’ll find it pleasing.

“Awww…you seem to be having trouble speaking…need some help?” Satoru says then whilst pulling his saliva soaked cock out of Yuuji’s mouth.

The young man gasps, taking in as much air as he can before Satoru decides to change his mind.

“PLEASE!!!” Yuuji cries out, tears running violently down his cheeks, dripping down his forehead seeing as his head is still hanging off the side of the bed. “PLEASE LET ME FINISH!!! I’M BEEN GOOD! I’M BEEN SO, SO GOOD! I PROMISE! I PRO– *YESS!!!”* Yuuji cuts himself off the exact moment Suguru’s hand leaves the base of his twitching cock, his thrust growing faster and faster until–

Until Yuuji reaches complete utter ecstasy.

His vision blacks out the moment ropes and ropes of cum shoot out of his agonizing cock. His head falls back, mouth hanging open for Satoru to stuff his cock back inside like it belongs there. Bliss fill syuuji’s body from head to toe, limbs shuddering and shaking from the nerve wracking orgasm that threatens to make Yuuji pass out. He feels the sticky substance spray messily over his own chest, some going as far as landing on his neck and underneath his chin.

As Yuuji attempts to bask in the afterglow of his mind numbing orgasm, his body continues to be assaulted by hard, frantic, sloppy but thorough thrusts,

The overstimulation is too much for Yuuji to handle. He tries to escape out of the mens' grasp, to slap Satoru's thigh like Suguru instructed him to do when he thinks the two of them are going too far, but the grip Satoru has on both of his wrists stops him from doing such a thing. He's left with no choice but to strain his jaw open to handle satoru's desperate thrusts, forced to endure the onslaught of direct nerve shocking thrusts to that beautiful spot buried deep inside of him.

His body trembles.

It shakes.

It shudders and jolts with every sharp, hard, and rough thrust, but he endures it.

Yuuji closes his eyes, willing for this to end, then finally, with a sharp tug of Suguru's hips, the man spills his load inside the young man's tight ass.

The sensation of something warm and liquidy filling Yuuji up to the brim makes him gasp, the feeling so foreign yet lovely to him that Yuuji can do nothing but accept it. Suguru's loud groan fills the air, the sound so salacious and lude to yuuji's ears that he whines, wanting nothing more than to hear the man make the same sound over and over again.

He loves it.

He loathes it.

He *yearns for it.*

Just as Suguru orgasms deep inside Yuuji, Satoru pulls his cock out of Yuuji's mouth, finally allowing the poor young man to breathe.

Vaguely, he hears Satoru gasping, hears the familiar sound of a fist clasp tightly around one's cock as they stroke it to completion, and then–just as sudden as Suguru's orgasm–Yuuji feels a sticky substance land all over his face. It's warm and sticky, just like Suguru's, and lands on the edge of his lips.

Tired, numb, and just thoroughly exhausted, Yuuji doesn't register what exactly he's doing before he's sticking his tongue out, picking up the cum that landed messily over his face.

It's sour.

How odd…

Yuuji would've sworn with the amount of sweets Satoru eats that his cum would also taste sugary sweet, but oh well. Sour tastes splendid on Yuuji's taste buds, so all is well.

Everything that happens after that is a blur.

He feels his body being lifted and situated properly back onto the bed.

A cold rag, one that’s probably dipped in water, runs over his body, wiping the cum, bloody, and saliva of his mess of a body.

A plastic bottle is placed against his lips, forcing Yuuji to sip and take in as much cold water as he can.

Two warm bodies wrap around him, kissing him on the forehead, running soothing hands over the bites, marks, and bruises over his body whilst whispering sweet praises into his ears.

It's all so nice.

So soothing.

So amazing.

So perfect.

And, when Yuuji falls asleep that night, surrounded by the two men who accept and love him for who he is, Yuuji finds himself growing oh so warm and cozy.

Never, in his life, has he ever felt so content and safe before.

And who would've thought that the ones invoking such emotions from him were his used-to-be kidnappers.

The following morning, after Yuuji's defilement, he finds himself with a packed suitcase in hand, wearing some stupid Hawaiian shirt Satoru gifted him, and a train ticket to *Nagasaki* .

"You– *you two were serious about your trip to Nagaski?!"* Yuuji shouts, both hands clenching around his suitcase handle and his train ticket as he takes in the view of Satoru and Suguru dressed in similar Hawaiian shirts but in different colors, shades sitting atop both their foreheads, whilst adorning mischievous smiles.

"Not at first, no," Satoru explains, his lips curling up until they reach his eyes. "But Suguru bought train tickets for us this morning!" His explanation brings forth an amused chuckle from Sugruu's lips, his face just looking just as guilty as his husband's.

"We made the whole trip up last night to get you sexually frustrated, but–in the end–we thought 'hey, let's treat our brand new boyfriend to a much needed trip out of tokyo!' isn't this great?!" Suguru asks, completely ignoring Yuuji's dropped jaw.

“UGHHH!!! YOU GUYS LIED TO ME– *AGAIN!!!”* Yuuji accuses despite limping his way to the parked car where the back seat awaits to be slept on. “I knew having breakfast in bed was too good to be true…and to think all of that was just a set up to butter me up to your deceit!!!”

Both Satoru and Suguru throw their arms up in mercy despite showing *no signs of it* on their faces.

“Hey! We did it for a good cause, ok?” Satoru retorts with a proud puff of his chest. “If we hadn’t given you the final push then you *never* would’ve came to our room looking absolutely deletable–”

Yuuji throws his entire suitcase at Satoru’s head, stopping him from his poor attempts at defending his actions.

But, in all honesty, Yuuji isn’t really upset, nor does he feel betrayed.

He feels a little ridiculed, sure, but in the end they’re right–if they hadn’t let Yuuji be the one to put his foot through the door then there’s no telling where their relationship would’ve ended up…

The young man sighs, all too endeared at the sight of Satoru complaining and whining about being abused by his new lover while Suguru berates him, basically telling him to suck it up and get in the car so they can make it to the train station on time.

Yuuji laughs, overjoyed by the couple's antics, and waits patiently for everyone to get into the car before sliding into the backseat.

The black leather seats that greet them are just as lavious as usual, their chaufer–ichiji–just as tired as he was last time, and the two men who Yuuji has come to hate then love and adore slide in beside him, basking the young man in their warmth.

Like this, surrounded by Satoru and Suguru, he feels safe.

He feels secure,

And, most importantly, he feels happy.

After everything he’s endured, after every heartbreak and betrayal, he finally finds himself blooming with joy.

And he knows, for as long as he has Satoru and Suguru at his side, that he will continue to feel this way until death comes knocking on their doorstep.

~END~

Chapter End Notes

Yuuji: 5 Satosugu: 1

OMG EVERYONE GIVE THE AWFUL GAY COUPLE A ROUND OF APPLAUSE!!! THEY FINALLY GOT THEIR FEMBOY TWINK BF!!!

Fun Facts:

-This story was originally going to be a itafushi Fic in which Megumi's alter (sukuna) kidnaps Yuuji, the cute college boy at his campus, and he has to fight against both sukuna and his own desires to keep Yuuji safe. It, however, morphed into a satosugu+yuuji fic instead! If anyone DOES want to turn the og idea into a fic, PLEASEEEE let me know!!! i'll def be the first to read it <333
-There was going to be a timeskip at the end of the story, but i was already reaching my word-limit, so you can just assume the three idiots live happily ever after!
-Yuuji gets married to Satoru and Suguru after he graduates from Jujutsu Tech! the evil husbands had to pull a few strings though seeing as polyamorous marriage isn't legal in Japan, but they managed it!
-Yuuji and Megumi are still bestfriends despite yuuji getting with his best friend's guardians. Does megumi still have a crush on Yuuji? probably. will he ever get over it? who fucking knows, thats up to your imagination pookies.

if you have any questions about the story, feel free to ask them in the comments! I'll try my best to get to all of them! Also, on that note, i'd greatly appreciate it if you guys let me know if you enjoyed the smut between the three himbos. This was my 2nd time writing smut and i'm sure if i got it quite right lmaooo!

as always, feel free to leave feedback in the comments! i love reading each and everyone of them, even if i don't get the chance to respond to them <3

i hope you lovely readers enjoyed the story! Until next time pookie wookies!!! <33333333

Twitter: @LofiNetw0rk

End Notes

Yuuji :1 Satosugu: 0

youll get him next time boys (no they wont).

Fun facts:
- I made Suguru a professor for Sport science since he's apparently he's the best at martial arts!
- I was originally gonna have Gojo be the one to spike the drinks and Getou be the one strangling Yuuji but i figured it would work better this way.
- yaga had the cops called on him during his fight with his ex students, but--after seeing that the cops were his ex students as well--they left Yaga off with a warning, thank goddd!
- I can totally see Mahito enjoying studio ghibli movies, especially howls moving castle. don't ask why i think that, ok? it's a gut feeling...
- Gojo and Getou were genuinely hurt when they saw Yuuji purposefully spill the drink onto himself...getou worked really hard on that shot, y'know? talk about rude.

that's all i can think of at the moment! I hope you guys enjoyed the first chapter and i can't wait to see you guy sin the next one! Feel free to leave me feedback in the comments too <333

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Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!